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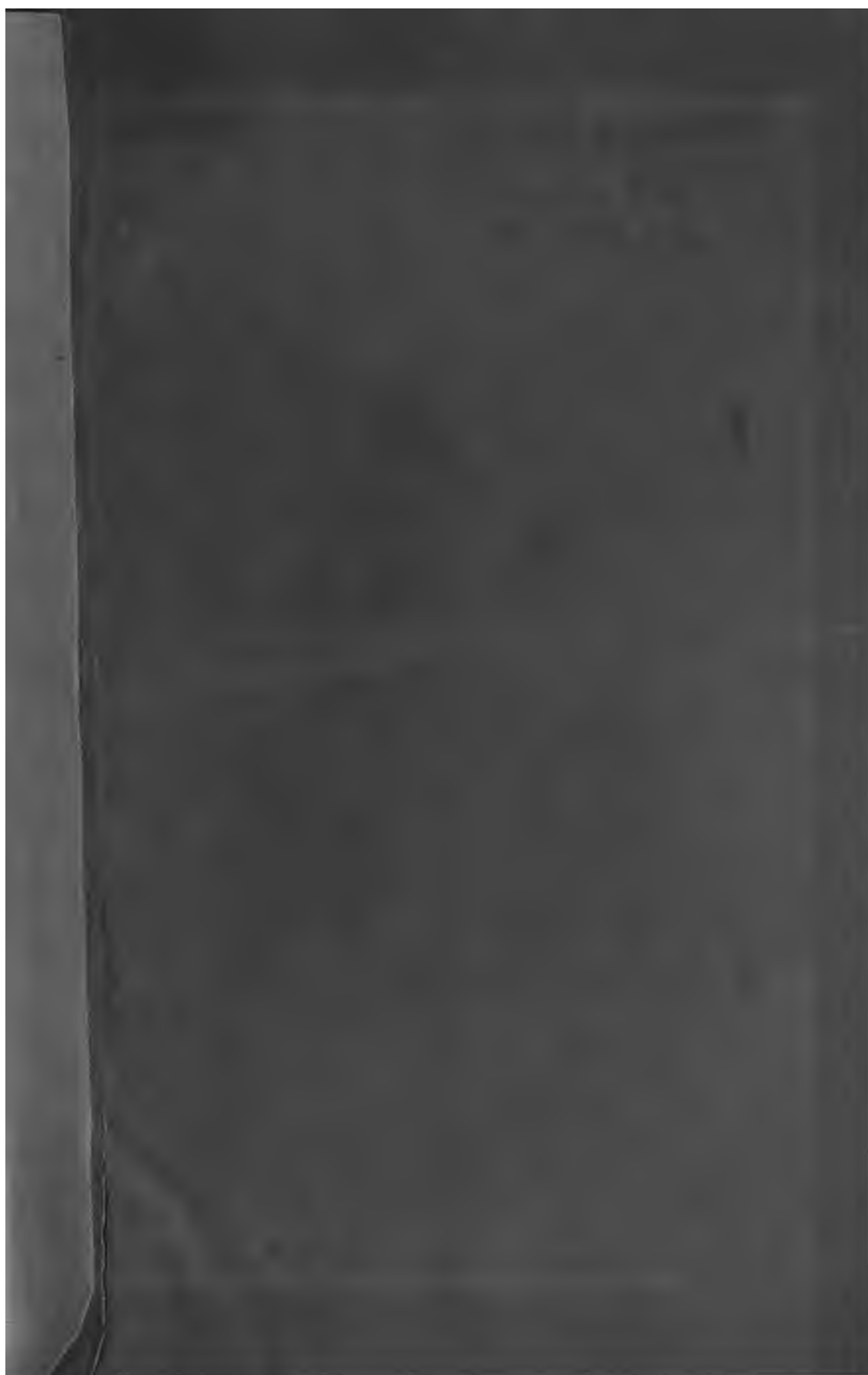
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LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY



THE
BOSTON MISCELLANY
v

OF
LITERATURE AND FASHION.

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BOSTON MISCELLANY.

ARANJUEZ.

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

Of the various ornamented grounds and gardens which I had opportunity of visiting while in Europe, the one which approaches most nearly to the description of the Happy Valley in Rasselas, is the country residence or *sitio*, as it is called,—of the kings of Spain, at the village of Aranjuez, about twenty miles south of Madrid. It is situated in a valley surrounded by low hills, on a point of land formed by the confluence of the Tagus with one of its smaller branches called the Jarama. On leaving Madrid to visit this place, you pass over the bridge of Toledo, a massy, stone structure, elevated to a great height over the little river Manzanares. This is, at all times, a meagre stream, and during the hot season it dwindles into a few threads of water, winding their way painfully through a bed of dry sand. An English traveller affirms, that on a public occasion, when a queen of Spain was to make her entry into the capital over the Toledo bridge, the bed of the river below it was watered, in order to prevent her majesty from being incommoded by the dust. But this is, of course, a traveller's story, and is found, in fact, in the work of one of a class of persons who, as Sir Henry Wotton said, are "honest men sent abroad to tell lies for the good of their country." The road to Aranjuez is a very fine one, and passes through a fertile country, laid out for the most part in wheat fields, which are interspersed here and there with a few scattered olive trees. For the information

of those who are not familiar with the appearance of this tree, it may be remarked that it resembles the peach tree in size, and in the shape of its leaves, although their color is a little less vivid. The celebrated old Gothic city of Toledo is situated in the same direction from Madrid with Aranjuez, though a little off from the direct road, and is generally taken by the traveller on his way either out or home. Although the soil of this part of Spain is productive, it is, like the rest of the vast central plateau, formed of the two Castilles, almost wholly destitute of wood, and but scantily supplied with water,—so that it wears to the eye, especially in the hot season, a monotonous and dusty, not to say dreary appearance, which heightens by contrast the effect of the luxuriant vegetation of Aranjuez. On descending into the valley you find yourself at once transported, as it were, into a sort of Elysian garden. The ground is covered with the richest verdure, and under the influence of the ample supply of moisture afforded by the two rivers, the flowers put on their brightest colors, and the trees rise to a height which I have hardly seen equalled in any other part of Spain.

Aranjuez was originally a country residence of the Grand Master of the military order of Santiago, and came into possession of the king when that dignity was united to the crown by Ferdinand the Catholic. It was first occupied as a royal residence by the Emperor Charles V., and has been ever

since a constant object of attention with the family, who regularly pass several weeks there every spring. The palace was planned by the celebrated architect Herrera, the same who built the Escorial,—and though an edifice of no great pretension, is commodious and in good taste. The village is said to have been originally a very confused mass of ordinary and irregular little dwellings, but about the middle of the last century, during the reign of Charles III, it was laid out anew under the direction of the minister Grimaldi, who had been ambassador at the Hague, and felt an ambition to give to Aranjuez the neat and regular appearance of that stately village. He accordingly, in the exercise of a discretion which, even in Spain, would have seemed almost indiscreet, ordered the old village to be removed, and having swept the ground entirely clear, built up a new one, laid out in regular streets and squares, bordered by pretty houses of uniform size and construction. In this state the village remained for some years; but in one of the various revolutions which have swept the surface of Spain like successive hurricanes, since the commencement of the present century, this sequestered spot has suffered great damage, and when I visited it, the village was in a great measure in ruins. Whether it has since been repaired I am not informed.

The beauty of Aranjuez does not lie, however, in the palace or the village, but in the gardens and grounds, which stretch for two or three miles along the Tagus, and form, as I remarked at the beginning, one of the most agreeable creations of the kind to be found in Europe. "Formerly," says Ponz, in his description of Spain, "Aranjuez was renowned for the extraordinary richness and beauty of its vegetation, but, with the exception of the palace, and public offices, was no better than a disorderly collection of ill-constructed houses and mud cottages, in which the court were compelled to find lodgings of the most inconvenient kind. All this is now changed:—the gardens have been greatly extended, and the whole valley embellished in a truly royal style. From a point in the centre, broad streets planted with lofty and beautiful elm trees, stretch forth toward the east, west, north and south,—some of them to the distance of a league. Parallel to the river, at a distance of half a mile from it, extends in a straight line along the side of the gardens, the *Calle de la Reyna*, or Queen Street, perhaps the most agreeable drive in Europe. The intervening space between the river and the *Calle de la Reyna*, is entirely filled up with trees, shrubs and flowering plants, regularly disposed in groves, parterres and alleys, interspersed with ornamental buildings and groups of statuary. An ample supply of

water,—the greatest of luxuries in a hot climate, is distributed in fountains, and at times collected in reservoirs. The scene is enlivened by the presence of innumerable singing birds, who are "pouring their thoughts," as Gray has it, all day long, and especially in the morning and evening, in torrents of joyous melody. I have never heard the nightingale in greater perfection than here.

It has been the usage of the Spanish court for many years past to visit this beautiful retreat every spring, and remain there for several weeks. They generally leave Madrid about the middle of April, and reside at Aranjuez till about the first of June, when the heat becomes so intense, that the exhalations from a moist soil are thought to be dangerous. The executive departments and foreign delegations generally accompany the court on these excursions, and find a very agreeable relief from the somewhat monotonous life of the capital in rambling about among the flowery parterres and green alleys of this terrestrial paradise. The spring of 1827, which I passed at Aranjuez, was enlivened by a greater number of court festivals than usual, in consequence of the birth of a princess. A brief notice of these may perhaps be amusing to some readers.

The first in order was one of the usual public receptions, commonly called a *Besa manos*, or Hand-Kissing. There were at that time eight of these in the course of the year:—four for the birth days and saint's days of the king and queen, and four for the happy return of the king to his kingdom and his capital, from his two captivities in France and at Cadiz. On these occasions, all persons of either sex who have been presented at court, are expected to attend, and are permitted to kneel and kiss the hand of the king, queen, and other members of the royal family. The ladies and gentlemen are received at different hours. It may be as well, however, to employ the past time, for during the fifteen years that have since elapsed there have been at least half a dozen complete revolutions in the administration and government of the kingdom, which has no doubt changed as often the aspect and usages of the court. At that time, however, to be strictly correct, the reception took place in a large and magnificent saloon, at one end of which were placed two arm chairs for the king and queen, who were the only persons seated. At twelve o'clock, after receiving some other visits in a more private manner, their majesties entered the hall, and placed themselves in front of the chairs, with the princes and princesses of their family in a line on their left. Behind them stood the chamberlains and other great household officers, all in gala dresses, as were also the royal

family. The king and princes wore on these occasions blue coats nearly covered with gold or silver lace, broad ribbons and stars, with red underclothes. The queen and princesses commonly appeared in robes of cloth of gold or silver, or very richly embroidered velvet or silk, and displayed a profusion of pearls, diamonds, birds of paradise, and other plumes, with toques and turbans of various descriptions. Their long trains were held up by attendant pages. This *cortège* occupied one end of the hall. The side on the king's right hand was appropriated to the diplomatic agents of foreign powers, headed by the pope's nuncio in his cardinal's dress, consisting of a flowing scarlet robe, and broad-brimmed hat of the same color, with a surplice of broad white lace, reaching to the knees. The nuncio at that time was Prince Giustiniani, archbishop in *partibus* of Tyre.—After him followed the Austrian, Russian, Dutch, English, American, Prussian, Sardinian and Saxon ministers, and below them the *chargés d'affaires*, secretaries and *attachés*—making in the whole about thirty persons, arranged in their respective classes, according to the time of their arrival. As Madrid is not, in general, a very favorite residence, the succession of incumbents in these places is somewhat rapid, and a man rises in his class almost as rapidly as a clever boy at a country school. There was at this time no French ambassador at Madrid, but the vacancy was shortly after filled by the appointment of the Marquis De Moustiers, a son of one of the earliest French ministers in the United States. The most prominent members of the diplomatic body were the English minister, Sir Frederick Lamb, a brother of Lord Melbourne, since created a peer himself, I forget by what title,—and the Russian minister M. d'Oubril, whose name is pretty well known in the diplomacy of Europe. The file of diplomatic agents occupied one side of the hall: the bottom opposite to the royal family and the other side was taken up by the principal military and civil functionaries of the kingdom. The secretary of state, or prime minister at this time was Don Manuel Gonzalez Salmon, who held the place *ad interim* for some time after the resignation of the Duke del Infantado. Calomarde, the minister of grace and justice, was, however, regarded as the real head of the government. In the mean time the adjoining rooms were filled by a crowd of other persons of inferior dignity. When the arrangement of the reception room was completed, the king and queen took their seats,—the door at the bottom of the hall was opened, and the loyal subjects entered in procession in single file, passed round the hall immediately in front of the line

that had been formed, and made their exit through another door. Each person, as he passed before the royal family, kneels and kisses their hands. The act of kneeling is regarded in the feudal countries as an acknowledgment of allegiance, and is, of course, not performed by foreigners of any rank,—least of all, by those who represent the governments of their respective countries. It is easy to conceive, therefore, what astonishment must have been created by the conduct of one of our ministers at St. Petersburg, who insisted, notwithstanding the objections of the emperor, upon kneeling at his audience of reception.

There seems to be little or no order in the arrangement of the persons who make up the procession on these occasions. It consists of the various officers in the different departments of the public service, political, military and ecclesiastical, and these are all mingled together pell-mell, excepting that those of the highest rank, who are placed in the hall, come last. The confusion of costumes produced in this way, gives to the affair somewhat the effect of a masquerade. Monks of the several orders are liberally interspersed, and their dresses contrast singularly with the ordinary apparel of the rest of the company. After a file of chamberlains, in their blue coats, stiffly embroidered with gold, you will see, perhaps, a couple of capuchins with long beards, heads entirely shaved excepting a narrow ecliptic of hair running round them, and their flowing pepper-and-salt, woollen robes with hoods thrown back upon the shoulders. Then will follow some religious knights or military monks, like Bois Guilbert in the romance of *Ivanhoe*,—belonging to some one of the four military orders of this description, established in the kingdom, habited in full blue silk mantles, with large crosses fantastically wrought upon them in green, red, white or blue silk, according to the rule of each particular foundation. Next will follow, perhaps, three or four boys of eight or ten years old, sons of *grandeos*, who are brought out in this way to give an early promise of their future loyalty. The little rogues appear to feel very consequential on the occasion, and go through the ceremony quite as well as the grown children around them. I remarked one of them, whose father, the Conde de Puebla, was standing near the king, and when he caught the eye of his son made a sign of recognition to him. The boy lifted up his hand and returned his father's salute in the Spanish manner, by moving his fingers backward and forward, but without departing, in the least, from the gravity that had doubtless been enjoined upon him, before he left home. When he reached the door where the procession passed out, his father

took him up in his arms and kissed him. After these scions of nobility, might be seen some of the withered branches of the same stock, in the persons of the officers of the invalid corps, who totter and limp along, with their white hair and weather-beaten cheeks, in a modest blue uniform faced with red. Next to these would appear a squad of brilliant young men in actual service,—then fresh berries of monks, black, white, blue or gray, according to their orders,—with other miscellaneous characters. Navarete, one of the most distinguished literary men, and superintendant of the hydrographical section of the navy department, generally took his place in the procession, and Lopez, the painter, commonly appeared in a neat blue coat, embroidered with gold. The latter is a favorite with the king. I noticed on one of these occasions a bustling little man, who made his way along with a somewhat consequential air, but withal a rather downcast look, glancing obliquely towards the feet of the persons whom he passed. On enquiring who he was, I was told that he was the king's *corn cutter*. In these despotic countries, the least conspicuous employments become high dignities when exercised in the service of the master. At this time, the king's operative barber was one of the most important political characters in the country, and his apothecary another. Under a preceding Bourbon, the celebrated opera singer Farinelli, was formally placed at the head of the government as prime minister and secretary of state.

The number of the persons who present themselves on these occasions is various, sometimes amounting to more than a thousand, and at others to only two or three hundred. When the procession has gone through, the great household officers, and others who were stationed in the king's apartment, take their turn, until the room is cleared of all except the diplomatic body. One of the chamberlains, who brings up the rear, is instructed to take a note of the number of persons present, and mention it to the king, as he passes. The officers of the Swiss regiments then in the Spanish service, not being subjects, did not kiss the royal hand, but bowed stiffly, and touched their tall military caps instead.

The hall being cleared of all but the royal family and the diplomatic body, the king left his place and made a tour round the circle, beginning with the nuncio, and saying a few words, to each person, at least of the higher ranks. While he spoke to the nuncio, his two brothers the infantes, Don Carlos and Don Francisco, addressed themselves to the two next persons in the line, and thus preceded the king through the whole. The queen and princesses followed

in his majesty's wake. The conversation turned in general upon topics of very little importance, and principally the weather. "It is warm to-day."—"It is cool for the season."—"It froze last night three quarters of an inch thick."—"What fine weather these two or three days past!"—"Last evening especially was most charming."—"I think I saw you on the Prado yesterday."—&c. &c. There was in general, a good degree of harmony in opinion among the members of the family upon these points, so that a person who had committed himself by assenting to the remark of one, was in no great danger of being obliged, in replying to another, to contradict himself, in order to avoid contradicting a royal personage, which is against etiquette. On the occasion to which I am now particularly alluding, I was apprehensive for a moment that something of the kind would occur. The morning was cool for the season, and had been announced as such by the king and some other members of the family:—the persons addressed had of course confirmed the remark. But when it came to the turn of the infanta, Dona Louisa Carlotta, (wife of Don Francisco, and sister to the late regent Christina) who was the last in order, and who was, as Mrs. Malaprop has it, *en famille*, she approached the nuncio with a distinct and well articulated declaration that it was warm,—*il fait chaud*—I was a little curious to hear with what sort of grace his eminence, the cardinal, archbishop of Tyre, would, perhaps not for the first time in his life, blow hot and cold in the same breath. Luckily, however, the infanta,—suspecting, perhaps, from his manner that something was going wrong, subjoined with great presence of mind the gratifying words in this room,—"*dans cette chambre*,"—a remark which was natural enough, after all that had come and gone, from chamberlains to corn-cutters, during the two preceding hours, and to which the most cautious diplomatist might safely assent at any season, without fear of exceeding his instructions, so that the nuncio's consistency was provided for without damage to his courtesy. When the king and the royal family had all gone round the circle, they made their bows very formally to the *corps diplomatique* and retired. The *corps* then went out on the other side, and thus finished the *Besamanos*. It is but just to the family, and especially to the king, to say, that they performed their parts in these, to them, no doubt, somewhat tiresome ceremonies, with great good humor, and in a graceful and appropriate way.

I mentioned above that the amusements of Aranjuez were diversified by the proceedings incident to the birth of a member of the royal family. It is usual on these occasions with the reigning families of Eu-

rope,—at least those of the Bourbon race, to invite some of the most distinguished of their subjects and the diplomatic agents of foreign powers, to attend at the palace, so that they may see the infant immediately after its birth, and be able, if circumstances should ever render it necessary, to testify to his legitimacy. In ancient times, and even as lately as that of Maria Antoinette, queen of France, it was usual to invite the company into the bed-chamber, and according to the account of Madame Campan, such a number of persons were admitted to witness the birth of the last dauphin, that the queen was almost stifled for want of fresh air. At Madrid the company were stationed in an adjoining room, and the infant immediately after its birth was brought out, and exhibited to them by the king. On this occasion, the approaching event had been officially announced to the diplomatic agents on the 8th of May, by the secretary of state, and they had been invited to hold themselves in readiness to attend at the palace, when called on. On the 24th, at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, just as I was sitting down to dinner, one of the king's life-guards entered the room with the expected message. Perhaps the two moments in the course of the twenty-four hours, when it is least agreeable to be summoned out of the house, are those of sitting down to dinner, and getting into bed. The preceding year at about the same time, I had received a similar message just as I had finished undressing, and I then declined acting on the invitation. This time I was resolved to go, but determined first to secure my dinner, as it was altogether uncertain how soon the affair would terminate. I accordingly proceeded to make a rather hearty repast, and was just entering on a concluding custard, when a second life-guard presented himself, and insisted on delivering his message in person. I sent word to him that I had already received it, but this did not satisfy him; and I was obliged to leave the unfinished custard and go out to hear what he had to say. I thought at first that this renewed warning proved the urgency of the case, but found that the present messenger did not know that any other had been before him, and was too conscientious to take any body's word for it but mine. Having with some difficulty succeeded in getting rid of him, I was returning to the table, when the Saxon minister, Count de Bose, who lodged in the next room, came in to consult with me upon the question, whether it was proper for him to attend upon the occasion. He said that there were two objections to it, first, that he was in deep official mourning for the late king of Saxony, his master, and secondly, that not having yet received his new credentials, his public character

was temporarily suspended, and he was not in fact minister. We discussed these delicate points of etiquette at considerable length, until finally the Count, upon the urgent invitation which I gave him, with a view of bringing the conference to a close, to sit down to dinner with us, retired without coming to a determination. After his departure I returned to the custard with renewed appetite, and then proceeded to the strawberries, which the rich soil of Aranjuez affords in great perfection. In the mean time the Saxon minister had made up his mind to go, and sent me word that he should be glad to accompany me. I accordingly put on a clean, black coat, (the official uniform not being required in the country) and set off with him for the palace. In the arcade, that runs along one of the wings, we met the Chevalier de Sündt, and Prince Palazzolo, the chargés d'affaires of Denmark and Naples, who were bound on the same errand; and we all pursued our way together to the apartment of the infante, Don Francisco. Upon reaching it, we were introduced into a handsome saloon of an octagon form, richly furnished, and hung with family portraits, where we found several persons already in attendance. Among these were the patriarch of the Indies,—the minister of grace and justice, Don Tadeo Calomarde, regarded as the ministerial leader of the so-called apostolic party,—the colonel of the life-guards, Count de Espana,—the dukes of Infantado and San Carlos, who with the Count de Revillagigedo, formerly viceroy of Mexico, formed the deputation from the corps of the grandees, with others, to the number in the whole, of not less than forty or fifty. There were no ladies present at this time; but after a while the dutchess of Bedmar, *Camarcra mayor*, or principal lady of the bed-chamber to the queen, came in and remained till the ceremony was over. The ancestor of this lady's husband, in his character of Spanish ambassador at Venice, was at the bottom of the conspiracy that forms the subject of Otway's play of *Venice Preserved*.

So large a party, consisting of persons in general intimately acquainted, and in the habit of seeing each other frequently, might have easily amused themselves together for several hours and have passed the evening as pleasantly at the palace, as at any of their respective houses. But after the first salutations were over, the uncertainty how long they should be detained, began to cast a gloom over their spirits, and as the time passed, their faces generally lengthened. Former cases of the same kind were recurred to, as precedents for conjecturing the probable result in the present instance. It was recollected, or at least asserted by some, that the company had been known to be

detained not less than three days and three nights in succession, and that they were not in such cases supplied with refreshment or even couches. Prince Palazzolo seized the opportunity to give an account of the courageous conduct of one of my predecessors on one of these occasions, which he had heard from Prince Cassaro, at the time ambassador from Naples at Madrid, and more recently minister of foreign affairs in his own country. I had also heard the story several times from the Prince, during his residence at Madrid, and once from the gentleman, who was the principal actor in the scene, but as it was to the purpose, and we had ample time before us, I was not sorry to listen to it again. The affair happened on the occasion of the birth of a daughter of the infanta, Donna Maria Francisco, a Portuguese princess, wife to the king's brother, Don Carlos, who always gave the court a great deal of trouble, as she seldom completed her work in less than forty-eight hours, and, in this particular case, employed seventy-two. The company stood it pretty well without sleep or refreshment of any kind for the first twenty-four, but as the second night was closing in they began to lose patience. Some in a fit of despair threw themselves at full length upon the floor; but the gentleman in question, more hardy than the rest, quietly took possession of two immense and magnificent stuffed chairs, which were placed in the Hall, where the assembly was held for the purpose of being used as seats or thrones by the king and queen upon public occasions. These he stationed in front of each other so that they composed together a tolerably comfortable couch, upon which, with his hat for a pillow, he established himself, and soon fell into a profound slumber. The rest looked on with astonishment and envy at this unprecedented appropriation of the throne of Spain and the Indies, and the fact was immediately reported by the master of ceremonies, to the king. His Majesty gave orders at once that couches should be brought in for the accommodation of the company, so that the affair took upon the whole a more fortunate turn than could reasonably have been expected.

While some were calling to mind these alarming precedents, others recollected with satisfaction that Donna Louisa Carlotta had been distinguished on former occasions of the same kind, by extraordinary despatch. Last year, when, as I said before, I had declined acting on the invitation, she did not give the assistants time to assemble: and there were only five of the foreign legations represented when the infant was exhibited. This was said to be a family trait. Her sister the Duchess of Berri, (whose portrait, with that of the Duke of Bordeaux was

hanging in the room) hardly gave any warning at all to her attendants of the approaching birth of that ill-starred prince, so that there was not so much as a nurse present at the time, and some skeptical souls are in doubt to this day whether he is a real Bourbon.

In such conversations, alternately cheerful and gloomy, the time passed slowly away, and sunset was now rapidly approaching. Don Tadeo Calomarde, threw open at this time, a large window that looked towards the west, from which we could survey the beautiful gardens that surround the palace, and the double lines of tall and shady trees that shoot off from it in all directions to a great distance. The sun was slowly sinking beyond them, sometimes hidden by the foliage, and at others displaying his gorgeous disk at the end of a long avenue and illuminating it throughout with a flood of golden glory. We all enjoyed the magnificent spectacle, but reflected with pain that it might not be so agreeable to witness it for the second or third time before we should separate.

Luckily these unpleasant apprehensions were not verified. Before the brilliant orb on which we were gazing had sunk below the horizon, a movement was heard at the door communicating with the adjoining room, which was presently thrown open, and the king appeared, dressed in a plain suit of black, and bearing in both hands a large silver waiter covered with a white cloth, upon which lay, like the fair Geraldine on her "couch of Ind,"—though in a more unsophisticated state,—the young infanta who had just been added to the illustrious lineage of the Bourbons. The company immediately huddled up into a small and crowded semi-circle round the door where the king entered. His majesty, with a good deal of presence of mind, ordered the window to be closed, that the breath of heaven might not visit his delicate charge too roughly, and then with a glow of honest, patriarchal exultation upon his countenance, showed her about from one end of the semi-circle to the other, repeatedly exclaiming "*es una niña*:"—it is a girl,—and nodding familiarly to such persons present as he chose to distinguish. The infanta conducted herself with as much decorum as could well be expected from a person of so little experience, placed in so trying a situation. She observed a profound silence—managed her limbs with a good deal of grace, and gave promise in her appearance of becoming hereafter an ornament to her sire and family. A handsome and well dressed camarista, or lady of the bed-chamber accompanied the king and princess. His majesty went round the circle as rapidly as possible, and in something less than a minute had

retired with his niece and her attendant. The door was closed after them, and before sunset we were all out of the palace. The next court gazette announced that at nine minutes before seven o'clock P. M., on the 25th inst., her most serene highness, the Infanta Donna Louisa Carlotta, was happily delivered of "*una robusta nina*,"—a healthy female child, who was baptized by the name of *Josefa Fernanda Louisa*, after her aunt, uncle, and mother. The court threw off their mourning for the king of Saxony, and went into gala dresses in honor of the joyful event.

"So," as the poet has it, "passed that pageant."—"Another came,"—to keep up the quotation, the next week, on the occasion of Saint Ferdinand's day, which during the reign of a king of that name is observed as the greatest festival in the year. It was celebrated at this time with more than usual pomp and splendor. On the preceding day at noon, the diplomatic ladies were received in private audience, and in the evening there was a general kissing-match for the ladies of the country, followed by an exhibition of fire works, including a fire balloon, which went off and took its place among the stars with a very pretty effect. The day itself was distinguished by another regular *besamanos*, held at twelve o'clock, for the gentlemen of the country, at which the diplomatic gentlemen assisted in the manner described above. After this was over the company adjourned to the gardens, where the fountains were made to play in honor of the occasion. They are very pretty, though far inferior to those of Saint Ildelfonso. After traversing the gardens in various directions the royal family embarked in a splendid barge for a short excursion on the Tagus, and the company returned to their respective homes. In the evening there was another exhibition of fire works, which terminated the whole affair. Not less than from fifteen to twenty thousand persons were assembled from all the neighborhood to witness these festivities, and crowded into a village, which, in the absence of the court, does not contain fifteen hundred.

Two years after, in the spring of 1829, I visited this retreat for the last time. The usual festivities were omitted on account of the death of the queen, which occurred during the residence of the court at Aranjuez. The fortunes of this princess afford another striking illustration of the vanity of the popular delusion—if, after all that has passed within the last half century, such a delusion can still be supposed to exist even among the least informed of the people,—which connects the idea of happiness with high rank and official dignity. She was a daughter of the royal house of Saxony,

which remained Catholic when the kingdom became Protestant, and which, consequently, forms its matrimonial alliances chiefly with the Catholic sovereigns of the south of Europe. She had an agreeable person and a natural quickness of intellect, which had also been carefully cultivated, the royal family of Saxony having been of late distinguished by a decided taste for literary pursuits. At the age of sixteen she was betrothed to the king of Spain, and in the year 1819, proceeded to that country to meet her destined husband. In the first freshness of youth and beauty,—with a fine taste and a highly cultivated mind,—placed by fortune on the pinnacle of earthly greatness, she must have appeared to the world very much as Maria Antoinette appeared in her day to the poetic eye of Burke—one of the most delightful visions that ever graced "our visible diurnal sphere," while the spotless purity of her life and a somewhat pensive cast of character, gave her an additional charm, in which the unfortunate queen of France was deficient. Spain was at that time, to all outward appearance, perfectly tranquil under the sway of her restored king. But within a few weeks after the young queen's arrival, the revolutionary movement which had been for two or three years past secretly in preparation, broke out suddenly at Cadiz on the first of January, 1820, among the troops intended for America, and spread so rapidly through the kingdom that the king was compelled, as early as the beginning of March, to accept the constitution. From that time to the present day the royal family have been passing through a series of perpetual vicissitudes,—one day clothed with absolute power—the next, deprived of every thing but the name of royalty, and at times, virtually of personal liberty.—Often in actual danger—always in the midst of agitation, and filled with apprehensions for the future. This long continued state of uneasiness naturally produced on the sensitive mind of the young queen a strong impression, which assumed the form of a sort of religious melancholy. She took no interest in the amusements suited to her age, or in the great affairs in which her own existence was so deeply involved; and being deprived, by not having children, of the natural occupation of a wife and mother, she passed a joyless and solitary life in the interior of the palace, almost wholly employed in religious exercises of a formal and ascetic character. On public occasions she went through the usual ceremonial with the most evident indifference, not to use a stronger term, and when it was over returned with eagerness to her habitual seclusion. Her health was gradually affected by this course of life, and the severity with which

she observed the fast of lent in the year 1829, brought on a crisis which terminated her earthly existence. Probably there was not a peasant girl in her dominions, possessed of health, and the ordinary comforts belonging to the lowest ranks of society, whose condition was not far more enviable than that of the queen of Spain and the Indies.

Soon after the death of the queen, the court were invited to the palace to offer their "compliments of condolence" to the royal family. On an occasion of this kind, nothing is said about the event which calls the company together, and which is supposed to be too delicate to be touched. The conversation is confined to the usual familiar topics. Immediately after the event, an envoy was despatched to Naples, to solicit for the king the hand of one of the princesses. There was at that time no heir apparent to the Spanish crown, in the direct line of succession, and as the political system of the presumptive heir, Don Carlos, was not agreeable to the court, it was thought important to take measures, as early as possible, for continuing the direct line without interruption. In three or four weeks the envoy returned with a favorable answer, and before the season was over at Aranjuez, the court were again invited to the palace to congratulate the family upon the king's engagement to the Princess Christina.— On this, as on the former occasion, nothing was said of the particular event which furnished the ostensible pretext for the meeting, and the conversation turned, as usual, upon the weather and the daily promenade. While this negotiation was in progress, the municipality of Madrid had been making preparation for a solemn funeral ceremony in honor of the late queen, which "came off" with great parade in one of the principal churches of the capital about the first of July. By this rather singular concurrence of circumstances, we were called upon to assist at the obsequies of one queen, after having already congratulated the king upon his engagement to her successor. About two months were permitted to elapse before the latter made her entry into the kingdom. She was then a beautiful and joyous young creature of

about sixteen, precisely the reverse in character of her predecessor, and she converted the palace at once from a sort of conventual retreat into the head-quarters of gaiety and amusement.

The last of these events occurred about twelve years ago—no very long period in the perennial existence of nations. During that time, as I have already remarked, half a dozen revolutions have occurred in the government of Spain, and most of the persons whom I have mentioned, have suffered a complete reverse of fortune. The king died about three years after his last marriage. The question of a succession led to a civil war, by the results of which his brother Don Carlos, the pretender, was compelled to leave the kingdom, and has been ever since an exile in France. The crown devolved upon an infant daughter of the king by his last marriage, and the regency on his gay young widow, the dowager queen Christina. She, in her turn, has been compelled by popular revolutions, to abandon her throne and kingdom, leaving as viceroy over her daughter, with the title of Regent, and Duke of Victory, a plebian soldier, who at the time of her marriage, was still in the lower ranks of the service. The infante Don Francisco, also found himself, in the progress of these commotions, obliged to take refuge in France, carrying with him his wife and the fair little "bud of Bourbon's royal tree of glory," the circumstances of whose emergence from the parent stem have been mentioned above. This branch of the family were, however, at the last accounts about returning to Madrid. With such revolutions in the fortunes of the royal personages who took a part in the scenes I have been describing, it will not be thought very singular that the members of the diplomatic body assembled to witness them, being ex-officio of a rather migratory character, should have been dispersed to the four winds;—that one of the persons then *attached* to the Legation of the United States, should now be the minister, and that this transcript of notes taken at the time on the banks of the dusty little Manzanares, should be written in view of the overflowing flood of the mighty Mississippi.

THE STREAM OF THE ROCK.

TRANSLATED FOR THE MISCELLANY FROM THE GERMAN OF FR. STOLBERG.

UNPERISHING Youth !
 Thou leapest from forth
 The cleft of the rock.
 No mortal eye saw
 The mighty one's cradle;
 No ear ever heard
 The lofty one's lisp in the murmuring spring.

How beautiful art thou,
 In silvery locks !
 How terrible art thou
 When the cliffs are resounding in thunder around !
 Thee, feareth the fir-tree.
 Thou crushes the fir-tree,
 From its roots to its crown !
 The cliffs flee before thee.
 The cliffs thou engraspest,
 And hurlest them, scornful, like pebbles adown !

The sun weaves around thee
 The beams of its splendor !
 It painteth with hues of the heavenly iris
 The up-rolling clouds of the silvery spray !

Why speedest thou downward
 Toward the green sea ?
 Is it not well by the nearer heaven ?
 Not well by the sounding cliff ?
 Not well by the o'erhanging forest of oaks ?
 Oh hasten not so
 Toward the green sea !
 Youth ! oh now thou art strong, like a god !
 Free, like a god !

Beneath thee is smiling the peacefulest stillness,
 The tremulous swell of the slumberous sea,
 Now silvered o'er by the swimming moonshine,
 Now golden and red in the light of the west !

Youth, oh what is this silken quiet,
 What is the smile of the friendly moonlight,
 The purple and gold of the evening sun,
 To him, whom the feeling of bondage oppresses !
 Now streamest thou wild,
 As thy heart may prompt !
 But below, oft ruleth the fickle tempest,
 Oft the stillness of death in the subject sea !

Oh hasten not so
 Toward the green sea !
 Youth, oh now thou art strong, like a god —
 Free, like a god !

W. W. S.

BROWN'S DAY WITH THE MIMPSONS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"Our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time."

We got down from an omnibus in Charing-Cross.

"Sovereign or ha'penny?" said the cad, rubbing the coin between his thumb and finger.

"Sovereign, of course!" said B—— confidently, pocketing the change which the man had ready for the emergency in a bit of brown paper.

It was a muggy, misty, London twilight. I was coming up to town from Blackheath, and in the crowded vehicle had chanced to encounter my compatriot B——, (call it Brown,) who had been lionizing the Thames Tunnel. In the course of conversation it came out that we were both on the town for our dinner, and as we were both guests at the Travellers' Club, we had pulled the omnibus string at the nearest point, and, after the brief dialogue recorded above, strolled together down Pall Mall.

As we sat waiting for our fish, one of us made a remark as to the difference of *feel* between gold and copper coin, and Brown, fishing in his pocket for money to try the experiment, discovered that the doubt of the cad was well founded, for he had unconsciously passed a half-penny for a sovereign.

"People are very apt to take your coin at your own valuation!" said Brown, with a smile of some meaning, "and when they are in the dark as to your original coinage, (as the English are with regard to Americans abroad) it is as easy to pass for gold as for copper. Indeed you may pass for both in a day, as I have lately had experience. Remind me presently to tell you how. Here comes the fried sole, and it's troublesome talking when there are bones to fight shy of—the '*flow of sole*' to the contrary notwithstanding."

I will take advantage of the *hiatus* to give the reader a slight idea of my friend, as a preparation for his story.

Brown was the "mirror of courtesy." He was also the mirror of vulgarity. And he was the *mirror* of every thing else. He had that facility of adaptation to the society he was in, which made him seem born for that society and that only, and, without calculation or forethought—by an uncon-

scious instinct, indeed—he cleverly reflected the man and manners before him. The result was a popularity of a most varied quality. Brown was a man of moderate fortune and no profession. He had travelled for some years on the continent, and had encountered all classes of Englishmen, from peers to green-grocers, and as he had a visit to England in prospect, he seldom parted from the most chance acquaintance without a volunteer of letters of introduction, exchange of addresses, and similar tokens of having "pricked through his castle wall." When he did arrive in London, at last, it was with a budget like the postman's on Valentine's day, and he had only to deliver one letter in a score to be put on velvet in any street or square within the bills of mortality. Sagacious enough to know that the gradations of English society have the facility of a cat's back, (smooth enough from the head downwards) he began with a most noble duke, and at the date of his introduction to the reader, was on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of May Fair.

Presuming that you see your man, dear reader, let us come at once to the removal of the cloth.

"As I was calling myself to account, the other day, over my breakfast," said Brown, filling his glass and pushing the bottle, "it occurred to me that my round of engagements required some little variation.—There's a '*soujours perdrix*,' even among lords and ladies, particularly when you belong as much to their sphere, and are as likely to become a part of it, as the fly revolving in aristocratic dust on the wheel of my lord's carriage. I thought perhaps I had better see some other sort of people.

"I had, under a *presse papier* on the table, about a hundred letters of introduction—the condemned remainder, after the selection, by advice, of four or five only. I determined to cut this heap like a pack of cards and follow up the trump.

"John Mimpson, Esq., House of Mimpson & Phipps, Mark's Lane, London."

"The gods had devoted me to the acquaintance of Mr. (and probably Mrs.) John Mimpson. After turning over a deal of

rubbish in my mind, I remembered that the letter had been given me five years before by an American merchant—probably the correspondent of the firm in Mark's Lane. It was a sealed letter, and said in brackets on the back, '*Introducing Mr. Brown.*'—I had a mind to give it up and cut again, for I could not guess on what footing I was introduced, nor did I know what had become of the writer,—nor had I a very clear idea how long a letter of recommendation will hold its virtue. It struck me again that these difficulties rather gave it a zest, and I would abide by the oracle. I dressed, and, as the day was fine, started to stroll leisurely through the Strand and Fleet Street, and look into the shop windows on my way—assuring myself at least, thus much of diversion in my adventure.

"Some where about two o'clock, I left daylight behind, and plunged into Mark's Lane. Up one side and down the other—'Mimpson & Co.' at last, on a small brass plate, set in a green braise door. With my unbuttoned coat nearly wiped off my shoulder by the strength of the pulley, I shoved through, and emerged in a large room, with twenty or thirty clerks perched on high stools, like monkeys in a menagerie.

"First door, right!" said the nearest man, without raising his eyes from his desk, in reply to my inquiry for Mr. Mimpson.

"I entered a closet, lighted by a slanting sky-light, in which sat my man.

"Mr. John Mimpson?"

"Mr. John Mimpson!"

"After this brief dialogue of accost, I produced my letter, and had a second's leisure to examine my new friend while he ran his eye over the contents. He was a rosy, well conditioned, tight skinned little man, with black hair, and looked like a pear on a chair. (Hang the bothering rhymes!)—His legs were completely hid under the desk, so that the ascending eye began with his equatory line, and whether he had no shoulders or no neck, I could not well decide—but it was a tolerably smooth plane from his seat to the top curl of his sinciput. He was scrupulously well dressed, and had that highly washed look which marks the city man in London—bent on not betraying his 'diggins' by his complexion.

"I answered Mr. Mimpson's enquiries about our mutual friend with rather a hazardous particularity, and assured him he was quite well, (I have since discovered that he has been dead three years) and conversation warmed between us for ten minutes, till we were ready to part sworn friends. I rose to go, and the merchant seemed very much perplexed.

"To-morrow," said he, rubbing the two great business bumps over his eyebrows,—no—yes—that is to say, Mrs. Mimpson,

—well, it *shall* be to-morrow! Can you come out to Rose Lodge, and spend the day to-morrow?"

"With great pleasure," said I, for I was determined to follow my trump letter to extremities.

"Mrs. Mimpson," he next went on to say, as he wrote down the geography of Rose Lodge, "Mrs. Mimpson expects some friends to-morrow—indeed some of her very choice friends—if you come early, you will see more of her than if you just save your dinner. Bring your carpet bag, of course, and stay over night. Lunch at two—dine at seven. I can't be there to receive you myself, but I will prepare Mrs. Mimpson to save you all trouble of introduction. Hampstead road. Good morning, my dear sir."

"So, I am in for a suburban bucolic, thought I, as I regained daylight in the neighborhood of the Mansion House.

"It turned out a beautiful day, sunny and warm, and had I been sure of my navigation, and sure of my disposition to stay all night, I should have gone out by the Hampstead coach and made the best of my way, carpet bag in hand. I went into Newman's for a post chaise, however, and on showing him the written address, was agreeably surprised to find he knew Rose Lodge. His boys had all been there.

"Away I went through the Regent's Park, behind the blood pasters, blue jacket and white hat, and somewhere about one o'clock, mounted Hampstead Hill, and in ten minutes thence was at my destination.—The post boy was about driving in at the open gate, but I dismounted, and sent him back to the Inn to leave his horses, and then depositing my bag at the porter's lodge, walked up the avenue. It was a much finer place, altogether than I had expected to see.

"Mrs. Mimpson was in the garden. The dashing footman who gave me the information, led me through a superb drawing-room and out at a glass door upon the lawn, and left me to make my own way to the lady's presence.

"It was a delicious spot, and I should have been very glad to ramble about by myself till dinner, but, at a turn in the grand-walk, I came suddenly upon two ladies.

"I made my bow, and begged leave to introduce myself as 'Mr. Brown.'

"With a very slight inclination of the head, and no smile whatever, one of the ladies asked me if I had walked from town, and begged her companion (without introducing me to her,) to show me in to lunch. The spokester was a stout and tall woman, who had rather an aristocratic nose, and was not handsome, but, to give her her due, she had made a narrow escape of it. She was dressed very showily, and evidently

had great pretensions, but, that she was not at all glad to see Mr. Brown, was as apparent as was at all necessary. As the other, and younger lady who was to accompany me, however, was very pretty, though dressed very plainly, and had, withal, a look in her eye, which assured me she was amused with my unwelcome apparition, I determined, as I should not otherwise have done, to stay it out, and accepted her convoy with submissive civility—very much inclined however, to be impudent to somebody, somehow.

"The lunch was on a tray in a side room, and I rang the bell and ordered a bottle of champagne. The servant looked surprised, but brought it, and mean time I was getting through the weather and the other common-places, and the lady, saying little, was watching me very calmly. I liked her looks, however, and was sure she was not a Mimpson.

"Hand this to Miss Armstrong!" said I to the footman, pouring out a glass of champagne.

"Miss Bellamy, you mean, sir!"

"I rose and bowed, and, with as grave a courtesy as I could command, expressed my pleasure at my first introduction to Miss Bellamy—through Thomas, the footman! Miss Bellamy burst into a laugh, and was pleased to compliment my American manners, and in ten minutes we were a very merry pair of friends, and she accepted my arm for a stroll through the grounds, carefully avoiding the frigid neighborhood of Mrs. Mimpson.

"Of course I set about picking Miss Bellamy's brains for what information I wanted. She turned out quite the nicest creature I had seen in England—fresh, joyous, natural and clever, and as I was delivered over to her bodily, by her keeper and feeder, she made no scruple of promenading me through the grounds till the dressing bell—four of the most agreeable hours I have to record in my travels.

"By Miss Bellamy's account, my advent that day was looked upon by Mrs. Mimpson as an enraging calamity. Mrs. Mimpson was, herself, fourth cousin to a Scotch lord, and the plague of her life was the drawback to the gentility of her parties in Mimpson's mercantile acquaintance. She had married the little man for his money, and had thought, by living out of town, to choose her own society, with her husband for her only incumbrance; but Mimpson vowed that he should be ruined in Mark's Lane, if he did not house and dine his mercantile fraternity and their envoys at Rose Lodge, and they had at last compromised the matter. No Yankee clerk, or German agent, or person of any description, defiled by trade, was to be invited to the

Lodge without a three days' premonition to Mrs. Mimpson, and no additions were to be made, whatever, by Mr. M., to Mrs. M.'s dinners, soirées, matinées, archery parties, suppers, dejeuners, tableaux or private theatricals. This holy treaty, Mrs. Mimpson presumed was written 'with a gad of steel on a leaf of brass'—inviolable as her cousin's coat of arms.

"But there was still 'Ossa on Pelion.' The dinner of that day had a diplomatic aim. Miss Mimpson, (whom I had not yet seen) was ready to 'come out,' and her mother had embarked her whole soul in the enterprise of bringing about that *début* at Almack's. Her best card was a certain Lady S—, who chanced to be passing a few days in the neighborhood, and this dinner was in *her* honor;—the company chosen to impress *her* with the exclusiveness of the Mimpson's, and the prayer for her ladyship's influence (to procure vouchers from one of the patronesses) was to be made, when she was 'dietet to their request.'—And all had hitherto worked to a charm. Lady S— had accepted,—Ude had sent his best cook from Crockford's—the Belgian *chargé* and a Swedish *attaché* were coming—the day was beautiful, and the Lodge was sitting for its picture, and on the very morning, when every chair at the table was ticketed and devoted, what should Mr. Mimpson do, but send back a special messenger from the city, to say that he had forgotten to mention to Mrs. M. at breakfast, that he had invited a Mr. Brown! Of course he had *forgotten* it, though it would have been as much as his eyes were worth to mention it in person to Mrs. Mimpson.

"To this information, which I give you in the lump, but which came to light in the course of rather a desultory conversation, Miss Bellamy thought I had some title, from the rudeness of my reception. It was given to me in the shape of very clever banter, it is true, but she was evidently interested to set me right with regard to Mr. Mimpson's good intentions in my behalf, and, as far as that and her own civilities would do it, to apologize for the inhospitality of Rose Lodge. Very kind of the girl—for I was passing, recollect, at a most ha'penny valuation.

"I had made some casual remark touching the absurdity of Almack's aspirations in general, and Mrs. Mimpson's in particular; and my fair friend, who of course fancied an Almack's ticket as much out of Mr. Brown's reach as the horn of the new moon, took up the defence of Mrs. Mimpson on that point, and undertook to dazzle my untutored imagination by a picture of this seventh heaven—as she had heard it described, for to herself, she freely confessed, it was not even within the limits of dream-land. I knew this was true of herself, and

thousands of highly educated and charming girls in England, but still, looking at her while she spoke, and seeing what an ornament she would be to any ball-room in the world, I realized, with more repugnance than I had ever felt before, the arbitrary barriers of fashion and aristocracy. As accident had placed me in a position to 'look on the reverse of the shield,' I determined, if possible, to let Miss Bellamy judge of its color with the same advantage. It is not often that a plebian like myself has the authority to

"'Bid the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars.'

"We were near the open window of the library, and I stepped in and wrote a note to Lady ——, (one of the lady patronesses, and the kindest friend I have in England), asking for three vouchers for the next ball. I had had occasion once or twice before to apply for similar favors, for countrywomen of my own, passing through London on their travels, and I knew that her ladyship thought no more of granting them than of returning bows in Hyde Park. I did not name the ladies for whom the three tickets were intended, wishing to reserve the privilege of handing one to Miss Mimpson, should she turn out civil and presentable. The third, of course, was for Miss Bellamy's chaperon, whoever that might be, and the party *might* be extended to a quartette by the 'Monsieur De Trop' of the hour—*cela selon*. Quite a dramatic plot—was 'nt it?

"I knew that Lady —— was not very well, and would be found at home by the messenger, (my post-boy,) and there was time enough between soup and coffee to go to London and back, even without the spur in his pocket.

"The bell rang, and Miss Bellamy took herself off to dress. I went to my carpet bag in the bachelor quarters of the house, and through a discreet *entretien* with the maid who brought me hot water, became somewhat informed as to my fair friend's position in the family. She was the daughter of a gentleman who had seen better days. They lived in a retired cottage in the neighborhood, and as Miss Bellamy and a younger sister were both very highly accomplished, they were usually asked to the Lodge, whenever there was company to be entertained with their music.

"I was early in the drawing-room, and found there Mrs. Mimpson and a tall dragon of a young lady I presumed to be her daughter. She did not introduce me. I had hardly achieved my salutatory *salaam* when Miss Bellamy came in opportunely, and took me off their hands, and as they addressed no conversation to us, we turned

over music, and chatted in the corner while the people came in. It was twilight in the reception room, and I hoped by getting on the same side of the table with Lady S——, (whom I had the honor of knowing,) to escape recognizance till we joined the ladies in the drawing-room after dinner. As the guests arrived, they were formally introduced to Miss Mimpson by the mother, and every body but myself was formally presented to Lady S——, the exception not noticeable of course, among thirty people. Mr. Mimpson came late from the city, possibly anxious to avoid a skirmish on the subject of his friend Brown, and he entered the room barely in time to hand Lady S—— in to dinner.

"My tactics were ably seconded by my unconscious ally. I placed myself in such a position at table, that, by a little management, I kept Miss Bellamy's head between me and Lady S——, and my name was not so remarkable as to draw attention to me when called on to take wine with the peccant spouse of the Scotch lord's cousin. Meantime I was very charmingly entertained—Miss Bellamy not having, at all, the fear of Mrs. Mimpson before her eyes, and apparently finding the 'Yankee supercargo, or cotton clerk, or whatever he might be, quite worth trying her hand upon. The provender was good, and the wine was enough to verify the apocrypha—at least for the night,—'a man remembering neither sorrow nor debt' with such glorious claret.

"As I was *vis-a-vis* to Miss Mimpson, and only two plates removed from her mother, I was within reach of some syllable or some civility, and one would have thought that good breeding might exact some slight notice for the devil himself, under one's own roof by invitation; but the large eyes of Miss Aurelia and her mamma passed over me as if I had on the invisible ring of Gyges. I wonder, by the way, whether the ambitious youths who go to London and Paris with samples, and come back and sport 'the complete varnish of a man' acquired in foreign society,—I wonder whether they take these rubs to be part of their polishing!

"The ladies rose and left us, and as I had no more occasion to dodge heads or trouble myself with humility, I took lady S——'s place at old Mimpson's right hand, and was immediately recognized with great *empresement* by the Belgian *chargé*, who had met me 'very often, in very agreeable society.' Mimpson stared, and evidently took it for a bit of flummery or a mistake, but he presently stared again, for the butler came in with a coronetted note on his silver tray, the seal side up, and presented it to me with a most deferential bend of his white waistcoat. I felt the vouchers within, and

pocketed it without opening, and we soon after rose and went to the drawing-room for our coffee.

"Lady S—— sat with her back to the door, besieged by Mrs. Mimpson; and at the piano, beside Miss Bellamy, who was preparing to play, stood one of the loveliest young creatures possible to fancy. A pale and high-bred looking lady in widow's weeds sat near them, and I had no difficulty in making out who were the two after-dinner additions to the party. I joined them, and was immediately introduced by Miss Bellamy to her mother and sister, with whom, (after a brilliant duet by the sisters) I strolled out upon the lawn for an hour—for it was a clear night, and the moon and soft air almost took me back to Italy. And, (perhaps by a hint from Miss Bellamy,) I was allowed to get on very expeditiously in my acquaintance with her mother and sister.

"My new friends returned to the drawing-room, and as the adjoining library was lighted, I went in and filled up the blank vouchers with the names of Mrs. Bellamy and her daughters. I listened a moment to the conversation in the next room. The subject was Almack's, and it was discussed with great animation. Lady S——, who seemed to me trying to escape the trap they had baited for her, was quietly setting forth the difficulties of procuring vouchers, and recommending to Mrs. Mimpson not to subject herself to the mortification of a refusal. Old Mimpson backed up this advice with a stout approval, and this brought Mrs. Mimpson out 'horse and foot,' and she declared that she would submit to any thing, do any thing, give any thing, rather than fail in this darling object of her ambition. She would feel under eternal, inexpressible obligations to any friend who would procure, for herself and daughter, admission for but one night to Almack's.

"And then came in the sweet voice of Miss Bellamy, who 'knew it was both wrong and silly, but she would give ten years of her life to go to one Almack's ball, and in a long conversation she had had with Mr. Brown on the subject that morning'—

"Ah!" interrupted Lady S——, 'if it had been *the* Mr. Brown, you would have had very little trouble about it.'

"And who is *the* Mr. Brown?' asked Mrs. Mimpson.

"The pet and *protégé* of the only lady patroness I do not visit," said Lady S——, and unluckily, too, the only one who thinks the vouchers great rubbish and gives them away without thought or scruple."

"At that moment I entered the room.

"Good heavens!" screamed Lady S——,

'is that his ghost? Why, Mr. Brown!' she gasped, giving me her hand very cautiously, 'do you appear when you are talked of, like—like—like—'

"Like the devil? No! But I am here in the body, and very much at your ladyship's service," said I, 'for of course you are going to the duke's to-night, and so am I. Will you take me with you, or shall my *po-chay* follow where I belong—in your train?'

"I'll take you, of course," said her ladyship rising, 'but first about these vouchers. You have just come, and didn't hear our discussion. Mrs. Mimpson is extremely anxious that her daughter should come out at Almack's, and I happened to say, the moment before you entered, that you were the very person to procure the tickets from Lady——. How *very* odd that you should come in just then! But tell us—can you?'

"A dead silence followed the question. Mrs. Mimpson sat with her eyes on the floor, the picture of dismay and mortification. Miss Mimpson blushed and twisted her handkerchief, and Miss Bellamy looked at her hostess, half amused and half distressed.

"I handed the three vouchers to Miss Bellamy, and begged her acceptance of them, and then turning to Lady S——, without waiting for a reply, regretted that, not having had the pleasure of being presented to Miss Mimpson, I had not felt authorized to include her in my effort to oblige Miss Bellamy.

"And what with old Mimpson's astonishment, and Lady S——'s immediate tact in covering, by the bustle of departure, what she did not quite understand, though she knew it was some awkward *contre temps* or other, I found time to receive Miss Bellamy's thanks, and get permission from the mother to call and arrange this unexpected party, and, in ten minutes I was on my way to London with Lady S——, amusing her almost into fits with my explanations of the Mimpson mystery.

"Lady S—— was to be still at Hampstead for a few days, and, at my request, she called with me on the Bellamy's, and invited the girls up to town. Rose Bellamy, the younger, is at this moment one of the new stars of the season accordingly, and Miss Bellamy and I carry on the war, weekly at Almack's, and nightly at some wax-light Paradise or other, and Lady S—— has fallen in love with them both, and treats them like daughters.

"So you see, though I passed for a ha'penny with the Mimpsons, I turned out a sovereign to the Bellamys.

"Pass the bottle!"

A FANTASY.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

Round and round me she waved swinging
Like a wreath of smoke,
In a clear, low gurgle singing
What may ne'er again be spoke;
Her white arms floated on the air
Like swans upon a stream,
So stately fair, beyond compare
Their gracefulness did seem,—
And I knew by the splendor of her hair
That all must be a dream;
For round her limbs it went and came
Hither and thither,
I knew not whither,
Fitfully, like a wind-waved flame,
But bright and golden as flame was never,—
And it flowed back and forth
Like the lights of the north,
Round her and round her for ever and ever!

She filled the cup of melody
With madness to the brim,
And wild, wild songs she sang to me
That made my brain grow dim,
Like those which throng the traveller's mind
When night drops down before and behind
And he can hear nought but the lonely wind
In the black pines over him;
Blue and wide like the skies
Were her misty eyes
And in vague, strange light did swim.

The lightning is mild
To the sharp, fierce glow
Which, when she smiled,
From her eyes did flow,
Bitter as lightning, yet silent too
As the sunless and starless twilight blue;—
And o'er the wide sky
Of either eye,
Sudden revealings
Of awful feelings
Like falling stars slid silently,
And visions wondrous,
Lurid and thunderous,
Like clouds up-piled
In a sunset wild
Muttering far and low,
I could see asleep
In her eyes death-deep,
Updrifting dark and slow.

How may I tell
The sealike swell
Of ever-growing melody
That drifted her words
Like white sea-birds
Swinging and heaving on to me?
Her song came like a sudden breeze,
It wound through my heart

With a flashing dart
 As a bird winds through the trees;
 'Twas like a brook flowing,
 'Twas like a wind blowing,
 'Twas like a star and like a river,
 'Twas like all things that weary never,
 It rhymed with the grass and the open sky,
 With a billowy roll
 It flooded my soul
 And thrilled it with fearful ecstasy.

It was full of awe and wild surmise,
 It was dark and deep
 And it made me weep
 Like the gaze of Irene's eyes;
 It was calm as music e'er can be,
 But an inward might was in its motion,
 A consciousness of majesty,
 Like the heart of the unruffled ocean,
 Which, clear and still, by breeze unshent,
 With a world-wide throe
 Heaves to and fro
 From continent to continent.

JANUARY 12, 1842.

LITERARY AMBASSADORS.

BY W. A. JONES.

THE recent appointment of two of the most elegant minded men our country has yet produced, as foreign ministers to two of the most powerful courts of the old world, has led us to the consideration of the many great authors, sometimes poets, who have heretofore graced the same honorable office, and thence our subject has carried us into incidental reflections on the connection subsisting between politics and literature. Our country, we may remark in passing, is not only *safe* as certain cautious authors observe, in such hands as those of the accomplished Everett and the tasteful Irving, but it is even highly honored by such representations. Since her earliest connection with us, England has never given us so fair a specimen of her race as we now present her with; except perhaps when the amiable enthusiast, the eloquent Bishop of Cloyne visited our shores. And Spain, since the days of Cervantes has been unable to exchange with us the equal of Washington Irving. Our two great countrymen may compare in literary merit and social worth, with the lettered statesmen of an earlier age in England's literary history, and are with the Sidney's, the Wottons, the Herbert's of a purer epoch.

From the earliest dawn of civilization, the ruler has been in the noblest instances, always something more than a mere ruler. He has been, also a priest; frequently, an orator; and sometimes a poet. Moses and David, and Solomon, among the Jews.—Pericles was an orator and a critic: Demosthenes a great orator: Cicero, a moralist and rhetorician: Cæsar, a general, an author, an orator, and indeed an universal genius. But to confine ourselves to great Englishmen alone, and to those of that nation employed in embassies,—Dan Chaucer, the morning star of English poetry was sent abroad on a political errand, and passed the greater part of his life at the courts of Edward III and Richard II. In the time of Henry VIII, we meet the names of the courtly Surrey, the poet and lover, as well as the knight and courtier, and the all accomplished Lord Herbert, (elder brother to George Herbert.) Spencer was, if we are not mistaken, entrusted with a commission of statistical survey or something of the sort which led to his work on Ireland. All the great prose writers and poets of Elizabeth's time took a deep interest in policy except the dramatists. At home, Bacon, and Burleigh, and the Cecils, and Selden,

and Hooker, and Coke: "abroad, in arms," Sidney and Raleigh, (twin brothers in genius and glory) and those gay rivals for the favor of the maiden queen, Essex and Leicester. The great dramatists seem to have been too deeply and too delightfully engrossed by creating fair visions of their own, to trouble their heads much with the concerns of this sublunary planet.

The reigns of the first two Stuarts were highly favorable to letters, both in church and state. Then were the high loyalist divines well rewarded for their learned devotion and eloquent zeal. Then arose that galaxy of brilliant names, Taylor, and South, and Barrow, and Donne; and, that rare class, who combined the elegant scholar, the high churchman, the accurate man of business, the high-toned royalist, and the fine gentleman, in a proportion and degree, we have seldom seen since. Of this class was Sir Henry Wotton, who was sent abroad on three several missions of an important nature, and finally ended his days as provost of Eton college. His name is embalmed for ever in the epitaph of Cowley, and his fame perpetuated in the artless gossip of Izaak Walton. Howell, the letter writer, was employed in the same way. So, too, was Dr. Donne, who went to France as secretary to his noble patron; Cowley, filled a similar station; and Quarles, who, at one period was cup-bearer to the famous and beautiful queen of Bohemia. The list of great names might be much lengthened by reference to books; but we are quoting from memory.

During the commonwealth, the claims of literature were by no means overlooked.—The parliamentary leaders were men of education, as well as of great natural abilities, Pym, Hampden, and Sir Harry Vane. The sagacious protector himself selected the best men for his own service. The greatest poet of all time was the private secretary of Cromwell, and his assistant Marvell was a true patriot and man of fine genius. Howe and Owen, the two greatest divines of that day, were the protector's chaplains. The former of these Robert Hall pronounced to be superior to all the divines he had ever read, and to have given him more just ideas on theological subjects. The latter was the champion of the Independents, and is still regarded by his sect, as a Hercules in controversial theology.

On the restoration of Charles II, those divines, and lawyers and scholars, who had given their support to his cause, by their passive sufferings as well as by their active exertions with tongue or pen, were in general amply rewarded. The noble historian of the great rebellion was created Lord Chancellor. The imprisoned divines were

restored to their pulpits. Defenders of the faith and adherents of the king suddenly rose from the criterion of country curates, to the offices of bishop and archbishop:—court poets were ennobled, and wits were on the ascendant.

But, at the revolution arose another change; the whigs then came into power, and whig writers were favored accordingly. Addison and Steele were favorites with their party from their political tracts, as they were with the public from their wit, and humor, and style, and knowledge of life. Garth, the favorite whig physician, was also a popular poet. The same claim gave reputation even to the prosy blockhead, Blackmore; and both were knighted for their loyalty. The English La Fontaine, (with greater licentiousness) Prior, was sent to France. Newton was made master of the mint, and the rest were well provided for. The great tory writers were continually depressed, and gained no favor from the public, save that which their brilliant poems extorted. Among these were Pope; Swift, who never got beyond his deanship, because he could not stoop for a bishopric; the amiable humorist Arbuthnot; the charming Gay; the pensive Parnell. Two tory leaders, Bolingbroke and Atterbury, were even driven into exile, from which the latter never returned.

Coming down to our own time, we may observe the close alliance between politics and law, and politics and literature. The great public characters of the state, of this century, have been for the most part originally lawyers:—the Cannings, and Peels, and Broughams of England, and the Adamses, the Pinkneys, and the Websters of America. Of letters, the chiefs too, the Scotts, and Wordsworths, the Coleridges, and Carlyles, the Hazlitts, and the Macaulays, have taken a deep interest in the issue of certain political questions, too often mere party questions. In many cases, the leaders in literature have held prominent offices in some one of the departments of government. The connection of poetry with politics is not hard to make out. The ardor of devotion, whether to a king, or to a great abstract principle of right, in either case exerts a most important effect upon the imagination. Where power is embodied and personified, as in a kingly government, more outward pomp is exhibited, but less by far of a high moral elevation of sentiment, than is seen in the severe beauty and stern dignity of republicanism. Cato is a nobler character for the mind to dwell upon than Charles of England; and George Washington, is a greater name than Frederick or Catharine.

A natural alliance is also easily formed between high churchmanship and royalty:

and that poetry which is captivated by the splendor of both; and yet, the finest description of cathedral music has come from the pen of a puritan poet (vide *Il Penseroso*): and the most eloquent passage on the French revolution, from the tory poet Wordsworth.

The common objection, that literary pursuits incapacitate a man for business, has been long since refuted by Bacon and a host of writers down to the time of Addison. The accuracy and nicety that certain studies impart fit one admirably for the employments of legislation and diplomacy. The invariably good effects of meditation and study on mental discipline and the growth of the intellectual powers, are also discernible in every human employment, and can unfit a man for nothing. Poets alone, it may be conceded, if not originally gifted with a robust moral constitution, may easily allow an effeminate sense of beauty to obscure their sense of rugged truths. The greatest poets, however, Dante and Milton, have been the firmest political philosophers and patriots. The Moores and Cornwalls of the time, might easily sink and faint beneath the heat and burden of the day. In our own country, Bryant and Dana would fight to the last, for the principles of justice and liberty: our butterfly versifiers only, would become intimidated by the frown, and quail beneath the glances of power. American authors of the first rank are, without exception, warm advocates of the principles of a pure democracy, untainted by any mixture of radicalism. There are Bancroft, the first historian; Channing, the finest moral essayist; Dewey, the greatest pulpit orator, and Hawthorne, the most original prose-poet, not only of our day, and

of American literature, but of our age, and of English literature. These are all devoted to the cause of truth, liberty, justice, and public, as well as private honor.

Generally the selection of an ambassador at a foreign court is a matter left to mere hireling politicians or determined on insufficient or impartial grounds. But, the representative of a great nation should be a great man. Ingenuity is not so much wanted, as innate tact directing solid wisdom. A gentleman is to be preferred before what is commonly called a genius. Where there are many ceremonials, less talent is wanted. Occasions arise, nevertheless, where profound sagacity is needed, and where the weight of character is invaluable. Still, where elegance of mind and of manners may both be found united; where a talent for negotiation and public business is farther set off by a brilliant elocution, with a fund of intellectual resources and personal accomplishments, — there, we have a finished public character, and such we conceive to be no more than a just, though rough sketch, of our minister to England. Mr. Irving, we suspect, is less of a man of business, but he has other claims to prefer. He is the historian of Columbus: he has charmed thousands by his romantic tales and picturesque descriptions of Spain. His state duties will be in all probability, much less arduous than those of his illustrious compeer, and consequently demand less of the diplomatic talent.

We conclude then, as we began, by congratulating our countrymen on the possession of such representations abroad: — men to be honored and revered now, and to be known as classical writers and elegant gentlemen, to all future posterity.

W. A. J.

MASTER JOHN WACHT.

TRANSLATED FOR THE MISCELLANY, FROM THE GERMAN OF E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

At the period when the inhabitants of the fair and friendly city of Bamberg, lived, as the well known proverb says "in peace, under the crozier," that is, toward the end of the last century, lived there a man, who belonging to the class of citizens, was in

every respect, a singular and remarkable character. His name was John Wacht, and by profession he was a carpenter.

Nature follows, with regard to the fate of her children and their preparation for life, her own dark inscrutable ways, and what

common minds may regard as the real tendencies of life, are only the rash sports of foolish children, who fancy themselves wise. But short sighted man, often finds in the contradictions of the convictions of his mind, with the dark inscrutable power which first caressed and nourished him in her maternal bosom and then forsook him, a cruel wrong, and this wrong fills him with terror and horror, because it threatens to annihilate his own identity.

The mother of life does not select the palaces of the great, nor the apartments of princely splendor for her favorites. Thus she suffered our hero, John, who as the gentle reader will discover, was one of her most favored favorites, first to see the light of this world, on a miserable straw bed, in the workshop of a poor master turner at Augsburg. The wife died of grief and want soon after the birth of the child, and the husband followed her after a few months.

The public authorities were obliged to take charge of the helpless boy, and the first sunbeam of future good fortune arose upon him, when the master carpenter's counselor, a very benevolent, honorable man, did not permit the child, in whose countenance, though it was made frightful by hunger, he still found features which pleased him, to be brought up in a public institution, but took him into his own house, to be educated with his own children.

In an incredibly short time, a change took place not only in the outward form of the boy, where it was so great that no one could believe that the little unseemly being in the cradle was the shapeless and colorless chrysalis out of which had come, like a beautiful butterfly, the living, handsome, golden haired boy, but still more striking was it when it was perceived that to this beauty of form, the boy added a superiority of mental power which astonished his foster-father and his teachers. John grew up in a work-shop, from which, as the counselor was constantly employed on the most important edifices, the most noble productions of which the builder's art is capable, were sent forth. No wonder therefore that all the powers of the boy's mind were attracted to the art, and his soul was drawn to a profession, whose tendency he felt in his inmost soul, was to make a man great and brave. It may easily be imagined that this inclination of the boy rejoiced his foster-father. He felt himself excited by it to be, in the practical part of the profession, himself the careful, attentive teacher of the boy, and as he ripened into youth, he caused him to be instructed in every thing which belongs to the higher branches of the art, in drawing, architecture, mechanics, &c., by the most skilful masters.

Our hero was four and twenty years old

when the old carpenter died, and his adopted son was at that time experienced in every branch of his trade, and a perfectly educated apprentice, whose equal might in vain be sought for, far and wide. At that period, with his true and faithful comrade Engelbrecht, he began the customary travels, which German apprentices were wont to make after their education was completed.

You now know enough, beloved reader, of the youthful days of the brave Wacht, and it will only be necessary to tell you how he became domiciliated in Bamberg, and a Master.

When he, after long wanderings, was on his return home, with his comrade Engelbrecht, they passed through Bamberg, where the people were busy in making very important repairs upon the palace of the Bishop, and upon the side where the walls reached to an immense height, from the depth of a very narrow street, an entirely new ridge pole made of a very heavy beam, was to be put up. A machine was necessary, which, taking up the smallest possible space, should with concentrated power, raise the heavy weight into the air. The royal architect, who knew how to reckon to an ace, how Trajan's pillar at Rome was erected, and how a hundred mistakes were committed with regard to it, which he would have never fallen into, had actually arranged a machine, a species of crane, which looked very imposing, and was glorified by every one as a mechanical masterpiece. But when the machine was to be put in motion, it was discovered that the architect had reckoned upon men to move it, as strong as Sampson or Hercules. The machinery gave an ugly creaking sound, the hewed timber remained unmoved, and the laborers declared, in the sweat of their brows, that they would rather ply the hard steps of the treadmill, than spend their strength for nothing in the machine. So there the timber rested.

Wacht and Engelbrecht viewed at some distance the action or rather the inaction, and it is possible that Wacht laughed a little at the ignorance of the builder.

An old grey haired carpenter, who saw by the dress of the strangers that they belonged to the craft, walked up to them without farther ceremony, and asked Wacht whether he understood how to make the machine operate any better, since he looked so knowing?

"No, indeed," answered Wacht, in surprise, "No, indeed; with the best understanding it would always be an useless thing, for every fool thinks he understands every thing which is to be understood; but I am astonished that here in this country, you are not acquainted with the simple apparatus by which that might be accom-

plished with ease, upon which the master-builder has made the people strain themselves in vain."

The old builder was not a little shocked at the bold speech of the young man, he turned away grumbling, and it was soon whispered about that a strange young apprentice carpenter despised the master-architect and his machine, and boasted that he knew of a more effective apparatus. According to custom no one paid any attention to it, but the worthy master-builder, as well as the guild of carpenters at Bamberg maintained, that all wisdom did not come from foreign lands, and that old experienced masters knew what was best.

"You see," said Engelbrecht to his companion, "you see now, John, how your rashness has brought down upon you the people, whom we have to meet as brothers in trade."

"Who can stand by quietly," replied John with sparkling eyes, "who would see the poor patient laborers unnecessarily burdened and oppressed: and who knows but my rashness may have important consequences?" And so it actually happened.

One man of so distinguished a mind that his sharp-sightedness could discover a spark even when so hastily thrown out, took a very different view from others of the remark of the young man, which was repeated to him, by the master-builder as the folly of a young hair-brain. This was the Bishop himself. He sent for the young man, that he might question him more particularly about his remark, and was not a little astonished at his countenance, and his whole bearing. The gentle reader must now be informed from whence this astonishment arose, and it is therefore time to say more of John Wacht, in reference to his external appearance and his intellectual powers.

John might be called a remarkably handsome young man as it regards face and figure, yet his noble countenance and majestic form was not entirely developed till he reached the full age of manhood. *Æsthetic* judges called John an old Roman head, while a young gentleman who through the coldest winter, was accustomed to wear nothing but black silk, and who had even then, read Schiller's *Fiesko*, pronounced him, on the contrary, a living *Verrina*.

But beauty and external graces do not exercise this mysterious charm; the highly gifted men to whom it belongs are immediately distinguished. We feel in some sense their superiority, but this feeling is in no manner, as may be supposed, burdensome, but causes, while it exalts the mind, a certain satisfaction which does lasting good to the whole soul. The most perfect harmony unites all the parts of the

mental and physical organization into one whole, so that like a perfect chord it suffers no discord. This harmony creates the inimitable charm, we might say, case of the smallest motion by which the consciousness of true human dignity is manifested. This grace can be taught by no dancing master, or teacher of court etiquette, and it must therefore be considered as the most excellent of graces, because nature herself has stamped it as such. It therefore follows, that Master Wacht, immovable in magnanimity, truth and patriotism, with every year became more and more a man of the people. He possessed all the virtues, but also the unconquerable prejudices which usually form the shady side of such men. The gentle reader will soon learn in what these prejudices consisted.

It may now appear sufficiently clear why the appearance of the young man made such an unusual impression upon the Lord Bishop. He looked for a long time upon the stately young mechanic, with silent but visible satisfaction. He then questioned him respecting his life, up to the present time. John answered all his questions with frankness and discretion, and finally represented to the Prince, with convincing clearness, how the machine of the master architect, though perhaps useful for other purposes, could never accomplish the work in question.

To the enquiry of the Prince, "whether Wacht was fully confident that he could prepare a machine capable of raising the weight," the latter answered,— "That he asked but one day, with the help of his comrade Engelbrecht and some skilful and willing hands, to prepare such a machine."

It may easily be imagined what wicked pleasure secretly moved the master builder and his followers, and how impatiently they awaited the morrow, when they hoped the boasting strangers would be sent off with disgrace. But it turned out differently from what they had expected.

Three windlasses, acting conjointly, each manned with only eight laborers, raised the heavy timber so easily to the dizzy height of the roof, that it seemed to dance in the air. From that moment the fame of the brave, skilful mechanic was established in Bamberg. The bishop pressed him to remain in that city, and to strive for the master's right, in aid of which endeavor he would do all in his power. Wacht hesitated, though he was pleased with the good hospitable city of Bamberg. Buildings of importance which were about to be erected, threw some weight into the scale for staying. But the decision was brought about by a circumstance, which very often settles the affairs of life. John Wacht met again, very unexpectedly in Bamberg, a fair and

amiable young lady, whom he had several years before seen in Erlangen, and in whose kind blue eyes he had even then looked too deeply. With two words John Wacht became a master, married the honest lady of Erlangen, and soon succeeded by industry and skill, in buying a pretty house, which was situated on the Kaulberg, with a large space for a court on the side of the mountain, and established himself there. Yet, on whom does the friendly star of fortune shine unchangeably? Heaven saw fit to subject our brave John to a trial, which would perhaps have beaten down any other man with a spirit of less strength. The first fruit of the happiest of marriages was a son, a noble youth who promised to tread in the footsteps of his father. The youth had reached the age of eighteen, when one night a serious fire broke out in the neighborhood of his father's house. Father and son hastened as they were wont, to assist in putting out the fire. The son boldly ascended with other carpenters, to cut away the burning rafters. The father, who remained below to attend to the cutting away and pouring on the water, threw a look upward and perceived the frightful danger. He cried out "John, people, down, down!"—But it was too late: with a fearful crash the burning walls fell in, and his son was thrown into the flames, which, as if in horrible triumph, lighted up with a stronger glare above him.

Yet this dreadful blow was not the only one which poor John Wacht was called to bear. A thoughtless maid rushed with a cry of anguish into the apartment where the mistress of the house, who was just recovering from a nervous illness, was lying in fear and trembling in consequence of the fire, whose dark-red glare was playing upon the walls of her room:—

"Your son, your son John has been thrown down;—the burning walls have buried him and his comrades in the flames!"

Thus shrieked the maid.

As if endued by a sudden strength the lady raised herself in her bed, and then with a deep sigh sunk back upon her pillow.

Her nerves had received too powerful a shock:—she was dead!

"We shall now see," said the citizens, how master Wacht will bear his heavy sufferings. He has often preached to us that a man must not be cast down by the most severe misfortunes, but hold up his head, and with the strength which the Creator has placed in every bosom, withstand the threatening evil. Let us see what example he will now give us."

Not a little were they astonished when they saw, not to be sure the master in his workshop but that the labors of the apprentices were not interrupted—not the least

delay took place, but the works which were in progress went on, as if the master had suffered no misfortune.

"Engelbrecht," said the master, on the noon of the day when early in the morning he had with a resolute courage and firm step, all the consolation, all the hope and faith of true religion speaking from his face, followed the bodies of his wife and his son to their last home, "Engelbrecht, I must now be left alone with my grief, or it will break my heart; I would become familiar with it, and man myself against it. You, brother, are my brave active work-master, and know perfectly well what is to be done the next eight days; for that length of time I shall shut myself up in my room."

And in fact for eight days master Wacht never left his apartment. The food which the maid carried him, was often brought back untasted; and in the room below was often heard his faint, sad, but heart piercing moan, "Oh my wife! oh my John!"

Many of the acquaintances of Wacht were of the opinion that he ought not be left to this solitude; that if he gave himself up so to his grief, it would destroy him. But Engelbrecht did not think so: "Let him take his own course. You do not know my John: if Providence in its inscrutable counsel sent him this hard trial, it also has given him strength to withstand it, and any earthly consolation will only disturb him. I know in what way he will work himself out of his deep sorrow."

These last words Engelbrecht uttered with a somewhat mysterious air, without explaining farther what he meant. The people were forced to be content, and leave the unhappy Wacht in repose.

The eight days were over: on the ninth, and at a very early hour on a fine summer morning, at five o'clock, Master Wacht appeared very unexpectedly in his work-yard, among his apprentices, who were all at work. The axes, the saws, sank down, and half sadly they cried, "Master Wacht, our good Master Wacht."

With a cheerful countenance to which the remaining traces of grief, added to its extreme benevolence gave a most exalted expression, he came among his faithful followers and told them how gracious heaven had sent down upon him the Spirit of grace and of consolation, and how he now felt strengthened to fulfil his calling. He went then toward the building in the middle of of the yard where the tools, and plans of the work &c., were kept.

Engelbrecht, the journeymen, the apprentices followed him as if in a procession. On his entrance he remained as it were rooted to the ground.

Among the ruins of the burned house, the axe of poor John, which was distinguished

by some peculiar marks, with its half-burned handle had been discovered. This had been placed by his companions on the wall opposite the door, and round it with their rude art they had painted a wreath of roses and cypress. Under the wreath was placed the name, the year of the birth of their beloved comrade, and the date of the unhappy night of his violent death.

"Poor Hans," cried Master Wacht, when he saw this touching monument of true and faithful hearts, and a stream of tears gushed from his eyes, "poor Hans! you raised this tool for the last time for the good of your brother, but you rest in your grave, and never more will you stand by my side, and with a brave activity help forward my labors."

Master Wacht then went round the circle, shook heartily each journeyman and apprentice by the hand, and said "Think of him!" All now returned to their work, only Engelbrecht remained with him.

"See now, my old comrade," said Wacht, "what a wonderful way the Eternal Power has chosen to enable me to bear up against my great grief. In the days in which the grief for my wife and child, whom I had lost in such a dreadful manner, almost destroyed me, the spirit gave me the thought of a singular, artfully arranged and complex model in architecture, about which I have for a long time been puzzled, but the idea of which never came clearly to my mind until now:—look here!"

Master Wacht now unrolled the drawing on which he the day before had labored, and Engelbrecht was as much astonished at the boldness and originality of the discovery as at the extreme neatness of the whole work. So ingeniously, so carefully was the whole mechanism of the work laid down, that even the very experienced Engelbrecht could find nothing equal to it, but broke out in joyful amazement, when, after Master Wacht had explained to him the smallest details of the whole work, he was convinced of the infallible success of its execution.

The whole family of Wacht now consisted of only two daughters; yet his household was soon to be increased.

Laborious and skilful as Master Engelbrecht might be, he had never succeeded in reaching even the lowest step of independence which crowned the very earliest of the undertakings of Wacht. The most cruel enemy of life, against which no human strength can avail, threatened to ruin him, and succeeded but too well. This enemy was bodily sickness. He died, and left behind him a wife and two boys in very needy circumstances. The wife returned to her former home, and Master Wacht would gladly have taken both the sons into

his house, but this was only practicable of the oldest, Sebastian. He was an energetic, intelligent young man, inclined to his father's trade, and promised to make a skilful carpenter. A certain obstinacy of character that sometimes seemed to border on malice, with a somewhat rude manner, which often rose to wildness, Wacht thought he could overcome by a judicious education. The younger brother, whose name was Jonathan, was directly the opposite of the elder;—a small, handsomely formed, weakly boy, whose gentleness and goodness of heart shone out of his blue eyes. During the lifetime of his father, the honorable doctor of laws, Theophilus Eichheimer, the first and oldest advocate in the place, had taken a fancy to this boy, and had resolved, since he perceived in him an excellent spirit, as well as a decided inclination to the science of the law, to bring him up to that profession.

One of the insurmountable prejudices of our friend Wacht, of which we have spoken above, was now displayed. Wacht bore in himself the most perfect conviction that every thing which goes under the name of jurisprudence was nothing else but an artfully arranged human institution, which serves for nothing but to confuse the true law which is written in the breast of every virtuous man. As he could not directly express his scorn of the proceedings of the courts of justice, he poured all his hatred upon the advocates, the whole body of whom he considered, if not exactly miserable cheats, yet unworthy men, who were the shameless usurers to all that was most holy and venerable in the world. We shall see how the sensible, and in all the relations of life, clear-sighted Wacht, in this point resembled the most common people. Moreover, that he could see no piety and no virtue in the members of the Catholic church, that he would trust no Catholic, might be forgiven him, since in Augsburg he had been indoctrinated in the principles of an almost fanatical Protestantism. It can be imagined how it wounded the heart of Master Wacht, to see the son of his most faithful friend entering upon a course of life which he so much abhorred.

Yet the will of the departed was sacred to him, and it was but too certain that the feeble Jonathan could not be brought up to any trade which required even only a moderate degree of bodily strength: so that when the old Theophilus Eichheimer spoke with the Master upon the divine gift of the Sciences, and praised the little Jonathan, as a pious sensible boy, the Master forgot for the moment the advocates, jurisprudence, and his prejudices. Master Wacht had placed all his hope in thinking that Jonathan, with his father's virtues in his heart, would leave

the profession at the moment, when in riper years he should be able to see all its wickedness.

If Jonathan was a still, pious young man, fond of home, and study, Sebastian on the contrary, was of a very wild nature. But as in regard to his trade, he was all father, and in the skill as well as neatness of his work was excelled by no one, Master Wacht attributed his sometimes wicked tricks to the unrestrained fire, of passionate youth, forgave the young man, and thought he would sow his wild oats when he went on his travels.

Sebastian soon entered on his wandering, and Master Wacht heard nothing from him until he became of age, when he sent from Vienna to beg for his little paternal inheritance, which Master Wacht sent him to the last penny, and for which he received through a magistrate at Vienna, a proper receipt.

The same difference of disposition which separated the Engelbrechts, existed between Wacht's own daughters, the eldest of which was named Rettel, the other Nanni.

And here it may be remarked in all haste, that after the universal prevailing opinion in Bamberg, the name of Nanni is the prettiest and the noblest that a lady can bear. Do you, beloved reader ask a pretty child in Bamberg, "What is your name, my sweet angel?" the fair one will modestly cast down her eyes, and blushing scarlet, will gently lisp, "Ah now, Nanni, your grace."

Rettel, Wacht's eldest daughter, was a little round thing, with crimson cheeks and bright black eyes, with which she looked boldly into the sunshine of life which had risen upon her. She had, in regard to her education and her whole character, never risen a line above the sphere of mechanical labor. She chatted with the lady her aunt, was fond of dress, though it was in a gay style, without a spark of taste; but her own element in which she lived and moved was the kitchen. None, even of the most experienced and highly educated cooks far and wide, could dress a hare or a goose so nicely. Over jellies of every kind, of flesh or fruit, Rettel's skilful hand ruled without a peer, and her fritters laughed to scorn the productions of the most experienced artist.

Father Wacht was very well content with his daughter's skill in cookery, and sometimes he said it would be impossible for the Lord Bishop to have more delicately dressed dishes on his table. This went so to her joyful heart, that she had an idea of preparing one of these favorite dishes of her father, and sending it to the bishop with one of her most exquisite sauces, on some feast day. Fortunately Master Wacht became acquainted with her intention in time

to prevent it, with a hearty laugh advised against the execution of the bold thought.

Beside being the most perfect of house-keepers, the plump, stout little Rettel was a model of kindheartedness and filial love and truth, so that Father Wacht could not help loving her most tenderly. But there is a certain ironical wit peculiar to minds formed like that of Wacht, which they now and then display in life, as the deep brook salutes with its silver, playful waves, the passing breath of the wind.

It would have been impossible that Rettel should not often excite this wit, and therefore his relation to his daughter often took a singular color. The curious reader will in the sequel see examples of this kind, but we can mention one which may be thought amusing.

Among the visitors at the house of Master Wacht was a quiet, good looking young man, who had an office about the bishop, with a considerable salary. After the honest German custom, he offered himself, through the father, to the eldest daughter, and master Wacht could not, without doing the young man and his Rettel wrong, prevent him from visiting at the house, that he might have opportunity to win the favor Rettel. The young lady being informed of the young man's views, regarded him with a very friendly eye, in which might sometimes be read, "For our wedding, dearest, I will bake the cake myself."

Master Wacht was not very well satisfied with this inclination of his daughter, because the bishop's treasurer was not particularly agreeable to him.

In the first place, the man was very naturally a Catholic; in the second place, on a nearer acquaintance, Wacht thought he perceived a certain penurious, suspicious disposition, which would be very painful to a simple nature. He would willingly have dismissed the disagreeable wooer from the house, without giving Rettel the trouble to do it. Master Wacht was a very close observer, and knew how to take advantage of his observations sensibly and slyly. He perceived that the treasurer did not place a very high value upon the manner in which his food was prepared, but swallowed every thing without any peculiar relish, and sometimes even in a disagreeable manner. One Sunday, when it happened as usual that the treasurer was dining with Master Wacht, the latter began to laud and praise most vehemently every dish which the busy Rettel had caused to be placed upon the table, and called upon the treasurer not only to join him in these commendations, but asked him in particular what he thought of this or that manner of preparing different dishes? The treasurer assured him rather dryly, that he was a moderate, sober man,

and from his youth up had accustomed himself to the most extreme frugality. At noon, a spoonful of soup and small piece of beef sufficed him, but this must be cooked very dry, as in this way a less quantity answered, and one did not overload his stomach with great pieces. At night he was generally contented with a poached egg and a little brandy; an extra glass of beer at six in the evening formed his greatest refreshment. It may be imagined with what looks Rettel regarded the unfortunate treasurer; but the worst had not yet come. Some light Bavarian steam-cakes were placed upon the table: they had risen to the most delightful height, and formed the pride of the feast. The frugal treasurer took his knife and cut the cake which fell to his share with the most quiet indifference into a dozen pieces. Rettel, with a cry of horror, rushed out of the room.

The reader who is unacquainted with the treatment of Bavarian steam cakes, may be informed, that in eating, they must be broken, as when cut they lose all their lightness and flavor, and the honor of the cook is laid low.

From that moment Rettel regarded the Treasurer as the most disagreeable person under the sun. Master Wacht did not contradict her, and the rash image breaker in the dominion of the art of cookery, had forever lost the fair Rettel.

If the varied picture of the little Rettel has cost us too many words, a couple of strokes will suffice to bring before the eyes of the gentle reader, the countenance, the form, the whole character, of the amiable, the graceful Nanni.

In the South of Germany, especially in Franconia, and almost exclusively in the class of citizens, one meets, such small delicate figures, such lovely, pious angel faces, the sweet thoughts of heaven in their blue eyes, the smile of heaven on their rosy lips, so that one feels the old painters did not have to go far for the originals of their Madonnas. Exactly this form, this face, this air, had the lady of Erlangen, when Master Wacht married, and her daughter was a precise image of her.

The daughter was perhaps less earnest and strong than the mother, but therefore not the less lovely, and one could only object to her, that the tenderness of her womanly feelings, a sensibility which might be attributed to a feeble constitution, and which caused her easily to shed tears, made her almost too tender for life.

Master Wacht could not regard the dear child without anxiety, and he loved her as none but a powerful mind can love.

It may be that Master Wacht petted the tender Nanni at home, a little, by which the tenderness that often degenerates into

a soft weakness, found some material and nourishment, as we shall soon show.

Nanni dressed very simply, but in the finest stuffs, and of a fashion somewhat above her rank. Wacht made no objection, for in such a dress the fair child was but too lovely and attractive.

Disagreeable as it was to Master Wacht that Jonathan should belong to a profession which he hated, yet he never on that account turned away from the boy, nor in after years from the young man. He was pleased at the end of a day's work to find the quiet pious Jonathan at his house, passing the evening with his daughters and old Barbara. Moreover Jonathan wrote the finest hand which was to be seen at that time, and it gave Master Wacht no little pleasure (for he loved a fair hand writing,) to see his Nanni, to whom Jonathan was the self-elected writing master, by degrees acquiring the same delicate and beautiful hand as her master.

Master Wacht was generally in the evening either busy in his cabinet, or he visited a beer house, in which he met his fellow artisans, and even the gentlemen of the counsel, and after his manner, enlivened the company with his peculiar spirit. At home, Barbara kept the wheel busily humming, while Rettel wrote down carefully the household accounts, meditated on the preparation of some new dishes, or with a loud laugh repeated to the old lady what this or that madam had confided to her that day,—and the young man Jonathan?

He sat with Nanni at the table, and she wrote and drew very well under his direction; and yet, writing and drawing for a whole evening is rather a tedious matter, and so it happened that Jonathan often drew a neatly bound book from his pocket, and read with a gentle, tender voice to the fair and sensitive Nanni.

Jonathan had, through old Eichheimer, gained the patronage of the Domiciliary, who considered Master Wacht as a real Verrina. This gentleman the Count Von Rosel, was a man of literary taste, who lived and breathed in the works of Goethe and Schiller, who then like sparkling meteors, began to mount above the horizon of the literary heavens. He thought rightly that he discovered in the young secretary of his advocate a similar tendency, and was particularly pleased therewith; and not only shared all these works with him, but read them in company with him, that they might sympathise the more together.

But Jonathan won the whole heart of the Count because he found the verses which the latter in the sweat of his brow entwined in well sounding phrases, to be excellent, and to the unspeakable satisfaction of the Count was sufficiently edified and moved

by them. It is true, however, that the aesthetical education of Jonathan actually gained by his intercourse with the intellectual and somewhat extravagant Count.

The gentle reader now knows what kind of books Jonathan drew out of his pocket, for the pretty Nanni, and read them to her, and he can imagine how writings of that character would affect a girl of so spiritual an organization.

"Star of approaching night"—How did the tears of Nanni flow, when the amiable Secretary, in a low and solemn tone, thus began!

It is a well known fact, that young people who often sing tender duets together, place themselves very easily in the position of the persons of the duet, and hold said duets for the melody and the text of the whole of life; so a young man who reads a tender romance to a lady, very easily becomes the hero of the piece, while the maiden dreams herself into the part of the loved one.

With such sympathizing minds as Jonathan and Nanni, such excitements were not needed to make them in love with each other.

The children were of one heart and one soul. The young girl, the young man, were animated with the same pure, unquenchable, flame of love. Father Wacht had as yet not the least suspicion of this love affair of his daughter,—he was soon to be made acquainted with it.

Jonathan had, by untiring diligence and real talent, in a short time advanced so far in his law studies, that they were considered as completed, and he entered upon the duties of an advocate.

He wished to surprise Master Wacht one Sunday, with this, to him joyful intelligence, which secured to him his position in life. But how did he tremble with terror, when Wacht, with fiery glances such as he had never seen sparkle from the father's eyes, pierced him through. "What," cried father Wacht, with a voice that made the walls ring—"what, you miserable good for nothing fellow.—Nature has neglected your body, but she has richly endowed you with intellectual gifts; and will you use an artful villain, misuse them in such a shameful manner, and thus turn the knife against your own mother? Will you carry on a trade with justice, as with merchandise in the open market, and will you weigh with a false balance the poor farmers and citizens who weep in vain before the bench of the harsh judge, and will you allow yourself to be paid with the bloody coin which the poor reach out to you, batted in their tears?"

"Will you fill your brain with lying traditions of men, and carry on lying and deceit as profitable hand-raft, on which you fat-

ten? Has all the virtue of your father left your heart?"

"Your father,—is your name Engelbrecht?—no: if I should hear you called so, I would not believe that it was the name of my comrade, who was virtue and uprightness itself, but that Satan, in the imitative mockery of hell, gave you the name over his grave, and so men continue to hold the young lying lawyer's boy to be actually the son of the brave carpenter, Godfried Engelbrecht;—away, you are no longer my foster son, but a serpent, which I tear from my bosom. I spurn!"—

At that moment Nanni threw herself with a loud and heart rending cry, at the feet of Master Wacht.

"Father," cried she, filled with wild grief and inconsolable despair, "Father, if you spurn him, you also spurn me,—me, your dear daughter; he is mine,—my own; I can never leave him in this world!"

The poor child fell fainting, and struck her head against the side of the room, so that drops of blood moistened her tender white forehead. Barbara and Retzel sprang forward to her, and laid her apparently lifeless upon the sofa. Jonathan stood motionless as if struck with lightning, and incapable of the slightest action.

It would be difficult to describe the emotion, which stole from within on the face of Wacht. The burning red on his countenance was followed by a deathlike paleness; a dark hue gleamed from his staring eyes; cold drops of sweat stood upon his brow; he gazed silently for some moments before him; his oppressed bosom then resumed itself, and he spoke in a strange tone, "Is it thus then?" Slowly he stepped toward the door, where he paused for a moment, and turning half round, said to the women who not spare the cologne water, and the fit will soon be over!"

The Master soon after was seen to leave the house and walk rapidly toward the mountains.

It can be imagined in what deep and heavy sorrow the family were plunged. Retzel and Barbara could not in the least comprehend what horrible thing had happened, and they for the first time became anxious, and said, when the Master, a circumstance which had never happened before, did not return to supper, but remained out till late in the night.

He was then heard to come in, open and shut the house door violently, mount the stairs with a heavy tread, and shut himself up in his cabinet.

Poor Nanni soon recovered, and continued to weep in silence. Jonathan was not wanting in wild expressions of despair, and spoke several times of shooting himself, but fortunately, pistols did not then neces-

sarily belong to the moveables of young, sensitive advocates, or if they happened to be found among them they were apt to have no lock, or to be otherwise out of order.

After Jonathan had run up and down several streets like a madman, he instinctively turned his course towards the house of his noble patron, to whom he bewailed his entirely unheard of heart's sorrow, in terms of the most violent grief. It scarcely need be added, though he maintained it himself, that the enamored young advocate, according to his despairing protestations, was the first and only man on earth, to whom any thing so horrible had happened, and for which he blamed fate, and all the opposing powers.

The Count heard him quietly, and with considerable interest, while however he did not appear to be fully aware of the weight of sorrow as it was felt by the young advocate.

"My dear young friend," said he, while he kindly took the advocate by the hand and led him to a chair, "My dear young friend, I have heretofore considered the master carpenter, John Wacht, a great man in his way, but I now see that he is also a great fool. Great fools are like spirited horses, it is difficult to bring them to a turn, but when this is once accomplished, they go gaily forward in the straight road.—There is no manner of need of your giving up the fair Nanni on account of the disagreeable event of to-day, or the unexpected anger of the old man.

"Yet before we talk farther of your really charming and romantic love affair, let us take to ourselves a little breakfast. You lost your dinner at old Wacht's, and I shall not dine 'til five o'clock, at Seehof."

The little table at which the two, the Domiciliary and the advocate were seated, was indeed laid out in a very tempting manner. Bayonne ham garnished with slices of Portuguese onions, a cold larded partridge of the red kind, with a stranger, viz.—truffles cooked in red wine, a plate of Strasburgh liver pie, and finally a dish of excellent Strachino, and another of butter as yellow as the May flowers themselves.

In addition to this, there sparkled in a beautifully cut crystal flask, noble Champagne of the very best kind. The Count, who had not removed the napkin which he had placed before him, and in which he had received the advocate, placed, after the attendant had quickly brought a second cover, the nicest pieces before the despairing lover; offered him wine, and then fell bravely to himself. It is a wicked and an alarming idea; but so much is certain—that the stomach often, as a despotic tyrant or an ironical mystifier, acts against the will of its master.

And so it happened now:—for, instinctively, or without thinking decidedly upon it, the advocate in a few moments had devoured a large piece of Bayonne ham, and made fearful waste in the Portuguese garnish, half a partridge, not a few of the truffles, some of the Strasburgh pastry was despatched as became a sorrowful advocate, and the Domiciliary and the advocate made such thorough trial of the champagne that the servant was soon obliged to fill the crystal flask again.

The advocate felt a pleasant warmth pervading his whole frame, and his heart's sorrow affected him only with a singular shudder, like shocks of electricity, which give pain, and yet pleasure also. He felt ready for the consolatory speech of his patron, who, after having swallowed the last glass of wine, and carefully wiped his mouth, placed himself in a position, and began in the following manner:—

"In the first place, my dear, good friend, you must not be so foolish as to believe that you are the only man on the earth to whom a father has refused the hand of his daughter. Yet that has not much to do with the matter, as I have already observed to you; the reason why the old fool hates you is so highly absurd, that there is nothing to be said about it; and though at this moment it may seem somewhat unkind to you, yet I cannot bear the thought that every thing should end off soberly with a wedding, and that one should have nothing more to say of the affair, but that Peter has courted Grettel and that Peter and Grettel are man and wife.

"The situation is new and glorious: the simple hatred to a profession which the beloved adopted son has chosen, is only the spring to set in motion the action of a new and exquisite tragedy, yet moreover, you are a poet, my friend, and this changes every thing. Your love, your sorrow, will be to you glorious materials to be gilded by the full splendor of the holy art of poetry. You will hear the harmony of the lyre, struck by your muse, and in divine inspiration you will receive the winged words, which reveal your love and your grief. As a poet, you may at this moment be called the happiest of men, since the deepest recess of your heart is wounded, so that your heart's blood is poured out. You need no artificial excitement to make you poetical, and believe me, this time of grief will have great and excellent consequences for you.

"I must allow, that with these first moments of your heart's sorrow, a singular and very unpleasant feeling is mingled which does not lead to poetry, yet this feeling soon passes away. But understand me; when, for example, the unhappy lover is cruelly spurned and driven from the house

by the angry father, if the offended mama shuts the damsel in her chamber, when the attack of the despairing lover is resisted by the armed household, and even plebeian hands do not fear to come in contact with the finest cloth, (the Count sighed gently at these words) this prose may serve to dampen the zeal, the precipitancy of lovers sorrow. You have been sadly treated, my dear, young friend, and this was the bitter prose; you have conquered yourself, it is now all poetry to you.

"Here you have Petrarch's sonnets, Ovid's elegies, take, read, write, and read to me what you have written. Perhaps I too may be favored with an unhappy love; all hope of it is not gone. I may succeed in falling in love with the strange lady who has stopped at the White Lamb, in the Stone Avenue. Count Nesselstadt declares she is beauty and grace itself, notwithstanding he only saw her hastily at the window. Then, oh my friend, will we, like the Dioscuri, tread the same glorious path of love and poetry. Observe, my friend, what a great advantage my situation gives me, when this love which takes possession of my soul, mounts up to the tragic in never fulfilled sighs and hopes. But now, my friend, out, out into the wood, as befits a poet."

It would be very tedious, even insupportable to the gentle reader, if we were here in course, and in tender words and set forms of speech, to attempt to paint what sorrow was experienced by Jonathan and Nanni. Similar pictures are found in every miserable romance, and it is often amusing enough to see how much trouble the poor author takes to make them seem new.

It is very important, on the contrary, to follow Master Wacht in his walk, or rather in the course of his ideas. It may appear wonderful that a man of a strong and powerful mind like Master Wacht, who knew how to bear the worst which could happen, and what would have broken down minds of a less powerful cast, with immovable firmness, should have been so much affected by a circumstance that any other father of a family would have considered as a common, every day affair, and would actually so have regarded it in this, or that, bad or

good light. The gentle reader will also understand, that this has its good psychological reasons. It was only the opposing discord in the soul of Wacht that gave birth to the thought, that the love of poor Nanni to the innocent Jonathan, would be the greatest misfortune of his whole life. But while this discord might perhaps be brought into harmony with the otherwise noble character of the old man, it was impossible to stifle it, or entirely to silence it.

Wacht had become acquainted with the female character in a very simple, but at the same time noble and excellent form. His own wife had given him an insight into the depths of the true female character, and he had seen it as in a crystal sea. He knew the heroine, who always fought with unconquerable arms. His wife, who was an orphan, had given up the inheritance of a rich aunt, had lost the love of all her relations, had resisted with unshaken courage the efforts of the church, which greatly embittered her life, when she married the Protestant Wacht, and a short time previous, from pure, glowing conviction declared herself at Augsburg to be of that faith.—All this came to the mind of Master Wacht, and he shed burning tears, when he thought with what feelings he had led the maiden to the altar. Nanni was the image of her mother. Wacht loved the child with an ardor to which nothing could be compared, and this was more than sufficient to make him feel that any attempt, even the smallest, to divide the lovers was fearful,—was even wicked. If he thought on the other hand of the whole life of Jonathan, he was forced to confess, that it would not be easy to find a young man in whom all of the virtues, with piety and industry—were so united as in Jonathan, whose beautiful, expressive countenance, his features perhaps a little too delicate and feminine, whose small and feeble, but graceful form, displayed a highly gifted mind. He remembered farther how the two children had been always together, how manifestly their dispositions led them to each other, and he could not conceive why he had not foreseen what had happened, and taken the right methods at the proper time:—but now it was too late.

[To be concluded in the next number.]

TO A LADY.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

God speed the bark that bears thee forth
To cross the treacherous sea —
Oh, lady! would I were a bird,
That I might follow thee!

It is not that your eastern land
Hath fairer tinted flowers,
And brighter streams, and balmier gales
Than this cold clime of ours.

For here the perfumed violets spring
In all our pastures wide,
And fragrant 'mong their long green leaves
The valley lillies hide.

'Tis not that through your orient heaven,
Up to its native skies,
Poised on its golden pinions floats
The bird of paradise,—

For a sweeter note the robin hath,
That builds among the leaves;
And we better love the social bird
That nestles in the eaves.

And dearer than your groves of palm,
By Indian breezes fanned;
We prize the spreading forest trees
Of our own native land.

But thou wilt clasp with joy his hand
Whose face I yearn to see—
Oh! would I had an eagle's wings,
That I might follow thee!

His glad-toned voice shall hail thee back,
Like some long watched for star—
Or like a pleasant strain that brings
Sweet memories from afar.

I freight thee forth with tender words—
Ah! words can ne'er impart
The deep, unfailing love that wells
Within a sister's heart!

I watch the dim and lessening sail
That bears thee o'er the sea—
Oh, lady! would I were a bird,
That I might follow thee.

SUNDAYS IN THE CITY AND COUNTRY.

BY W. E. CHANNING.

SUNDAY in the city, is not a very agreeable thing after all. In summer, it is dry, hot, and dusty, while in winter it is slippery, blowy, and chill. Not that the day is any thing but delightful every where,—it is *the concomitants* that I dislike. In town there is too much dressing. A whole wilderness of ladies in shot silks and feathers, and a whole army of gentlemen in black coats and small boots, produces an uninteresting spectacle in my eyes. The day of holy promptings and heavenward aspirations tricked out like a raree show, and the conversion of a sober-sided city into a showy, human menagerie, does not seem to be the true purpose of the weekly festival. In walking down the street, while you are attempting to purge your heated imagination of a thousand petty enormities you have committed during the past week, you suddenly, in the midst of your metaphysics stumble over an old dove-colored woman in a lavender gown, and intrude a full-born *oh!* into the middle of a half-grown prayer. This is any thing but agreeable. Besides, there is great danger of a person worshipping in the street, from the crowds of “little responsibilities” that giggle and pop about like a flock of new-fangled chickens. You, loftily abstracted in the consideration of free grace, or propitiation by faith, or original sin, having forgotten the minor concerns, proceed at your full length into a thick swarm of these minimized (as Bentham says,) bags of bones,—*they*, in little, cheap, nine-penny gingham, and partly dirty straw hats; “oh, what a *fall* was there, my countrymen,”—a *fall* even in the dog-days. Children should be advertised when they walk in the streets on Sunday, and have a nurse, or something else of that kind with them, saying in a loud voice,—“Children here—keep clear;”—a stentorian nurse, with a good pair of India-rubber lungs, would probably supply the demand for this article.

A man who walks to meeting fast, and has his prayers in a book in his pocket, is in great danger, as well as your vaccine-looking, slow worshipper, who having not prayed for the week back, tries to condense a solid mass of worship into the small superficies of a Sunday morning. He rattles along like a late mail-coach, bumping six inches high at every pebble he strikes. In the summer he gets poked by a parcel of parasols, and when he looks over his shoulder to see to whom he is indebted, encounters

the stern eyes of a partially expanded belle, and hears her say in bell-tones, “Ugh! the red brute.” And by the *red*—“there hangs a tale.” This awful business of growing red in the streets! Especially do its multitudinous horrors dawn upon the moderately fleshy person of a warm Sunday morning. He retires to his room and dresses for church. He puts on his new black coat, and white waistcoat just escaped out of the laundresses hands, his tight boots, and glorious white pantaloons. He comes down and mounts his beaver. How cool he feels, like an uncut cucumber soaking at its ease in a marble ewer, or a surgeon cutting out a wart. He sets off for the church, swinging his cane in one hand, and his gloves in the other. It is a long walk, and the sun peeps over the leads of the adjacent houses. How like a king he struts along the street. You would swear he was Robinson Crusoe in disguise—monarch of all he surveys, or Prince Esterhazy, or somebody else. What an air of conscious innocence he has about him; you would swear he had never picked a pocket, or told a lie. You might suspect him of being a parson, but his vest—white—he is not a parson. He pursues the gentle current of his reflections down another street, and up another square, when suddenly just as he arrives within a quarter of a mile of the church, it strikes him like one fatal flash of blinding, dizzying lightning, that he is growing—warm! He goes on—hot! he goes on—red!! He has reached the *Ultima Thule* of horror to a moderately fleshy man in a white beaver and a black coat on a Sunday. He raises his beaver with his gloved hand, and a drop of something quietly falls from the curl of his hair on his shiny forehead, and rolls down to the middle of his cheek. Horrors on horrors! What is it? Can it be? Yes, moderately fleshy man thou art—“Sweat,—hang it,” he cries,—thou art in a violent perspiration!

How difficult it is for a man of the most quiet and reverential disposition to remain perfectly quiescent, in that strange place, which when a sheep is put into it, is called a—pen, and when a man, a—pew. To sit with your back for an hour against a straight unvarnished board, and your head supported only by your neck. Then those little shelves in the corners, which people erect to inflame their elbows upon, are anything but sympathetic, and those still more dangerous contrivances to a man of long

legs, and almost every man's legs are long,—denominated crickets; they certainly do give one the crick in his knees.

A man who is trying not to go to sleep at church, is the most peculiar spectacle I have ever seen. There is a fascination in it to a spectator, which is unavoidable.—Suppose yourself listening to one of those preachers sometimes met with, whose manner produces a similar effect on your feelings to that of the noise of a coffee-mill, while before you sits rather a short gentleman in a brown coat, who is bald, as the total loss of a man's hair is called—and no insurance;—he is looking intently at the preacher, his cranium jerked back, and his skull in a line with you and the preacher. The bald man takes out his handkerchief and blows his nose violently. He then settles himself in his seat, or seats himself in his settle. He then coughs loudly two or three times, and looks about to see if any body is looking at him; he then folds his arms:—a person supposed not to know what he is trying to do, would imagine he had the neuralgia all over him:—it is not that,—he is trying not to go to sleep. Enough of Sunday in the city.

In the country they manage all this sort of thing very differently. There all nature seems to be slumbering in the stillness of an immortal beauty, and a spell of holiness lays its mysterious presence on all living things. The air steals on our senses with a softer and more delicate perfume; the light tinges all the trees, meadows and streams with a shade of a higher beauty than one sees on week days. We feel in the country, that Sunday is in truth a day of rest; the very flies seem to buzz less energetically, and the bee remains in his hive.

Not but what there is some stir in the family of good farmer Jones, on this blessed morning, for he and his wife, daughters, sons and servants are all going to the meeting, and rise early, as there is a good deal of work to do. Ma'am Jones leaves her daughters to dress themselves, but imposes it upon herself as a sacred duty to see that the tangled skeins of rope-yarn on her sons' heads, by analogy called hair, are duly smoothed down. Other parts of their wardrobe receive her motherly attention, and the care of the house is not entirely neglected, though the thorough Saturday cleaning makes the duties of this morning comparatively light. Bye and bye the first bell rings, the ladies retire to their several apartments at the sound, the final preparations are made, and at the ringing of the second bell the horses are driven up, a pair of venerable steeds, who have seen the best side of every thing, with lank bodies and

lank faces, harnessed into a long box, which is not supported by springs, and in which there are a number of basket-work chairs. Into this a great number of the Joneses get, and proceed to church.

What a joyous thing it is, to walk to church in the country through long, green lanes, lined with hedgerows, and trees of every species, the turf of the road hardly touched by the track of a wheel,—the wind stirring the leaves of the bushes and shrubbery, and the birds singing sweetly among the branches. How unlike the heated glare of a city street, crowded by people, where nothing comes to refresh the eye, and where no pleasant sound falls upon the ear, unless it be the sharp click of brass-heeled boots on the pavement, or the swaying to and fro of the parasols, or the clatter of some disconsolate hackney-coach, or some more aristocratic equipage.

The lumber-wagon of the Joneses as it glides past you, seems but the phantom of a turn-out, rolling as smoothly along the velvet turf, as a billiard ball over the marble slab. The Misses Jones are plainly dressed, and have mounted a family umbrella to shade them from the sunlight, while the boys appear in straw hats, wide shirt collars, and blue jackets and breeks. There is a kind of rusticity and country-life look in the whole thing, horses, wagon, old and young people, which gives it a place in the picture, and the springless phæton, as it slowly glides by, disturbs your holy speculations no more than the progression of a great, purple butterfly, or the scream of a widowed cat-bird among the barberry bushes. It is all of it the purest nature.

Then the gathering at the meeting-house, how gracious it all seems. What an air of propriety in the demeanor of the young people,—what a degree of venerable sanctity among the grey-headed elders. The meeting-house itself has a tumble-down look, as if it was about to fall on its knees; and the rusty sheds behind, are already in that position. The minister as he walks in, has an air of honest, sturdy health, contrasting strongly with the pallid, worn down city clergyman, and he wears a good stout dress of the most unaffected homespun, instead of that feminine affair, a silk gown. Then list unto the singing at the country meeting-house, as they sing those eternal fugues which descend from father to son, and from church to church, the imperishable heir-looms of the choir. Hear the twang too, of the great bass viol, and the high, clear voices of the sweet country girls, and the deep, solemn tones of the elders. How a poet would love to describe these things.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

A FIRST LETTER.

Ninth Street, New York,
June 2, A. D. 1842.

To the Editor of the Boston Miscellany:

DEAR SIR.—If a gentleman had been commended to you as a lodger, was about to sit at your hearth and board for six months or more, to share your salt and conversation, and to be in a certain degree free of the house, you would make it your business, I imagine, to know something of the demeanor and habits of the man, something of his wants, perhaps, and where, and with whom he consorted. Your Magazine is your tenement, over which you are bound to keep skilful watch—to keep a look out at the gate, and to take note of any man, bearing the passport of manuscript about him, as he enters in.

If I, therefore, as a contributor *in esse* to the Miscellany tell you that my writing-window looks out upon the East river, and commands a pretty distinct view of Blackwell's Island and the public penitentiary, you have a guarantee in that, that I shall write nothing that will conflict with the decencies of life, or of a dangerous tendency to the peace of society. When I add, that by a glance a little farther on, I look into the very heart and bosom of the green woods and smooth meadows of Long Island, there is some hope in that, that a moral thought, some image caught fresh from the lap of nature, may be, at times, cast upon my page, and shed its fragrance over lines that might otherwise prove arid and barren.

Furthermore, when you have learned, that my morning task at the desk completed, I am a rider in omnibusses, having a choice of two lines at least, which traverse the city in its thickest ways, your readers might reasonably look for some glimpses of city humors, such as grow up by the way-side, throng the streets, or crowd at times into the very coach itself, and keep one in mirth and study the whole journey's length.—There are, for example, the twelve fat women,—twelve, on my honor—that pressed themselves one by one into the Bowery omnibus, one mysterious Saturday morning not long ago, until they formed an honest jury of matrons, forcing me upon the step, to stand there in the attitude of clerk to the inquest. Who they were, whence they came, and whither they tended, is an unexplained mystery. They may have been midwives, just off duty—a supposition too flattering, however to the growth of our metropolis: they may have been hucksters, on their way to market. But what an extraordinary coincidence, what a happy coalition of circumstances, all working

together to this one end,—to have brought them all at one place, at one time. Then there are the three jolly butchers, going the other way, towards Bull's Head, on an afternoon, who entered the stage one by one, ten minutes or so apart, hailing each other in a voice that started the sedate passengers: indulging in familiarities, such as striking of knees with the open hand, and pulling of ears,—perfectly horrifying to the staid proprieties of a city omnibus.

At the end of my omnibus journey, with many glimpses of metropolitan life through the side windows as we saunter or rattle along (according to the dilatory or impetuous mood of the driver's mind) I find myself in a small lodge, cabin, or office in Pine Street, next neighbor to the omnipotent Wall.

Without so far breaking a professional obligation as to say who or what passes in or out of that small chamber of the law, I may tell you, as a matter in which you have a contingent interest, that underneath my own, lies another crib of like dimensions, entered by a few plunging steps, which take you so far into the bowels of the earth. Throughout the day, into this subterranean cavern, whether it be broker's shop, law-office, or druggist's cave I cannot tell, for there are signs about favoring in their way, each of these presumptions—descend a great number of white-headed, fusty old men, who linger there holding what gossip or discourse I could never guess. They are all of a tall build, with a lingering dignity in their gait and manner, which plainly betrays that they have not always constrained themselves in diving below the surface, when they would seek a drawing-room or council chamber. It at one time occurred to me, from the port and stateliness of its frequenters, that this subterranean apartment might be an infirmary or hospital of refuge for the various ex-governors of the States, who have lost rank and caste as politicians, and who have come here to pass the fag-end of their days at a distance from whatever might remind them of their lost youth and dwindled popularity. This belief is furthered by the attendance of a lame man of a red aspect, who constantly hobbles in and out, in service for them, bringing (disguise it cunningly as he may in the skirts of his coat) everlasting pots of porter and relays of cider. This conjecture, I should say, has been slightly dashed of late, by a rumor that prevails in the neighborhood that one of them, the tallest and finest looking of them all—is an ex-justice of

peace from New Jersey. I shall get at the truth by and by, and when I do it shall be your copyright exclusive.

Without saying a word as to the new aspect the town puts on when I return to Ninth Street at night, you should learn, that in the pause between a couple of chapters or articles, I have but to turn the corner on foot, and I am in the old time-honored and time-straitened (for they have shrunk by age to half their youthful dimensions) Vauxhall Gardens. If any man would cherish a better and higher opinion of his fellow-men than he cultivates so near Wall Street as is Pine and the adjacent purlieus let him visit Vauxhall. Let him learn that Vauxhall is kept by Mr. Bradford Jones; and let him, in investigating the principles and policy of Mr. Jones learn to think better of mankind.

By a happy thought Mr. Bradford Jones admits visitors to his gardens, free: whereas such as penetrate the mysteries of his saloon are mulcted in a small tribute. Now as the chief glory of the saloon are its big drum, its pandean pipes and triangle, and as the saloon is divided from the gardens by a thin partition only, it is quite obvious what a fund of entertainment, in the way of music, a lounge may get, without succumbing even to the value of a copper to Mr. Jones.

So that Mr. Bradford Jones, in the benevolence of a noble spirit, clips the box, waters the plants and sweeps clean the walks,—and throws in abundant music, softened a little by the board partition, all from pure kindness of soul, save to a few country people and others, not quite thoroughly initiated in the ways of a metropolis, who are rash enough to lavish their means on the ill-whiskered man, who sits in a stall at the door, contemplating the world, like a great one-eyed ogre, through a round hole in the side of his cabin, and ready to be mollified by a donative in silver or current bank notes. Under this peculiar system of administration it is astonishing what a popular place of resort the Vauxhall gardens have become. They are frequented every night by admiring crowds, who do not hesitate to linger about the saloon drinking in with greedy ear the grateful sounds that issue thence; to express opinions most freely and pointedly, on the arrangements of the garden; and at times, do not stop even this side of sportive critical

comment on the peculiar cut of the waiter's jackets, and the idle lives they are leading in loitering through the garden with tin trays in their hands, without serving any body with ginger-pop or ice creams! I have even seen some young lads, too, hardier than others, venture so far as to twist their hands into the door of the saloon and beg the leader of the orchestra to let them know the time of night at once, as they are sure the old woman's waiting anxiously for 'em, and they must be home to a minute of their time. This and like requests are occasionally followed by a reminder from a rattan or walking-staff in the hands of the attending officer, which rings the chimes equal to the best church bell in town.

Inspired as is Mr. Bradford Jones, obviously by a generous and laudable public spirit, I regret to say that he has lent himself to certain papistical usages which must derogate from his character in the eyes of all good Christian people. He has, in a word, become a participator in what we had hoped, was an exploded practice, the sale of indulgences.

Week-day visitors to the gardens are free to flow in and out with the air: but whoever dares to cross the sacred threshold of Vauxhall on a Sunday, is subjected to a mass or penance of twelve cents and a half, current money.

Now that the trees look any smarter, or hold their heads any higher on the Sabbath than on any other day of the seven; that the air is clearer or sweeter; that the waiters are neater in apparel or swifter of foot, Mr. Bradford Jones does not, in any of his cards or posters, announce. But you have sufficient particulars already, Mr. Editor, from which to know whether you are to cherish any hope of entertainment or instruction from this metropolitan quarter. I wished to stand well with your readers at the start, and now that I have shown them, perhaps, that they may have a sketch of life taken fresh in an omnibus seat, something of the mysterious and heroic (a sound and shadow of fallen greatness,) in the white headed old fellows that haunt the subterranean chamber, and a web of romance, with a passage or two of love in the twilight groves of Vauxhall, I have but to subscribe myself, till the next moon or soon thereafter, your faithful penman and vassal.

C. M.

PRIMEVAL WOODS.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

I.

Yrs! even here, not less than in the crowd,
 Here, where yon vault in formal sweep seems piled
 Upon the pines, monotonously proud,
 Fit dome for fame, within whose hoary veil
 No ribald voice an echo hath defiled —
 Where *silence* seems articulate; up-stealing
 Like a low anthem toward that sky so pale: —
 Oppressive on my bosom weighs the feeling
 Of thoughts that language cannot shape aloud;
 For song too solemn, and for prayer too wild, —
 Thoughts, which beneath no human power could quail,
 For lack of utterance, in abasement bowed, —
 The cavern'd waves that struggle for revealing,
 Upon whose idle foam alone God's light hath smiled.

II.

Ere long thine every stream shall find a tongue,
 Land of the Many Waters! But the sound
 Of human music, these wild hills among,
 Hath no one save the Indian mother flung
 Its spell of tenderness? Oh, o'er this ground
 So redolent of *beauty*, hath there played no breath
 Of human poesy — none beside the word
 Of Love, as, murmured these old boughs beneath,
 Some fierce and savage suitor it hath stirred
 To gentle issues — none but these been heard?
 No mind, no soul here kindled but my own?
 Doth not one hollow trunk about resound
 With the faint echoes of a song long flown,
 By shadows like itself now haply heard alone.

III.

And Ye, with all this primal growth must go!
 And loiterers beneath some lowly spreading shade,
 Where pasture kissing breezes shall, ere then, have played,
 A century hence, will doubt that there could grow
 From that meek land such Titans of the glade!
 Yet wherefore primal? when beneath my tread
 Are roots whose thrifty growth, perchance hath armed
 The Anak spearman when his trump alarmed!
 Roots that the deluge wave hath plunged below;
 Seeds that the deluge wind hath scattered;
 Berries that Eden's warblers may have fed;
 Safe in the slime of earlier worlds embalmed;
 Again to quicken, germinate and blow,
 Again to charm the land as erst the land they charmed.

MRS. INCHBALD.

BY EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

IN spite of the dullest of biographers, the life of Mrs. Inchbald has come down to us with the interest of romance. If there ever was danger of posterity being cheated of a good story, it was when Boaden, with his stale reflections, fullness of dates, meagreness of facts, scarcity of anecdote, and lack of philosophy generally, gathered together the various posthumous pocket books and note books, and undertook the life of this remarkable woman. With the most ardent enthusiasm for an original and noble specimen of female character, it requires all the patience to be won from an habitual love of books, and the curiosity inspired by a love of literary gossip, to penetrate the dull mass in which are hidden the few life-like facts which this biography monger by profession, saw fit to collect for us in any shape. It may by the way be noticed, that most original biographies are very indifferently written: nearness of view is not always the most favorable to a philosophical estimate of character, and though the hand of love and friendship writes many a just, warm-hearted eulogy, there are very few contemporaries who have imagination enough to anticipate the demands of posterity, and record those little traits, the familiarity of which causes them to be overlooked, as trifling and unimportant. Fortunately, notwithstanding all errors of memoir writers, Mrs. Inchbald was a woman of genius, and genius is a ray of the divine spirit which cannot be hidden. It can pierce even the dullness of Boaden, and exhibit to us in the midst of his scattered and disconnected details, a certain complete and beautiful harmony of life. It shows us a lady who was in all things a woman, she who was by nature the best of preceptresses, full of goodness and cheerfulness, with a sensibility that gave character and novelty to every incident, colored her conversation and writings with the warm hues of love, and over all whose actions there was cast an indefinable feminine charm, a graceful piquancy verging on coquetry, that retained its sprightliness and gaiety through the darkness and heaviness of age. The mind and heart are painted in her face which she has herself characterized in one of her written fragments, "a description of me," as "full of spirit and sweetness; excessively interesting and without indelicacy, voluptuous." She was throughout a long life constantly loved and always loving; with a weight of intellect that kept in even

poise her quickly kindled affections,—ever repelling the attentions of the profligate, and cherished by the wise,—retaining in widowhood at thirty-five, the girlishness and attachments of childhood,—playful, provoking, mischievous, encouraging a written correspondence with her wicked, discarded lovers, and always recovering herself by a happy turn of coquetry:—

Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touched the brink of all we hate.

Such is the picture presented to us in the life of Mrs. Inchbald. We can have no more delightful literary study than in following so fascinating a being through her various adventures. We may meet as we proceed with humor that reminds us of Goldsmith, and sentiments that would do no discredit to Mackenzie.

Mrs. Inchbald, whose maiden name was Elisabeth Simpson, was born about the middle of the last century, the daughter of a Suffolk farmer, whose social position seems to have been firmly established among the middle classes and minor gentry of the township. He died when the daughter was quite young, and the widow kept up a numerous acquaintance among the neighboring society at Bury St. Edmunds and the capital of the county, Norwich. One of the sons turned actors, and several of the daughters were married and lived in London. Elisabeth was renowned for beauty, fond of society, and longed to see the world. Though she had an impediment in her speech she desired to go upon the stage, and addressed a letter to Griffiths, the manager of the Norwich theatre, having previously taken the precaution, to make her suit more interesting to herself, to fall in love with him. Mr. Griffiths returned such a civil answer as managers, editors, and others in authority are apt to vouchsafe in a complimentary mood, full of apologies and promises, and our heroine, though the actor was venerable enough for her parent, entered his name in her pocket-book in capitals, writing under them "Each dear letter of thy name is harmony!" This is girlish and delightful, and appears to have been the first sentiment of her life. She soon went to London and became acquainted with Mr. Inchbald, and we find her then one day stealing Griffiths's picture, the next sighing for a letter from Inchbald.

At this period, when she was about her eighteenth year, she left home alone for

London, and met with a series of adventures, which we find related in the *Biographia Dramatica*. Boaden is disposed to throw some doubt over their authenticity, but is unable to contradict them. To us they appear extraordinary, quite in accordance with the plot of a farce or a novel, but sufficiently probable, morally if not literally true, when related of a woman with so great a natural fitness for them as Mrs. Inchbald. She was precisely of that character to create romance any where out of commonplace. A dull fellow who travels over the world along the surface, may eat his breakfast, dinner, and supper for his three score years without further adventure; but a man of genius like Goldsmith, or a woman like Mrs. Inchbald can scarcely cross their thresholds without an accident, a blunder, or an anecdote. People of deep feelings and original observation travel beneath the outer crust of society as it were, and see and feel strange things. People of little selfishness and much force of imagination, who think more of any thing else than themselves, and preserving the balance of dignity in their own persons, are apt sometimes like Don Quixote to mistake windmills for giants, and flogging machines for dragons. But to return to the adventure, having first suggested that want of belief in cases like these does not always imply a very praiseworthy sagacity.

Now that the reader is safely on his guard, we quote from the story, which may pass for what it is worth:—

"Having often heard her family speak of a distant relation who lived opposite Northumberland House, in the Strand, on her arrival in London she took a hackney coach, and sought this asylum;—but, on reaching the place, was, to her great mortification, told that her relation had retired from business, and was settled in Wales. Her alarm at these unexpected tidings, and her evident distress, (it being near ten o'clock at night) moved the compassion of the people of the house where she enquired, who, at her request, generously accommodated her with a lodging. This civility, however, awakened suspicion: she had read in novels the various moles of seduction which were practised in London; and apprehended that she was in a dangerous house; this suspicion seemed confirmed by the entrance of a corpulent old lady, whose appearance exactly corresponded with the description she had read of a procuress. While, therefore, they were whispering their pity for her youth, and extolling her beauty, she suddenly snatched up her hand-box and, without saying a word, rushed out of the house, leaving the people to stare at each other, and repent of their compassion. Much fatigued and alarmed, she knocked at a house, where she saw a bill announcing '*Lodgings to be let*,' pretending that she was a milliner's apprentice, whose mistress had unexpectedly a number of visitors from the country that occupied all her beds, and had therefore desired her to seek a temporary accommodation. The veracity of her story was naturally doubted; but, she persisted in her tale, till, on turning about, to her great surprise and confusion, she perceived the identical tradesman whose house she had so precipitately left, listening attentively to her solemn assertion. Impelled by

curiosity, and determined on knowing who and what she was, this man had followed her to the present house. Confounded at this detection, she attempted another escape; but the door was locked and she was detained as an impostor. Sincerity was all she had now left; and with a flood of tears she confessed her real situation. But even now her truth was doubted, and the woman of the house desired a constable to be sent for; but her son, a boy of twelve years of age, more humane than his mother, joined his tears with those of the poor stranger; and by his intercession she was dismissed and left to wander the streets of London again. She now walked whither chance directed her, and exposed to all those insults which unprotected females must encounter. At two o'clock in the morning she found herself at Holborn bridge; and seeing the stage set off for York, which she understood was full, she entered the inn, pretended to be a disappointed passenger, and solicited a lodging. This scheme succeeded; though the landlady, much suspecting her character, took the precaution of locking the door where she slept. In vain she rose at her usual hour; for having no bell, she could not apprise the family that she was up. She was therefore obliged to wait till noon, when the landlady was pleased to liberate her, informing her that the York stage would set out again that evening. This intelligence having been delivered with an air of suspicion which was very cutting to Miss Simpson, she immediately took out all the money she had, to the last half crown, and absolutely paid for a journey she did not intend to take."

The end of the adventure was, that she found her way to one of her sisters. A single page relating to this period has been preserved out of four volumes of autobiography which she committed to the flames: it shows a grace of style, and an insight into character worthy the spirit of her plays and novels, and altogether as it is brief, we present it to the reader as an agreeable relief, after the penny-a-line style of the narrative just related. What is here said of her brother in law, Mr. Slender, though fragmentary, describes that gentleman so pleasantly we seem to know a great deal more about him than is told.

"In the year seventeen hundred and seventy-two, or sometime before, it was (I think) fashionable for gentlemen occasionally to curse and swear in conversation; and poor Mr. Slender would fain be in the fashion, whether it threatened peril to body or soul. He suddenly interrupted our conversation, reeling from the double pressure of bad health and bad wine, and with an oath demanded 'where Miss Simpson meant to sleep that night?' I told him where I lodged; and that, as my sister sent no word to the contrary, I should remain at Holborn bridge. He allowed the house to be a respectable one, but said that he would see me safe to it; and then with another oath, he added, that by six in the morning he should come for me in a post-chaise, and take me down to my village of Standingfield. With all his numerous faults, Mr. Slender was in reality good natured: but his good nature consisted in frightening you to death, to have the pleasure of re-assuring you:—in holding an axe over your head for the purpose of pronouncing a reprieve."

The next adventure was with Dodd, the actor and manager, an impudent libertine, upon whom she threw a basin of hot water from the tea-kettle. Tired of these diffi-

culties she married Mr. Inchbald, a painstaking man, a respectable actor,—at least Kemble wrote thus in his epitaph, and he is always making attempts at portrait painting with no particular success,—altogether a dull fellow with no well defined principles, and unfit to be the husband of such a wife. It was as his widow that Mrs. Inchbald became known to the world by her intrigues.

It were needless to pursue the events of her life historically; they may be better classed by passions and feelings. Thus if we were writing a biography we should devote one chapter to the youth and romance of our heroine, another to her innocent coquetry; another to her love and tenderness, and we might find illustrations of all these in her books and letters from the period of her childhood, when she used to write Griffiths's name in her pocket-book, to the declining days of age, when she haunted the grave of Dr. Warren, at Kensington.

We should have been pleased to have read the mind of the lady in the character of her different suitors. But Boaden has told very little about them. There was a Mr. Sterling at Edinburgh, and a Mr. Redman with whom she corresponded, but we know only the names. In the greatest abundance of minutiae the reader almost perishes for want of a genuine tell-tale fact. But Mrs. Inchbald is not very well, and the oysters she eats by order of a physician are duly celebrated; she misses a ring, and Mr. Boaden conjectures she lost it while washing her hands.

Before Mr. Inchbald's death they made a trip to France together, where she took captive an abbé and a Carmelite friar, who were very attentive: but perhaps her intimacy with John Kemble has the most interest for us in these days. It arose when the great tragedian was young, before he had gained his laurels, when he used to read the History of England to her while she took notes, the gravity of the proceeding affording already a foretaste of his dramatic dignity, at other times the serious tragedian would most amiably unbend himself, teaching tricks with cards, and play with the fair actress, as she has herself recorded "with wax, dirt, thread, wire." It is only love that magnifies such trifles, and weighs its interests not by thousands but by units and fractions. Kemble soon became a great actor, and the lover changed to the friend. But he always delighted in the playfulness of her manners and the graces of her style, (he was a great admirer of her letters); he addresses her in notes as the tenth muse, and says that it is only because he is unceremonious that he has not invited the other nine, for he has observed they always come in her society.

It becomes us now to say something of Mrs. Inchbald's literary career, though we could dwell on these personal topics much longer; but when we take up the author-ess we do not abandon the woman. Mrs. Inchbald is Mrs. Inchbald still, throughout. Her heroine Miss Milner, in the Simple Story, is evidently a reflection of herself; and like Goldsmith in his Vicar of Wakefield, she has introduced the very incidents of her life. The chief interest of the story turns, it may be remembered, upon Miss Milner's attending a masquerade; the author herself had acted Bellario on a similar occasion. The coquetry of Miss Milner is a reflection of her own waywardness, in the same way, as it now appears from the recently published diary, that the personal drawing-room distresses of Evelina, are reflections of the life of the contemporary Miss Burney.

Mrs. Inchbald modelled her taste by the study of Goldsmith and Mackenzie, but the purity and simplicity of her style were native to her: they were cherished by her choice of studies, but such qualities in their perfection are beyond the reach of imitation. Mrs. Inchbald read few books, but perhaps as is the case with people of genius who read few books, they were a source of great delight and profit. Her own mind enlightened the page, her vivid imagination set forth all the realities. Out of the stores of her own capacity she was liberal and generous to others. There is a critical faculty distinct and independent from all others, the fruit of an original habit of analysis and reflection. It was possessed by Charles Lamb, who had a genius for criticism. But even so great a man as Walter Scott lacked this literary instinct by which the delicacies of an author are at once detected, and the nice harmonies between language and thought so closely followed. He admired in books that which was adapted to his own habits—for the very excellent reason that most men are readers. They find a sentiment or a fact suited to their experience and needs of daily life—not one in a thousand regards literature as an art, or does justice to the humblest production of a genuine author who works with reflection and design.

The best authors generally read the poorest books. Burns idolized an indifferent Scotch poet, Ferguson; Crabbe used to read whole invoices of the forgotten Rosa Matilda school of novels; Mrs. Inchbald pronounced the "Lady of the Lake" one of the most exquisite poems that was ever published. She rallied a friend who was so unfortunate as to anticipate the judgment of posterity, and call the latter a trivial production, in a witticism that is quite as well worth remembering as any thing in the poem itself:

"I can compare your disliking the 'Lady of the Lake,'" says she in one of her letters, "to no one phenomenon in my memory, except that of the walking of a tiger up Picadilly."

The Simple Story, whatever may be thought of the plot, particularly of the second part, which falls off in naturalness, will always be published and read with the English classics. It is a tale of the heart, and wins every thing by its charms of womanly sentiment.

Nature and Art — her second novel — we believe is not so much read. It is the story of a youth who has been educated by a wise parent, among savages in the wilds of Africa, and who comes to England to learn something of civilization. His comments and arguments, excepting a few false conventionalisms on barbarism, are full of truth. He converses with a dean and bishop, and sets them to rights in argument. His nature is superior to all the sophistry of art. Take the following remark on Society — in the practical exercise of judgment in the world and justice, the very basis of political economy. "Health, strength, and the will to earn a moderate subsistence, ought to be every man's security from obligation." There are some exquisite touches of life and character; for instance, of the dean, who has in his mind two treatises, — one to prove that the country is ruined, the other that it is a glorious noble country; the choice of which for publication depends upon his election to a bishopric, and who, when he is elected, publishes a folio on its prosperity. In one of the chapters the question of War is disposed of in a sentence. "My father" said Henry, "used to tell me, we must not take away our own lives; but he forgot to tell me, we might sell them for others to take away." War is thus a species of murder, wantonly incurred — no more defensible than suicide; and though even yet, after half a century since the publication of Nature and Art, it is covered with glorious trappings and a fair outside of dress, equipage and noise, yet the opinion of society is turning more and more against it as something dishonorable, and a Channing may safely prophecy its downfall. The unerring dictates of a woman's heart, freed from formality, anticipates the suggestion of economists, and the maturest legislation of the wisest lawgivers of her country. The story of Nature and Art has its improbabilities, but its sentiment is true to nature: it appeals to the heart, the last court of appeal to the novelist, and the decision is a favorable one.

It is no little recommendation to these old novels that they are brief. The chapters are short, and the sentences have point. There are no protracted scenes, no over-

labored descriptions, but something is left to the imagination. Is it not strange in modern works of fiction, that as books multiply, and the topics upon which a gentleman should be informed grow every day more numerous, works of fiction designed to fill up not merely the intervals of business, but the intervals of more serious reading — should grow longer and longer constantly? No novelist has courage to write now in a single volume. Why is the Castle of Otranto read and Sir Charles Grandison forgotten, but for the distinction of size?

Mrs. Inchbald's pursuit of literature was profitable. She received in all, five thousand pounds for her writings, though her first farces were one after the other rejected. But the tide once turned, booksellers came to her to supplicate. She received fifty guineas for merely pointing out, without a word of preface, the set of farces known by her name. Murray solicited her to write for the first number of the Quarterly Review, offering her the choice of her subject and a *carte blanche* for terms.

Through the latter part of her life she lived on the principal and interest of her fortune, and left at her death about three or four hundred pounds, a sufficient refutation of the charge that she was avaricious. It was the saying of Harris, the manager, "That woman Inchbald has solemnly devoted herself to virtue and a garret." She was frugal, and pinched herself without a fire that she might relieve the wants of her family. London she loved, and she clung to its neighborhood, changing her lodging from one house to another. Of the city she writes, "If Buonaparte should come and conquer, I wail then without reproach stand with a barrow of oranges and lemons in Leicester Square, and once more have the joy to call that place my home." She finally established herself at Kensington House, a Catholic boarding establishment, where she died in 1821, at the age of sixty-nine.

With a characteristic tribute from Leigh Hunt, which will leave a pleasant savor of this lady's memory on the mind of the reader, we shall conclude. — "She was fond of Kensington for its healthiness, its retirement, its trees and prospects, its catholic accommodations, (for she was a liberal believer of that church) — but not least, we suspect, for a reason which Mr. Boaden's interesting biography has not mentioned — namely, the interment in Kensington church yard, of the eminent physician, Dr. Warren, for whom, in her thirty-eighth year, and in the twelfth year of a widowhood graced by genius, beauty and refusals of other marriages, she entertained a secret affection so young and genuine, that she would walk up and down Sackville

Street, where he lived, purely to get a glimpse of the light in his window. Her heart was so excellent, and accustomed to live on aspirations so noble, that we have not the least doubt this was one of her great ties to

Kensington, and that she looked forward, with something like an angelical delight to the hour when she should repose in the earth, near the friend whose abode she could not partake while living."

THE ARTIST LOVER.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF FILIPPO LIPPI.

WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

ONE day in the year 1410, there wandered crying through the streets of Florence, a little beggar boy hardly two years old, who could only say to the charitable way-farers who asked what his troubles were, that his name was Filippo Lippi, and that his father and mother were both dead. So from street to street he wandered on, sobbing as he went, till, having stopped on the steps of a Carmelite monastery, some of the worthy brothers took compassion on his misfortunes, and gave him shelter, and, as the story tellers say, took care of him till he grew to be a big boy.

He became, in the course of time, a novice in the monastery, and, as Fra' Filippo Lippi, was likely to take as high rank as any man in that venerable institution. When however, he was eighteen years old, the artist Masaccio, the most distinguished painter of the day, came to the convent to paint some pieces for the adornment of the chapel. Lippi watched him day by day, as his brush moved on, and took the greatest interest in his proceedings. His older friends among the Carmelites were kind enough to encourage the poor boy in his newly aroused zeal for art, and bade him try with the other students to copy some of these master-pieces which added so much to the beauty of their cloister home. Lippi tried, and tried again;—he at once surpassed all his fellow students, and was thought by good judges to have at least equalled the works of Masaccio, although he had never received any instruction from him. The poor beggar boy of Florence at once became the most promising artist of his time.

Thus distinguished and happy he gave up his plan of connecting himself with the church, and devoted himself entirely to art. It was but a few months after, that, while with some young friends, he was enjoying

a delightful summer's day in a pleasure sail on the beautiful Tuscan sea, one of the Barbary corsairs which at that time infested the Mediterranean, pounced upon them—took them prisoners, and carried them to Tripoli. Our young friend went through the routine of misery of slave markets, transfers, forced marches and starvation till he was purchased by a Moorish nobleman who did not buy to sell again. The most distinguished artist of his day was thus made a poor hard-working slave.

A short time after, however, his master was absent for a day, at court, and as the lazy slaves whiled away their time as best they could, Lippi, with a piece of charcoal, made a sketch of his patron on the wall by which he was standing. The other slaves clustered around to see the prodigy. The arts of design were entirely unknown in those barbarous countries, and like Catlin's Indians, they thought the work was magic. With every touch of the coal the portrait grew more and more like, so that when the nobleman returned from his day's labor, his astonished slaves led him at once to see the place where his counterfeit was fixed on the wall. Like them he wondered, but he was too sensible to be alarmed. He said at once that the talent of Lippi ought not to be lost to the world, and gave him his freedom. The grateful artist painted for him two fine pictures, and then took ship for Naples. Here he was received with enthusiasm, and was engaged by the king at once to ornament some of the public buildings with his beautiful works. For two years the poor Moorish slave lived highest in favor with King Alphonso.

But he began to pine for Florence, and having left Naples he repaired thither and was received with as great favor at home as elsewhere. Cosmo de' Medici delighted

in him, and constantly put his talents in requisition. The pieces of his which are still extant, show that he deserved such consideration. Connoisseurs still esteem them highly, though their merits are thrown out of view by the superior labors of more advanced art. His altar pieces, cabinet pictures and frescoes were constantly in demand. No gallery was perfect, no cathedral or convent was properly decorated, unless the hand of Lippi had left its mark there. Impressed with this sentiment, the nuns of the convent of Santa Martha di Prato, near Florence, ordered an altar piece to be painted by the still young artist. — Lippi went to the convent to begin his work, but as he passed into the chapel he caught sight of the beautiful novice, Lucrezia Buti, who had been sent thither by her friends that she might eventually take the veil. That glance at her beautiful features made the favored courtier, the successful painter, for the moment the most miserable of men. He was desperately, and too probably, hopelessly in love.

But he went on with the altar piece. After a day or two however he suggested to the lady superior, that he should paint more successfully when he began on the picture of the Virgin which formed a part of the group, had he a living subject by which he might guide his hand and eye, and suggested the beautiful novice as a proper person. The abbess was pleased that any one had discovered that *religieuses* were not necessarily ugly, and, considering the worthy object of the request, she at once assented. The beautiful Lucrezia was immediately installed in the artist's chair and the picture again proceeded with all possible success. But who can wonder if at the same time, this fascinating young cavalier, for whom all the beauty of Florence sighed, who loved so tenderly himself, succeeded in imbuing her with some portion of a like affection. He told his tale of love; she smiled, and as

the artist left the convent one day, unperceived by any one the novice left with him; — the elopement was not discovered till pursuit was useless. The despondent lover had become once more the happiest of men.

The noble relations of Lucrezia however, were beyond measure incensed at the outrage. While the happy lovers wandered through Germany the relations nursed their revenge in silence; but as the stain had been inflicted on the family escutcheon, they thought to make the best of it by procuring from the Pope a dispensation, so that the artist and the novice might marry. After due solicitation the dispensation was granted, and then Lippi chose to show his independence of them and theirs by refusing to make use of it. He had, he said, conscientious scruples which forbade him from marrying Lucrezia. This insult was not to be borne. Through the rest of his life they watched for their chance of revenge, and success at length crowned their activity. By the skill of one of their agents poison was mingled with his food one day, many years after the elopement from the convent, and the man whom we have seen as an orphan, a friar, a slave, an artist, a courtier and a lover died the death of a dog in the village of Spoleto.

We have but a word more to add. Two years after, Lorenzo de' Medici, in passing through Spoleto, begged permission from the magistrates to remove the remains of the artist to the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, at Florence. They were unwilling to relinquish so honorable a deposit, and Lorenzo therefore engaged Filippino Lippi, the son of our artist and of the unfortunate Lucrezia, who equalled his father in skill and talent, to erect a monument of marble to his memory in Spoleto. Politiano wrote the inscription for this monument, which still remains; — those Latin verses have handed down to the present day the praises of the unfortunate Filippino.

THE COMPLAINT.

BY HENRY PETERSON.

The sky is blue above my head,
And to the glad embrace of spring
The west wind hastens, like a bird
Who seeks his mate on sweeping wing:

But still within my bosom dwelleth
Sad discontent where'er I stray,
And with its restless murmur telleth,
Sweet love, that thou art far away.

I wander here — I wander there —
Through bright paths to the shady place,
I seek the stream where violets
Look fondly up into my face;
But like a cloud that no one loveth,
A lone black cloud when all is clear,
That hides the sun and with it moveth,
Comes the sad thought — thou art not here.

One week ago I stood with thee
By the loved river of thy land,
And in wild wood-paths plucked the flowers
That longed to kiss thy queenly hand.
Then cared I little in my pride
For the blue sky, or sunny air,
For thou sweet love, wert by my side,
And mad'st me sunshine every where.

Oh, dear one, though my mother's voice
Is sounding sweetly in my ear,
Though earth and air cry out, rejoice,
I cannot, for thou art not here.
My heart is sad where all is gay,
It leaps not to the wild bird's song,
For thou, sweet love, art far away,
And nothing makes me happy long.

THE BIVOUAC:

OR, A NIGHT AT THE MOUTH OF THE OHIO.

A SKETCH OF WESTERN VOYAGING.

BY J. W. INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," &c.

A few years since I was on my way to St. Louis, and took passage at Cincinnati on board the steamer Chief Justice Marshall, which was bound to New Orleans, but from which I was to disembark at the mouth of the Ohio, there to wait for some New Orleans boat going up to take me to my destination. Our travelling party consisted of three ladies — a mother and two lovely daughters — deep in their teens, and a young gentleman and his bride from Louisiana, with her brother just from college. The boat was large and comfortable; a spacious

state-room offered us all the retirement of a private apartment in a dwelling.

It was a bright morning in October when we got under head-way from the landing, and bending our course down the river, left the queen city receding in the distance. The prospect from the decks as we swept round the noble curve which forms the peninsula of this great metropolis, was unequalled for beauty and variety. To the eye of the voyager, who gazes on the city and its opposite suburban shore, the river seems to flow through a valley peopled

for centuries, rather than a region but fifty years ago a desolate wilderness. Crowded population, taste, wealth, and a high degree of agriculture on the banks, all indicate the home of a long settled people; instead of the emigrant of yesterday. Astonished at what he beholds, the traveller's mind is overpowered at the contemplation of the future destiny of the land. This feeling is not only awakened by the sight of Cincinnati and its environs, with its fleets of steamers, but it is kept alive as he proceeds down the winding and romantic river. On either bank noble farms descend with their waving fields to touch the lip of the laughing wave, and at short intervals thriving villages meet his never wearying sight. Unlike the monotony of the Mississippi, the Ohio ever presents objects of interest. The voyager of taste is ever upon deck, as he is borne through the picturesque regions, and exclamations of surprise are exhausted only to be repeated and renewed again and again.

The next morning after quitting Cincinnati we reached Louisville, its levee as we approached presenting a scarcely less business like air than that of her rival city. Situated just above the "Falls," it was then the head of large boat navigation. But a deep canal has since then been constructed around the falls nearly two miles in length, by which steamers laden in New Orleans can pass through without as heretofore, being detained and transferring their freight by drays to smaller boats above the falls, and pursue their way to Cincinnati or Pittsburgh. The river being now unusually high, the rocks of the rapids were nearly covered, and with skilful pilotage they might be ventured. After an hour's delay at the landing we shot out into the middle of the stream, and then set the boat's head to descend the rapids. As we approached them with the velocity of an arrow, there was not a word spoken on board save by the pilot, who stood forward, giving brief orders to the helmsman. Black rocks appeared on every side—the rapids roared and foamed before us, seemingly in our very path; but onward we went with irresistible power, the vast steamer rolling to and fro like drunken. But we passed them safely, the captain having risked boat and cargo, and put in jeopardy his own life and those of all on board. But human life is of little value in the West, where there is so much of it floating about, none knowing whence or whither!

Among our passengers were two, a father and daughter, that particularly attracted my attention, from the indifference to danger which both exhibited during the perilous descent of the rapids; the elder standing with folded arms looking upon the deck,

gazing on vacancy,—the younger admiring with a calm but delighted look the velocity of the boat—the curling waters around her, and the wild roar and sublime confusion of the scene through which she was borne. He was about fifty-six years of age, with a noble countenance, which care and grief had deeply lined, his hair gray and his form somewhat bent, less with years than sorrow. An air of melancholy pervaded his appearance and irresistibly interested the beholder in him. His daughter had fair hair and blue eyes, and seemed destined by nature to be happy hearted; for she spoke to him always with a sweet smile, and always smiled at seeing any scenery that pleased her. But there was a pensiveness in her look that harmonized with the sadness upon his brow. Her attentions to him, I had observed were tender, devoted, and full of anxious solicitude to draw him away from his own thoughts. At times she would succeed, and he would look up and around at the green wooded banks and smile with momentary interest, when she would appear perfectly happy, and tears would come into her eyes—tears of joy.

During the course of the day I had an opportunity of rendering him a slight assistance as he descended from the deck, for which the daughter gratefully thanked me, adding, "My father is a little feeble, sir; I am in hopes this voyage will be of great service to him."

I warmly expressed the same desire, and as they immediately retired to their state-rooms I saw no more of them that day. The ensuing morning I ascended the deck a few minutes after sun-rise and found them already promenading together, the father on the daughter's arm. The incident, and brief interchange of words the day before had conferred upon me the privilege of approaching and inquiring after his health.

"Better, sir, I thank you," he answered with a grateful look, "but," he added in a half tone which I could not help hearing, "it is not the body—it is the spirit that is sick."

"Oh, dear father!" said his daughter, glancing at me quickly, to see if I had overheard.

"Oh, my son, my son! would to God I had buried thee in thy infancy," said Mr. Townley, for such I learned was his name; and he wrung his hands and threw himself upon a seat. His child seemed much distressed, and I was turning away lest my presence should invade secrecy that she seemed solicitous to preserve, when he said, extending his hand, "Sit down. I am told you are from the South—from Natchez."

"Yes," I replied.

"I am glad to meet you. I am going there, to —"

"Dear father, hush!" cried the maiden with a look of distress.

"I will inquire of him, Charlotte. Perhaps —"

"You can hear nothing, alas, but what you already too well know. Pray, father, do not speak of Henry!—Nay, then let me inquire. Sir," she said, clasping his hand and looking up in my face with tearful eyes, "we have a relative—a dear relative, sir, in Natchez, who, we have heard has wandered from the path of honor."

"It is my son, sir," said Mr. Townley firmly. His daughter hung her head, and I could see the blush of shame mounting her forehead. "He is my only son. He was a clerk in New Orleans, and in an evil hour was tempted to gamble and lost all of his own money, and then embezzled that of his employer. To escape punishment he fled and joined the gamblers at Vicksburg. We have since learned that he has now become a principal leader among them, and that he remains mostly in Natchez. I am on my way to try to reclaim him. It is painful to a father to speak thus of a son! Did you ever see him, sir?"

"Townley," I repeated,—"I never heard of the name in the South except associated with men of honor."

"We have discerned that he goes by the assumed name of *Frank Carter*," said Mr. Townley.

I could not confess my ignorance; for I recognized the name of the most notorious gambler or "sportsman" in the South, who from his influence with the different bands that infested the West from Louisville to New Orleans, was called "Prince Frank." I gazed upon the father with pity, and upon the sister with feelings of the most painful sympathy. I felt that their hope of reclaiming him was destined to perish. They remarked my silence, and the daughter, now that there was no more to be told to call the tinge of shame into her cheek, lifted her head and looked into my face with anxious interest. Mr. Townley also waited earnestly to hear at least a reply from one who *might* have seen his son, and who could tell him something about him less evil than he had heard. I recollected him as a fine looking, richly dressed young man, who used to make a dashing appearance at the St. Catharine's race course, in a barouche drawn by a pair of spirited bays, with a beautiful girl, his mistress, seated by his side. He had become rich by his reckless profession, and it was said owned several dwellings in "Natchez under the Hill," the empire over which, as "Prince Frank," he ruled. But recently, since I had left the South in May, there had been a war of extermination against the gamblers, beginning at Vicksburg and sweeping the whole

South-West. What had become of "Prince Frank" in this well remembered and bloody crusade of the roused citizens of Mississippi to redeem their towns and cities from the hordes of blacklegs who infested them, I was ignorant.

"Do you know him, sir?—Pray speak freely;" asked the daughter, after watching my countenance for some time.

I frankly informed her that her information had been correct, and while I expressed my hopes that their pious journey to effect his reformation and restoration to society, might be successful, I told her that I feared there was little prospect of it.

From this time I saw much of them, for Mr. Townley loved to sit and talk to me of his son. At length we approached the mouth of the Ohio where we were to separate, myself and my party to wait and take a boat up to St. Louis,—they to continue their sad and hopeless voyage for the recovery of a lost son and brother.

As the boat was rounding too at the beautiful point of land now the site of the infant city of Cairo, Mr. Townley came to me and asked how long I and my friends would remain in St. Louis?

On learning it would be but for two days, and that we should then proceed directly down the Mississippi to Natchez, he asked if it would be agreeable to us for himself and daughter to attach themselves to our party. This accession was gladly received by all my friends to whom I had communicated the interesting object of their journey, and who were as deeply touched as myself with their peculiar affliction. Mr. Townley and his daughter, therefore, quit the boat with us; and the steamer landing our large party with our baggage upon the shore, resumed her swift course down the river, Captain Clark receiving our good wishes for his safe and speedy arrival at New Orleans.

It was late in the afternoon when we landed upon the point, and as we learned a boat was looked for momentarily from below, bound to St. Louis, we concluded not to remove our large quantity of baggage to the tavern, but remain with it, at least till night by the river side. Cairo city, as this place is now denominated, was then comprised in a two story tavern, called "Bird's Hotel," with a double gallery running around it,—in a sort of grocery store, one or two log huts and a vast forest of gigantic trees that covered nearly the whole place except "the clearing" on the extreme point. It was a desolate looking spot, especially on the approach of night. The tavern, too, had a bad name, the point being, from its central position, a rendezvous for gamblers, and from its retired character, and the peculiar facilities it afforded for evading

justice, the refuge of criminals and all kinds of desperate characters. Flat boats, also, always hauled up here on their trips for the crews to take a frolic, and here were always sure to be landed from steamers mutinous "hands," or detected rogues. We had some knowledge of the character of the spot, and therefore chose to remain as long as we could on the levee, hoping the boat would soon appear and render any further intimacy with the suspicious tavern unnecessary.

We therefore placed our trunks in a hollow square, and seating ourselves upon them, waited patiently for the expected boat.—When the sun at length set, and no signs of her rewarded our long and intense gazing, we began to wish we had waited at Cincinnati for a St. Louis boat, as the Broadway House we all acknowledged, was far more comfortable than the broad side of a river bank. The landlord, now, on our application to him, roughly replied that his rooms were full. We had observed as we went to the house, several suspicious men lurking about the tavern, one of whom I recognized as a well known Natchez gambler. We felt no disposition to remain in their company at the tavern, well knowing the vindictiveness which they entertained, since their expulsion, against all Mississippians, and the annoyance we might expect if we were recognized to be from the South. As the night promised to be clear, and the moon rose as the sun set, we decided on remaining on the bank all night. We arranged couches for the ladies with cloaks and buffalo skins within the space enclosed by the trunks; and suspending on four stakes a large crimson Mexican blanket that belonged to the travelling equipment of the Louisianian, formed a serviceable canopy to protect them from the dew. We then opened our trunks and took out our knives and pistols, and the brother of the bride unlocked from his case a new, double-barreled fowling piece he was taking home. There were of our party seven men, including two young merchants returning home to St. Louis from the East, who were bivouacked a few paces from us, but who on invitation joined us. We had arms,—the double-barreled fowling piece just named, nine pistols and five bowie knives, and powder and ball: we therefore felt very sure of giving a good reception to any who molested us; for we knew that defenceless parties of bivouacking travellers had been attacked by armed banditti, and robbed of every article of baggage, and their jewelry stripped from their persons; we had heard also of travellers landing at the point who never embarked again. We therefore quietly loaded our arms, and having established a watch both for security and to look out

for a steamer, and awaken the rest on its approach, we settled ourselves about our bivouack for the night. The ladies soon went to sleep, confiding in our guardianship as women should ever do. Mr. Townley all at once showed himself to be a man of resolute character; for the probable danger of the party roused him from the contemplation of his own sorrows to sympathy with the feelings of those around him.

The moon shone very bright, and the two great rivers flowed majestically past, their broad surfaces looking like torrents of molten steel, meeting a mile below the point, and blending into one dark flood which lost itself in the gloomy forests to the South. It was two in the morning. I was standing watch with Mr. Townley and the knight of the fowling piece, and one of the young merchants, when we observed a party of men suddenly issue from a path leading into the forest in the direction of two or three log huts. Hitherto the night had been still; the lights had been early extinguished in the tavern, and the groups of boatmen that were lingering about the shore had returned on board their flat boats. The party which we now saw was, when we discovered it, about three hundred yards off, moving at a quick tramp directly towards our bivouack. We instantly wakened our companions without disturbing the ladies, and having prepared our arms to give them a good reception should they prove hostile, we remained seated upon our trunks watching them. The moon now shone upon them so clearly that we could count their number—fourteen men, marching three and four abreast; it also gleamed upon weapons which some of them carried. We were now satisfied that we were the object of an open attack by some of the desperadoes who invested the point, who probably expected to find us unarmed and sleeping, and so pillage our baggage and persons, if not do murder, if resisted. We let them advance within fifty paces and then challenged. One who walked by the side of the first rank then spoke to them and they halted.

"If you approach any nearer, be your errand peaceful or hostile we shall fire upon you," we said firmly.

"Ha! they are prepared!" said one.

"No. It is bravado. Let us on!" shouted another.

"On, then," was the general cry, and they rushed towards us in an irregular body.

We let them come within close pistol shot,—all fired a regular discharge—but over their heads.

They suddenly stopped, with a cry of surprise, fired a pistol or two, and then retreated a few paces and made a stand.—One of them was evidently wounded, for we

saw him fall, and with difficulty and groaning drag himself after his companions.—The challenge and firing aroused the females of our party, who at first shrieked, and were in great terror, but were prevailed upon to keep their recumbent positions sheltered from any fire of the assailants, by the trunks we had fortunately piled around their lodging place. We now reloaded our pistols, and prepared to receive them if they again attempted to molest us. Before we all got prepared for a second defence, they rushed upon us, firing pistols as they advanced, the balls of which whizzed over us, and, as we afterwards saw, pierced our trunks. Reluctant as we were to shed blood, we did not hesitate to return their fire, when they had got within five yards of us brandishing their knives and as desperate a looking set of black-legs as I should ever wish to encounter. A ball from Mr. Townley's pistol brought down their leader, and we were in the act of engaging with our knives, when a happy diversion was made in our favor by a shout close at hand, and a crew of gallant Kentucky boatmen, consisting of a

father and five sons, roused by the skirmishing, came up from their boat to our rescue. They rushed upon the gamblers so unexpectedly, that, after making slight defence, they fled into the forests, leaving their chief dead not four yards from our bivouack. At the same moment, the deep "boom" of an ascending steamer reached our ears. We were congratulating each other upon our escape, and thanking the brave boatmen, when a loud wild cry from Mr. Townley chilled the blood in our veins. We looked, and saw him leaning over the body of the slain robber. His daughter flew to him, gazed at the face of the dead, shrieked and cast herself upon the body.

It was his son—her brother! He had fallen by his father's hand. Poor Mr. Townley! he never came to his reason, to realize the full extent of his misery. He grew imbecile, and perished a few months afterwards, a broken-hearted wreck. Charlotte Townley still lives, but consumption is eating the bloom from her cheek, and her fading form will soon lie in the grave beside her father's.

LITERARY NOTICES.

VIRGIL; With English Notes. By Francis Bowen, A. M. Boston: David H. Williams.

THOSE of our young friends who have not finished their classical education in the school-room, and still more, those who, without the assistance of an instructor, are endeavoring to initiate themselves into the pleasures attendant on the mysteries of the Latin tongue, will feel greatly indebted to Mr. Bowen for this elegant and accurate edition to Virgil. It contains all of Virgil's writings but one or two of the doubtful minor poems, illustrated by a body of valuable notes. The editor remarks in his preface, and in his practice shows that he knows what the notes of a school book should be; not such pedantic annotations as only serve to show the author's stores of classical lore, while they frighten and confuse the ignorant; not authoritative dicta on subjects which are matters of discussion among critics; not elaborate dissertations branching forth, *ad libitum*, from the text; not long translations which lift the student over ground over which he might have walked himself with ease; and, more than all, not windy, pretended explanations which, under the guise of a free or liberal

translation of the text confound such confusion as there is in the learner's mind, and leave the teacher a conviction of the ignorance of the annotator. Mr. Bowen's notes are short, accurate and to the point. At the same time, no one will complain that he does not give assistance enough. In his desire to make the volume useful to all classes of learners, he has hardly limited the number of his notes; they are more numerous than has been usual in our classical school books. It will therefore, as we have implied, recommend itself particularly to those who study without the attention of a master, though we do not doubt that the masters and scholars of our classical schools will readily avail themselves of it. A careful examination of the volume assures us that its accuracy is such as we expected from the well known ability of the editor.

HENRY OF OFFERDINGEN. A Romance. From the German of Novalis. Cambridge. John Owen. 1842.

THE translator has prefixed to this volume a biography of the author, whose real name, as is

well known to the German reader, was Frederick von Hardenberg. The materials are drawn from a Life written by Tieck, to accompany a German edition of his writings. He appears to have been a person of a most delicate constitution of body, and a highly poetical frame of mind. His life was short, but long enough to give promise of great things. He died before he had finished his twenty-ninth year;—his biographer remarks, "With a spirit much in advance of his times, his country might have promised itself great things of him had not an untimely death cut him off. Yet his unfinished writings have already had their influence; many of his great thoughts will yet inspire futurity; and noble minds and deep thinkers will be enlightened and set on fire by the sparks of his spirit."

He himself calls this romance an "Apotheosis of poetry. Henry of Ofterdingen becomes in the first part ripe for a poet, and in the second part is declared poet." The youthful hero, who has within him the germs of poetry, sets off from his quiet home on a journey with his mother to visit her relations. It was in days when journeys were not made as now upon rail roads where every thing goes on so smoothly that the adventures of a thousand miles may be written in a dozen lines, and they met and joined company with travelling merchants warriors and miners, who told stories, and talked wisdom and poetry and philosophy for mutual entertainment till they reached their journey's end. Here Henry meets a real poet, who opens to him the unknown land of fable and song. This poet too has a lovely daughter, Matilda. But it is vain to attempt an analysis of the book or of such story as it contains. It is the natural product of an author who regarded "what was most usual and nearest to him as full of marvels, and the strange and supernatural as usual and commonplace." It abounds in beautiful pictures and exquisite thoughts, which are connected by a singular frame work of narrative which cannot and ought not be separated from them.

It is divided as we have said, into two parts, *The Expectation*, and *The Fulfilment*. The author left it unfinished, dying before he had brought it to an end. Tieck, his biographer, at the close, gives a sketch of the plan of the second part and the manner in which the author had intended to finish it, so far as he was able to do so from his recollections of conversations with his friend. Our readers will remember that under the title of "*The Miner*," we published some passages translated from this work in the March number of the *Miscellany*.

This translation as far as we have had opportunity to examine it, is faithful and elegant, and the author of it, who has withheld his name, deserves the thanks of the public for putting within the reach of every one so agreeable a book, and one so highly popular in the original.

FATHERS AND SONS. A Novel. By Theodore E. Hook, Esq. 2 volumes.

This novel has been published abroad, and reprinted in this country since the death of its witty and distinguished author. He was engaged on its revision at the time of his death last year. We are told that he left another novel, *Precepts and Practice*, which will also soon be published. We regret that whoever had the charge of Mr. Hook's manuscripts should have thought proper to throw before the public a book, which, as is admitted, had not received the full attention given by him to the works which were published under his own eye. It must be regarded as an incomplete production; incomplete, because the author had not expended the time and labor upon it which he wished to do, and, if we may judge from the work itself, because his ready wit and intelligence were dimmed and weakened as his health failed, and he had not that power left, by the aid of which he gave to the world the more successful productions of earlier and happier days.

After saying thus much we do not feel privileged to speak, in detail, of the faults of *Fathers and Sons*. It has some peculiarities, attempts at variation from the ordinary course of novel writing which give it an air of singularity, and might perhaps, if they had been carried out under happier auspices, have added to its attractions. The author tells the different parts of his story precisely as he would tell to a friend from day to day, the history of any passing occurrence as its details transpired. He professes to wonder, with the reader, what can be the result of the various incidents and movements of which he speaks, to be as much in doubt as the reader is with respect to the denouement. Again, he exerts himself to give his reader a vivid perception of all the movements which the different parties make, precisely at the times when they occur; to let him keep the *chronology* of the novel perfect even in unimportant details: if Mr. A. happened to take his claret at his club at the moment Mr. B. left a railroad train for an omnibus, B's narrative is interrupted that A's transaction may take its proper place in time. We allude to this singularity, because we have thought it must arise from the nervousness of ill health; we feel constantly, while reading, that the author grew tired of any circle of his characters, after writing a few lines about them, and took relief in turning to another.

We are constantly reminded of the turn of Hook's mind; that it regarded every thing, in the first instance, in its relation to the arts of punning and conversing. This is not a mental organization which gives the novelist any great advantage, indeed no author's peculiarities of thought please us when continually presented us. No one will read the book however, who will not be reminded by it of

the fund of entertainment which has been afforded by the happier efforts of the author's pen: the plot is involved and disagreeable, but the kind tone of feeling exhibited through the book, and numerous brilliant and vigorous passages make us regret once more the loss of one of the wittiest men of his day.

THE BURNEY PAPERS. *Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay*. Edited by her niece. Part II.

WE took occasion in the last number of the Miscellany to notice the First Part of this book. This Second Part is not less sprightly and interesting. The tone and subjects of the Diary change somewhat. The scene is no longer confined to the small circle at Mrs. Thrale's, and the more intimate friends of the author. As she became more and more known as a writer, she is carried forward into a larger circle, and she describes persons and relates conversations with still more spirit as she grows more accustomed to the task. The matter however becomes somewhat more grave;—poor Dr. Johnson's infirmities increase upon him; he can no longer join in the social circle, and at last his devoted friend and admirer is forced to record his death; while the death of Mr. Thrale, and subsequent imprudent marriage of his widow, produces an almost entire change in the associations of Miss Burney.

Her descriptions of London society however, are highly entertaining; and the conversations are detailed with so much spirit that one almost feels as if he were reading the best chapters of her novels, only that he is constantly met with real names of persons whom he is glad to know about. In the course of this volume she comes to be the friend of the once celebrated Mrs. Delany, and

through her is appointed to an office about the person of the late Queen Charlotte. She enters upon the duties of this place towards the close of this volume, with great misgivings, which, from the notices we see of the third part of the Diary in the English papers, (this part has not yet been republished here) were not unfounded. The work as far as it has appeared, is certainly one of the most entertaining of the day.

HISTORY OF THE EXPEDITION UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPTAINS LEWIS AND CLARK TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN. Performed during the years 1804, 1805, 1806, by order of the Government of the United States. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS work forms the volumes 154 and 155 of the Harper's Family Library. It is revised, and abridged from the official narrative by the omission of unimportant details, and furnished with an introduction and notes by Archibald M'Vickar. As the original work was nearly out of print, "the publishers thought it a suitable time to put forth an edition of the Journal of Lewis & Clark, pruned of unimportant details, with a sketch of the progress of maritime discovery on the Pacific coast, a summary account of earlier attempts to penetrate the vast western wilderness, and such extracts and illustrations from the narratives of later travellers, led by objects of trade, the love of science, or religious zeal, as the limits of the undertaking would allow."

Lewis & Clark's journey was one of the most interesting of the expeditions of modern science. Mr. M'Vickar has succeeded well in his attempt to condense the official narrative, without impairing its spirit or lessening the interest which attaches to it.

PARIS FASHIONS.

Bridal dress of white Tartalanne, trimmed with flounces of broad lace—the sleeves with lace to match, put on spirally beneath an inserting. The hair dressed very low in simple braids at the sides—a wreath of maiden blush roses in front, and a blond veil on the back of the head.

A walking dress of Gros de Naples, corsage plain, tight sleeves and a moderately sized capuchin, or round cape. A simple cottage bonnet of watered silk, with full bows and long ends. Blond bonnet cap, with bow of the same beneath the chin, and ample ends.

THE RAINBOW.

POETRY BY CAMPBELL, MUSIC BY G. J. WEBB.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano

Forte.

1. How glo - - rious is thy gir - dle cast, O'er
 2. As fresh on yon ho - - ri - zon dark, As
 3. For, faith - ful to its sa - cred page, Heav'n

moun - tain, tow'r, and hill, Or mir - rored in the
 young thy beau - ties seen, As when the ca - gle
 still re - builds thy span, Nor lets the type grow

o - cean vast, A thou - sand fath - oms down, A
from the ark First sport - ed in thy beam, First
pale with age, That first spoke peace to man, That

ad lib.
thou - - sand fath - - - oms down.
sport - - ed in - - - thy beam.
first spoke peace to man.

colla voce.

BOSTON MISCELLANY.

THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.—No. III.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

"—— which contain the honour of the dead, the fame of the living, the glory of peace, and the best power of our speech, and wherein so many honorable spirits have sacrificed to memory their dearest passions, shewing by what divine influence they have been moved, and under what stars they lived."

Daniel's "Defense of Rime."

"Whatever those inspired souls
Were urged to express, did shake
The aged Deep, and both the Poles;
Their numerous thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which does with Heaven consent
To all they wrote, and all they meant."

WALLER.

THE foremost characteristic of Massinger, as we gather it from his writings, is a refined and grave dignity, fired with a certain Sir Philip Sydneyism of chivalrous gentlemanliness, and highly-wrought courtesy. We use the word gentlemanliness in its first meaning, and not as the exponent of any particular artificial grade in society. Massinger respected rank as being, in most cases, the representative at least of an ancestral virtue, but he did not from the fineness of the coat judge of the nobility of the heart under it, nor predicate the clearness of the spirit upon that of the skin. If he have not so much outward independence of manner as some of his fellow-dramatists, yet the bitter friendlessness of his last moments proves that, in an age of patronage, he had not stooped to servility, which, as it starves the soul, so also does it take the more lavish care of the body whose pander and bawd it is. That great and noble heart, as it turned full of an almost overwhelming sorrow from a neglectful world,

with buzzing temporalities, to the peaceful welcome home of eternal rest and silence, must have been taunted and mocked by a crowd of bitter memories. But it could yet bid farewell with an unshrinking and lofty majesty, being yet more a king, and over wider realms, in its dethronement than in the fullness of its sway, since it could not be reproached with one act of meanness or cowardice, or with ever having put the soul in pawn to satisfy the pampered cravings of the body. In all his poverty and low estate he did not bate a jot of heart or hope, for these can but reveal to the truly poetic spirit the full glory of its calling, giving it a more inward and cultured sympathy with the common wants and sorrows of humanity. How sublime becomes for us the pent up garret of the artist! How does the remembrance of the mighty soul which toiled there—of that thoughtful brow and looking eyes from rather than of a —make the nar-

row walls vanish so that we feel as if we hung in the infinite abyss of space, and the little world were but a tiny point of sparkling light which we can shut out with our hand.

Massinger had nothing of the coward in him, and never lets his respect for rank put its timeserving hand over the mouth of his fealty to truth and virtue. He felt himself to be a peer of the realm of nature, a lord spiritual in an establishment as eternal as Truth itself, one of those nobles whose patent we can read in their faces, in the tone of their voice, in the grasp of their hand; who rule over their fellow-men by a divine right which not even time and death dare dispute, and who leave the outward distinctions of a conventional littleness to such as can best fashion realities out of such pretty fictions. Often he swoops down upon some knighted vice, some meanness skulking behind a star-breasted coat, or some beducked infamy, and sometimes, like an eagle in a dovecot, flutters even the dwellers within the sacred precincts of the court itself. Yet, while he does not bend cap in hand before an outward and customary superiority, he has none of that arrogant assumption of equality which is indeed the basest and most degrading kind of aristocracy. Freedom is all that men can lay claim to in common, and that is no true manhood which needs comparison with others to set it off. Massinger, as we have said, is eminent for his gentlemanlike feeling, and the true gentleman is he who knows, and knows how to gain for himself without an exaction what is his due, rather than he who gives their dues to others.—The latter needs but an exercise of justice, and is, indeed, included in the former, which must needs be endowed with patience, gentleness, humble dignity, and all the honorable and virtuous adornments of a wise and courageous humanity.

We shall copy here a few random passages from all his plays, both to illustrate what we have said and what we have yet to say of our poet.

CHARITY.

—look on the poor
With gentle eyes! *for in such habits often
Angels desire on alms.*

AN UNCONQUERED MIND.

He that hath stood
The roughest battery that captivity
Could ever bring to shake a constant temper,
Despised the fawnings of a future greatness
By beauty in her full perfection tendered,
That hears of death as of a quiet slumber,
And from the surpluse of his own firmness
Can spare enough of fortitude to assure
A feeble woman, *will not, Mustapha
Be altered in his soul by any torments
We can afflict his body with.*

* * * * *

—conquest

Over base foes is a captivity
And not a triumph. I ne'er feared to die
More than I wished to live. When I had reached
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt, and witness truth that, now
'Tis in another's power when I shall part
With them and life together, I'm the same:
My veins then did not swell with pride, nor now
Shrink they for fear.

MARTYRDOM.

The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are scaffolding by which the soul climbs up
To an eternal habitation.

VOX POPULI NOT ALWAYS VOX DEI.

Extraordinary virtues, when they soar
Too high a pitch for common sights to judge of,
Losing their proper splendor, are condemned
For most remarkable vices.

The following fine passage is a good specimen of Massinger's most fiery style. It has none of that volcanic aspect which startles us into admiring wonder in Chapman, whose rustling vines and calm snow-capt head, which seems made to slumber in the peaceful blue, are on the sudden deluged with surging lava from the burning heart below, — none of that lightning brilliance which blurs the eyes of our better critical judgement. It savors rather of the dignified indignation of Tully which never forgets that it has saved Rome, and would not jar the studied * taste of the porticoes or the Academy.

To you,

Whom it does most concern, my lord, I will
Address my speech, and, with a soldier's freedom,
In my reproof, return the bitter scoff
You threw upon my poverty: you contemned
My coarser outside, and from that concluded
(As by your groom you made me understand)
I was unworthy to sit at your table
Among these tissues and embroideries,
Unless I changed my habit: I have done it,
And shew myself in that which I have worn
In the heat and fervor of a bloody fight;
And then it was in fashion, not (as now)
Ridiculous and despised. This hath past through
A wood of pikes, and every one aimed at it,
Yet scorned to take impression of their fury:
With this, as still you see it, fresh and new
I've charged through fire that would have singed
your sables,
Black fox and ermines, and changed the proud
color
Of scarlet though of the right Tyrian die.—
But now, as if the trappings made the man,
Such only are admired as come adorned
With what's no part of them. This is mine own,
My richest suit, a suit I must not part from,
But not regarded now: and yet, remember
'Tis we that bring you in the means of feasts,
Banquets and revels, which when you possess,

* We do not mean to imply any artificiality like the foresighted pathos of Sheridan's "My gods!" or the coughs of the famous Oliver Maillard, in the manuscript of whose sermon preached at Bruges in 1500, the words "Hem, hem, hem," are inserted at certain intervals. See note in *Du Chat's Rebellais*.

With barbarous ingratitude you deny us
To be made sharers in the harvest which
Our sweat and industry reaped and sowed for
you.

The silks you wear, we with our blood spin for
you ;

This massy plate, that with the ponderous weight
Doth make your cupboards crack, we (unaffrighted
With tempests, or the long and tedious way,
Or dreadful monsters of the deep that wait
With open jaws still ready to devour us)
Fetch from the other world. Let it not then
In after ages to your shame be spoken
That you with no relenting eyes look on
Our wants that feed your plenty ; or consume,
In prodigal and wanton gifts on drones,
The kingdom's treasure, yet detain from us
The debt that with the hazard of our lives
We have made you stand engaged for ; or force us,
Against all civil government, in armor
To require that which with all willingness
Should be tendered ere demanded.

DEATH.

How the innocent
As in a gentle slumber pass away !
But to cut off the knotty thread of life
In guilty men, must force stern Atropos
To use her sharp knife often.

DOUBT.

To doubt
Is worse than to have lost.

* * * * *

Where true honor lives,
Doubt hath no being.

FREEDOM.

I have ever loved
An equal freedom, and proclaimed all such
As would usurp on others' liberties
Rebels to nature, to whose bounteous blessings
All men lay claim as true legitimate sons.

REVERENCE IN LOVE.

Leosthenes. Honest simplicity and truth were
The agents I employed, and when I came [all
To see you, it was with that reverence
As I beheld the altars of the gods ;
And love that came along with me, was taught
To leave his arrows and his torch behind
Quenched in my fear to give offence.

Cleora. And 'twas
That modesty that took me and preserves me
Like a fresh rose in mine own natural sweetness,
Which, sullied by the touch of impure hands,
Loses both scent and beauty.

DREAD.

What a bridge
Of glass I walk upon, over a river
Of certain ruin, mine own weighty fears
Cracking what should support me !

SUICIDE.

He
That kills himself to avoid misery fears it,
And, at the best, shows but a bastard valour.
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up till it be forced,
Nor will I : he's not valiant that dares die,
But he that boldly bears calamity.

PROCRASTINATION.

The resolution that grows cold to-day,
Will freeze to-morrow.

But, after all, such few gleanings as we
can make in the way of extracts, can give
us but a limited idea of the quality of the
field. The general impression gathered
from the man's whole works will be nearer
the truth. It is the more likely to be so
because in Massinger's plays the whole
power of the man is plainly put forth. We
do not feel in reading him, that he was

"A budding star, that might have grown
Into a sun when it had blown."*

There is nothing rugged or precipitous in
his genius, no peaks that lose themselves
in the clouds, — all is smooth, table land,
with scarce an unevenness of surface. We
never could say which of his plays was
our favorite. This sustained vigor shows
strength and unweariedness of mind rather
than high poetic genius. Genius seems to
want stedfastness, not by sinking below its
proper pitch, but from the instinct which
forever goads it to soar higher and higher.

In the best of Massinger's characters we
seem to have a true, unconscious picture of
himself, a photographic likeness, as it were,
of his soul when the sunshine was upon it.
We mean in their speeches, for their actions
are held in utter serfdom by the plot, which
Massinger seems to have considered sove-
reign by divine right. To change their
entire nature seems but a light exercise of
their loyalty, and they would drink up
Eysell or eat a crocodile for the gratification
of their liege lord with pleased alacrity.
There is but little variety in his leading
characters, and they are all plainly Philip
Massinger. It has often been said that the
greatest genius never thus reproduces itself.
Byron felt this to be true, as is clear from
the uneasiness he showed when the masks
of his various characters were torn away
and disclosed beneath the narrow features
of the peer. The true test seems to us the
sameness rather than the portraiture of self,
for genius must draw from within, and it
differs from other natures not in being of a
higher kind but in that it contains all oth-
ers.† Which of Shakspeare's characters
shall we say is Shakspeare? — and yet,
which shall we say is not? Round the
brow of all Byron's heroes we can trace a
scarlet token of the pressure of a coronet.
That little imaginary golden circle had
ample room and verge enough for the poet's
soul ; — what, save the emblem of eternity,
could have been a proper fillet for that of
Shakspeare?

To return to Massinger. There is a great
deal of nobleness about him, and often we

* Carew. Epitaph on Lady Mary Villers.

† " — only spirit

In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up."

Shakspeare. *Troilus and Cressida*, A. 1, S. 3.

catch the lingering savor of a rich and fearless benignity which had been driven from its still home in his heart by the hard and bitter uses of the world. His nobleness is clearly his own, and not an outside virtue put on with his player's cloak and left in the wardrobe of the theatre folded up for fear of soiling. We say his nobleness is his own,—for there is a nobleness which is not noble, a fair-weather greatness, springing from without, whereby a man is wafted to honorable deeds by the prosperous breath of friends' applause, or is spurred on thereto by a pitiful emulation of the laurels rather than of the nature of a true, inborn worthiness. Nobleness emulates itself only, and shows as majestic in its own sight as in that of the world. It is humble enough to think God as good society as man. We do not mean that the glorified lives and deaths of the great souls who have gone before it are not to be a staff and a help to the noble spirit, but we deem that but a bastard greatness which must take root in the past, fearing to trust its seeds to the dim future, and preferring the beggarly Outward to the infinite Within. It is out of this meagre soil that the desire of fame springs, which has never yet achieved aught for the advancement of the race, and which seems rather to be a quality of the body than of the soul. The soul is put here to purify and elevate itself, and thereby the universal soul of man; and it needs no outward token of reverence, since it carries with it an inward record and badge of its having fulfilled its mission, more authentic than the palm branch of the pilgrim to Jerusalem, or the green turban of the Hadgi. But the body, having more sympathies with earth than with heaven, is forever haunted by a longing to leave behind it here some ponderous marble satire upon the short comings of its former tenant. The true poet feels nothing of this. Like his mother Nature, he casts down his seeds with a free and bounteous hand, and leaves them to the nursing of the sun and the rain, the wind and the dew. Massinger is clearly of a natively honorable and fair composition. He is one of those who could not help being noble, even if littleness were the whole world's ideal of beauty. His greatness was domestic wholly, and did not lean upon others. For what true Man asks the verdict of any soul but his own? Simple, self-forgetting majesty is one great charm of these old poets. It was natural and homely, and thought not of the reviews or the market-place. Its root is inward, but it blossoms and bears fruit outwardly in deeds and words of a lofty and godlike justice and simplicity. But for that other bastard usurping virtue, as its root is outward, would that its blossom and fruit might be

outward likewise, and so the soul be free from unsatisfied longings, from the gnawings of reproachful seeming, and all other craven terrors.

One chief cause of the higher grandeur of the poesy of those days was that poets revered their calling, and did not lightly assume the holy name of seer—a name which, for some generations since, seems to have been mainly claimed and most readily conceded to those who could *not* see, so that what was once the type of all most awful and majestic things became a mock and a byeword, and those golden arrows which had slain the Pythian serpent and whose dreadful clang had sent fear through the bravest hearts of Greece, were either defiled and bedimmed by the foul venom of a crawling satire, or, reeking with wine, and feathered with courtly ribaldry, were launched feebly from the stews and bagnios at the hearts of Celas and Cloes whose Arcadia was the court of Charles II, and their *Astraea redux*, the duchess of Portsmouth. Our elder poets did so much talk of living for eternity as think of living in it, well knowing that time is not a point without it, but that now and in the soul of man is indeed the very centre on which that infinite circle can alone be described. In those days even the quacks had loftier ideas of their art and of the nobleness of life requisite to its practisers than many a poet now has of his.*

Massinger had a true and lofty feeling of the sacred calling of the poet. He thought rather of what he was born for than of himself. For, inasmuch as the poetic nature is more truly and fully expressed in a man, by so much is there less of individuality and personality about him. This nature exists in its highest and clearest beauty where the spirit of the man is wholly given up to the universal spirit, and the seer feels himself to be only the voice of something beyond thought and more sure than reason,—something more awful and mysterious than can be arrived at by the uttermost gropings of the most unbounded and strongest-winged imagining. Somewhat lower than this, but in the same kind, is Art, which seems, after all definitions, to be merely the unconscious instinct of genius,

* Lilly, the astrologer, who sat for the portrait of Sidrophel in *Hudibras*, speaking of astrology, says "the study required in that kind of learning must be sedentary, of great reading, sound judgment, which no man can accomplish except he wholly retire, use prayer, and accompany himself with angelical visitations."—(See his *Autobiography*.) So also Michael Sandivogius, in his "New Light of Alchymy," says "The searcher of Nature ought to be such as Nature herself is, true, plain, patient, constant; and that which is chiefest of all, religious, fearing God, not injurious to their neighbour."

that is—of the healthiest and most natural nature.* Thus, in the hand of the true artist, the pen, the brush, or the chisel, seems rather to be in the all-powerful grasp of destiny herself, with so much swiftness and easy certainty does it body forth such baser and more outward portions of the overruling beauty as may be materially expressed, creating for the philosopher *proofs*† of those universal laws which he is laboriously splicing out of separate facts. — Only in the rapid flush of inspiration,—in the highest moments of the highest souls,—is this perfect artistic unconsciousness attained to by man, for the spirit of God cannot flow through these channels of clay, without losing somewhat of its crystal clearness.

We have said that Massinger's attempts at humor generally sunk into grossness. There was no luxuriance in his character. He has none of that spiritual sensuousness which we so often find connected with the highest poetic faculty—a kind of rosy nakedness of Greek freedom which yet has no touch of immodesty in it. It is a faculty which belongs in perfection only to that evenly-balanced nature which gives its just right to both body and soul. It is as far removed from sensuality as from over delicacy, which may be called conventionalized grossness, since it keeps indeed its eyes and lips chaste as the icicle that hangs in Dian's temple, but has its heart and fancy thronging with prophetic pictures of all manner of uncleanness which may by any remote chance assail it. There is less immodesty in the stark nakedness of virtue than in the closest veil of vice.

Massinger has grossness enough, but none of this fine sensuality—this *bodily feeling* of the beautiful. Indeed, it is inconsistent with grossness, being but an entire fusion of body and spirit, so that we hear, see, smell, touch and taste, with the soul. It is a lifting of the body up to the soul's level, whereas grossness brings down the soul to that of the body. Poets who possess this instinct most fully are the best describers of outward and material nature, with which, through their bodily senses thus sublimated, they have a finer and wider sympathy. And it is not by going out of themselves into nature that they can, as it were, paint the very feelings of seemingly dead and senseless things, but rather

by taking her into and interpenetrating her with their own spirits, thus showing the true law of sympathy, which is to raise its objects to its own fullest height, and not to descend to theirs. Therefore in the best landscapes, even of the most desert and barren solitudes, the crowning charm seems to be a certain humanness which sympathizes with the highest wants of the soul, and has like feelings, it may be, of the sunlight and moonlight and all the vast harmonies of Nature. We did not look to find this faculty in Massinger. It has only been shown by our greatest poets. We find it in Chaucer, Spenser and Shakspeare eminently, and in our own day perhaps more in Keats than any other. Sometimes we see it reversed, and find the spirit sensualized, as in some of the poems of Crashawe, a man of impure youth and Magdalen age, by whom the marriage of the soul with the Savior is celebrated in strains better befitting an earthly Epithalamium.

Massinger's style is manly, strong and straightforward. He writes blank-verse remarkably well for a man whose lyrics and other attempts at rhyme prove him to have been entirely destitute of any musical ear. Sometimes, when he imitates the favorite trick of Fletcher, and ends his lines with what may be termed a spondee, his verse has a show of more grace than is usual with him. As in the two following passages, which have moreover a great tenderness of sentiment.

Good madam, for your health's sake, clear these clouds up

That feed upon your beauty like diseases.
Time's hand will turn again, and what he ruins
Gently restore, and wipe off all your sorrows.
Believe, you are to blame, much to blame, lady;
You tempt his loving care whose eye has numbered
All our afflictions and the time to cure them:
You rather with this torrent choke his mercies,
Than gently slide into his providence.
Sorrows are well allowed, and sweeten nature
When they express no more than drops on lilies;
But, when they fall in storms, they bruise our hopes,
Make us unable, though our comforts meet us,
To hold our heads up: come, you shall take comfort;
This is a sullen grief becomes condemned men,
That feel a weight of sorrow through their souls:
Do but look up. Why, so! is not this better
Than hanging down your head still like a violet
And dropping out those sweet eyes for a wager?

In this passage, sixteen out of the nineteen lines end in the manner indicated above. Again,

Not far from where my father lives, a lady,
A neighbor by, blest with as great a beauty
As nature durst bestow without undoing,
Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then,
And blest the house a thousand times she dwelt in.
This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter but my fondness,
In all the bravery my friends could show me,
In all the faith mine innocence could give me,
In the best language my true tongue could tell

* Sir Thomas Browne calls "art the perfection of nature," and "nature the art of God."—*Religio Medici*.

† Coleridge, hearing one speak of an argument between Mackintosh and somebody else which had been very long and intricate, exclaimed "If there had been a man of genius in the room he would have settled it in five minutes."—*Hazlitt's Re-mains*.

And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend me,
I sued and served. Long did I love this lady,
Long was my travail, long my trade to win her;
With all the duty of my soul I served her.

We now and then meet in his plays some of those forced conceits which became so fashionable a short time after in the writings of what has been (rather inaptly) called "the metaphysical school," who would borrow the shears of Atropos to snip off a flower of speech, and seem to have taken more pains to "cast a figure" than ever astrologers did. We copy one specimen.

My much loved lord, were Margaret only fair,
The cannon of her more than earthly form,
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,
And rammed with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses
Could batter none but that which guards your sight.

This is as bad as some of the gallant Wyatt's sonnets, or as that prison which King Thibaud the troubadour tells us he was locked in "of which Love keeps the key, aided by his three bailiffs Hope Deferred, Beauty and Anxiety." Chapman sometimes indulges his fancy in the same way; but in him it seems like the play of a giant heaping Ossa on Pelion. Butler, a man of genius and sturdy English feeling, was wont to say, Aubrey tells us, that "that way (e. g. Edm. Waller's) of quibbling with sence will hereafter grow as much out of fashion and be as ridicule as quibbling with wordes." If all English poets had maintained their loyalty to our glorious tongue as fearlessly as Butler did* and had not so sheepishly allowed half-penny critics to be the best judges of an art as far above them as the glorious lyre which nightly burns in Heaven, our "collections of Poets" would not have been so much like catacombs of withered anatomies, which fall to dust under our touch.

We finish our extracts with the following from the "Roman Actor," which shews that Massinger had a true feeling of the independence of the poet and of the stage, and that he esteemed the latter (what it doubtless is when rightly conducted) a good helper in the cause of virtue and refinement.

—But, 'tis urged
That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors:—

* See his poems "On Critics," and "On our ridiculous imitation of the French" in especial.

When do we bring a vice upon the stage
That does go off unpunished? Do we teach,
By the success of wicked undertakings,
Others to tread in their forbidden steps?
We show no arts of Lydian panderism,
Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,
But mulcted so in the conclusion, that
Even those spectators that were so inclined
Go home changed men. And, for traducing such
That are above us, publishing to the world
Their secret crimes, we are as innocent
As such as are born dumb. When we present
An heir that does conspire against the life
Of his dear parent, numbering every hour
He lives as tedious to him; if there be
Among the auditors one whose conscience tells him
He is of the same mould, — WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, bringing on the stage a loose adulteress,
That does maintain the riotous expense
Of him that feeds her greedy lust, yet suffers
The lawful pledges of a former bed
To starve the while for hunger; if a matron,
However great in fortune, birth, or titles
Guilty of such a foul, unnatural sin,
Cry out — 'tis writ for me, — WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, when a covetous man's exspect, whose wealth
Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships
A falcon in one day cannot fly over,
Yet he so sordid in his mind, so griping,
As not to afford himself the necessities
To maintain life; — if a patrician
(Though honored with a consulship) find himself
Touched to the quick in this, — WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, when we show a judge that is corrupt,
And will give up the sentence, as he favors
The person not the cause, saving the guilty,
If of his faction, and as oft condemning
The innocent out of particular spleen, —
If any in this reverend assembly,
Nay, even yourself, my lord, that are the image
Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom
That puts you in remembrance of things past
Or things intended, — 'TIS NOT IN US TO HELP IT.

And so, farewell, Philip Massinger! —
Thou wast one of the deathless brotherhood
who reared so fair a statue to the God
of song, for the love and reverence ye bore
him only, and not like Domitian, that your
own images might show prominently on
his bosom. Happy art thou now in thy
nameless grave, free from the cark and
care whose bitter rust prey most upon the
poet's heart. Happy in that thou canst be
praised without envy, and that thou art far
removed from the carping of men who
would measure all genius by their own
standard, — who respect the dead body more
than the living soul, and who esteem con-
temporaneousness an excuse for malignity,
grossness, and all other basenesses which
disgracefully distinguish the man from the
brute. Happy art thou there in the infinite
peace and silence.

SCENES IN GOETHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

THE *Spirit-Land*, and the first of the following scenes, were inserted by the translator in an address on German Literature, delivered at Dartmouth College in 1839, and printed soon after, chiefly for distribution among the students. They will probably be new to most of our readers. The other scene has never been published.

The plan of *Faust* was conceived by Goethe very early in his literary life, but was executed slowly and at long intervals of time. The first draft is supposed to have been made between 1770 and 1775. It was published, for the first time, in 1790, in a complete edition of the author's works, where it appeared as a fragment, without the introductory scenes, and with important variations in other respects, from its later form.

It was first published in its present shape in the edition of the author's works that appeared in 1807. In the introductory stanzas, which were then prefixed, for the first time, under the title of *Zueignung*,—"Dedication,"—and to which the translator has given the title of the *Spirit Land*, the poet expresses his feelings on resuming the favorite work of his earlier years at a later period of life, when most of the friends and companions of his youth had been separated from him. The stanzas are distinguished by a tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, which are not very frequently the prevailing characteristics in Goethe's works, and which render this one of the most pleasing of his minor poems.

I.

THE SPIRIT LAND.

Again ye throng around me, shadowy dreams,
That wout before my youthful eyes to play!
Shall I once more your ever changing gleams
Attempt to catch before they pass away?
And now ye nearer press. Then since, it seems,
Ye must and will appear, I bid you stay;
Although your presence racks my tortured brain
With a deep sense of long-forgotten pain.

For with you come fond thoughts of many a day
Of bliss, and many a form to fancy dear;
And like some ancient, half-remembered lay,
Departed loves and friendships re-appear,
Fresh bleeds each grief, that time could ne'er allay;
And memory reckons o'er, with wo severe,
The good, whose flower of happiness was crost
In its fresh bud,—the early loved and lost.

They cannot hear the lays that now I sing,
The gentle hearts, for whom I sang before;
Dissevered is the friendly gathering,
And that first kind response is heard no more.
The few survivors of my joyous spring
Are scattered far o'er every sea and shore,
While I, abandoned, tune my ancient strain
To a strange crowd, whose very praise is pain.

And o'er me steals a long unfelt desire
To reach the silent, solemn *Spirit Land*;
Low, lisping notes, as of the *Æolian* lyre,
Breathe from the strings beneath my wavering hand;
Tears follow fast on tears; the soul of fire
Grows faint and weak, by softness all unmann'd;
And the fair scenes, in which my lot is cast,
Appear like dreams;—I live but in the past.

II.

SCENE IN THE LIBRARY.

CHARACTERS.

FAUST.

WAGNER, a Student, residing in his house.

The outline of the plot of Faust is, of course, familiar to most of our readers. Dr. Faustus, a distinguished scholar of the middle ages, makes a compact with the Prince of Darkness, by which he surrenders his soul to eternal punishment hereafter, on condition of renewing his youth, and being gratified in all his wishes in this world. After the dedication, and the introductory scenes, the piece opens with the appearance of Faust, or Dr. Faustus, seated in his

library,—surrounded with books, and at the same time beset with cares and doubts,—the victim of weariness, disgust and despair. While he is indulging in a train of reflections on the vanity of learning and science, analogous to these sentiments, he is overheard by Wagner, a student residing in his house, who supposes him to be reciting a Greek play, and comes in to improve himself in the art of declamation. The following dialogue takes place between them.

Faust.

Oh death!—'tis he!—I know his knock:
Perdition seize the senseless block!
While communing with spirits, face to face,
'Tis hard to be called off by this dull Pratapace.

Wagner (enters).

Forgive me, sir! I heard your declamation,
And thought you must be reading some Greek play.
I long have wished to mend my recitation:
'Tis necessary at the present day.
A clergyman, indeed,—'tis often said,
Should to an actor go to learn his trade.

Faust.

Aye!—if he mean himself to be a player;
And that is not unfrequently the case.

Wagner.

But how should one, who hardly feels the air,
Or sees the light, except on holidays,
Chained to his parchment rolls, without vacation,
Know any thing of graces or persuasion?

Faust.

Persuasion, friend, comes not by toil or art;
Hard study never made the matter clearer:
'Tis the live fountain in the speaker's heart,
Sends forth the streams that melt the ravished hearer:
Then work away for life; heap book on book,
Line upon line, and precept on example:
The stupid multitude may gape and look,
And fools may think your stock of wisdom ample:
But all remain unmoved: to touch the heart,—
To make men feel, requires a different art.
For touching hearts the only secret known,
My worthy friend, is this:—to have one of your own!

Wagner.

But still the manner's every thing in preaching:
I know it, though I fail in that partic'lar.

Faust.

Manner! find out some matter worth the teaching,
Nor be for words and forms a barren stickler.

The spirit's all : — no matter for the letter.
 Good sense and truth are good enough for men.
 Hast any thing to say ? Out with it, then !
 And the more natural the style, the better.
 Your pompous words, — your phrases nicely joined
 Will find the people deaf as any adder ;
 They 're but dry leaves, that rustle in the wind,
 No comfort for the soul ; — peas in a bladder.

Wagner.

But art, alas ! is long and life is short ;
 How much to learn ! — how little time to learn it !
 This studying hard is, after all, dull sport,
 And head-aches often force one to adjourn it.
 How hard to master all the kinds of aid
 That help us on to learning's fountain-head !
 And then, before the journey is half made,
 The chance is, the poor traveller is dead.

Faust.

What fountain-head ? Is parchment then the spring
 At which the soul must quench its dying thirst ?
 My friend ! for this no streams refreshment bring,
 Unless the source in thine own bosom burst.

Wagner.

But, pardon me ! it gives me great delight
 To enter into the spirit of various ages,
 And see the progress we have made in light,
 Compared with what was known by ancient sages.

Faust.

Great progress, to be sure ! — of ages past
 Mine honest friend ! the knowledge we inherit
 Is small : their history is a book sealed fast ; —
 And what we call the spirit of an age
 Is commonly the gentleman's own spirit,
 Quickening the letter of some musty page.

Wagner.

But then mankind, — the world, — the human heart, —
 You 'll grant that these, at least, are points of knowledge.

Faust.

Points, if you please, — but which, with all your art,
 You 'll find it hard to learn at college.
 Besides, — what serves your learning ? — When all 's o'er,
 You dare not tell the world what you have learnt :
 The few, that, having gained this valued lore,
 Had not sufficient caution to disguise it,
 And to the crowd displayed their precious store,
 Have for their pains been crucified and burnt,
 To prove how well the crowd knew how to prize it.
 But come, my friend, — 'tis late ; — we 'll break off here.

Wagner.

Sir, as you please ; — I gladly would remain
 To talk with you so learnedly a year.
 I hope to-morrow you 'll give me leave again
 To ask a few more questions of you here.
 Though I know much, I cannot but feel uneasiness
 Until I reach the bottom of the business.

After the retirement of Wagner, Faust relapses into his former gloom. Dark and bewildering thoughts crowd upon his fancy and plunge him deeper and deeper into the "slough of Despond," in which he is engulfed, until, at length, in his agony of feeling he resolves to shake off the burden of his miserable existence by suicide. He grasps the poisoned vial, which he has long kept ready for this purpose, and is in the

act of lifting it to his lips, when his ears are saluted from without by the sound of cheerful voices, singing, in several choirs, the Easter Hymn of the Catholic Liturgy, which celebrates the resurrection and ascension of the Redeemer. The several stanzas sung by the different choirs, with the reflections successively made upon them by Faust, close the scene.

Chorus of Angels.

Rejoice! ye sons of men, rejoice! awake the choral strain!
The Saviour who was crucified, has broken his death-chain;
And mounting high above the sky to realms of brighter day,
He points you to a better world, and proudly leads the way.

Faust.

What glorious sounds are these that break at once
So loud and clear upon the stilly night?
Is this the midnight bell that should announce
The approach of Easter Sunday's holy light?
And does the choir repeat the charming strain,
That angels sang of old on Judah's blessed plain
Proclaiming peace on earth — but hark! that sound again!

Chorus of Women.

With sweetest spices o'er him strewed, in finest linen bound,
We laid him,— we that loved him much,— in his cold burial ground;
And now we fondly come again to wash with many a tear
The grave in which we buried him,— but ah! he is not here.

Chorus of Angels.

Rejoice! ye sons of men, rejoice! the Loving One that bore
The agony of death for you, is buried here no more;
But mounting high above the sky to realms of brighter day,
He points you to a better world, and proudly leads the way.

Faust.

Celestial sounds! why come ye here to greet
A grovelling earth-worm with your cheerful breath?
Go! tell your tale where hearts congenial beat,
I hear the message well, but want the saving faith.
Faith dearly loves the miracles she hears,
And most delights, where wonders most abound;
But I no more may reach the lofty spheres,
From which the voice of Revelation sounds.
Yet ah! in youth how sweetly o'er me fell
Heaven's kiss of love upon the Sabbath day!
How full of meaning was the deep-toned bell!
And what an extasy it was to pray!
Strange longings led me from my parents' hearth
O'er hill and dale to wander far and near;
And there with many a hotly gushing tear
I felt an unknown world within me have its birth.
And now,— e'en now,— with that accustomed song,
So often heard in youth's enchanting hours,
What hosts of cheerful recollections throng
Upon my mind and nerve my fainting powers!
Oh, sound again! sweet voices! as before:
I weep! — I feel myself a man once more.

Chorus of Disciples.

His mission done, the Buried One has gone in peerless pride
To sit forever on his throne by his Great Father's side.

Alas ! that we, the faithful few, to whom he was so dear,
Are left behind in misery to mourn his absence here.

Chorus of Angels.

Rejoice ! ye sons of men, rejoice ! awake the choral strain !
The Saviour, who was crucified has broken his death-chain ;
And ye, that followed him with love,—if ye but duly prize
The counsels that he gave on earth, shall meet him in the skies.

III.

SCENE IN MARTHA'S HOUSE.

CHARACTERS.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

MARTHA.

MARGARET.

The impression made upon the mind of Faust by the incidents represented in the above scene, as expressed in his reflections, are merely momentary. He is intended as a type of frail humanity — and as soon as the impulse to good ceases, he relapses at once into his habitual tendency to evil. In the next scene he concludes his compact with the evil Spirit, (here personified under the name of Mephistopheles) agreeably to the popular tradition ; and having taken the form of a gay, young cavalier, sets forth, accompanied by the demon to whom he has sold himself, in quest of adventures. The scene in Martha's house occurs in this part

of the play and serves as an introduction to Faust's love for Margaret, which forms the principal subject. Margaret is on a visit to the house of Martha, a married woman, in the neighborhood, whose husband is absent. Mephistopheles introduces himself by pretending to have known her husband abroad, and giving her an account of his supposed death. Faust, before obtaining a personal introduction, had already sent to Margaret through the agency of Mephistopheles, but without informing her from what quarter they came, a present of some valuable jewels to which allusion is made in the dialogue.

Mephistopheles enters.

Ladies, excuse me for the liberty
I take in entering thus upon your leisure,
(*bows respectfully to Margaret.*)
— Does mistress Martha Swerdetein live hereby ?

Martha.

She does, sir, at your service : — what's your pleasure ?

Mephistopheles aside to Martha.

Madam, I had a message to relate ;
But as you're now engaged with company
Of rank, I'll call again this evening late,
If you permit me and the hour agree.

Martha, aloud to Margaret.

There, child ! what think you now ? This gentleman
Just took you for a lady of condition.

Margaret.

Oh me ! the gentleman is much too good ;
I'm but a poor, young, simple, artless blood :
These ornaments I wear but by permission.
The gentleman must really look again.

Mephistopheles.

Oh madam ! 'tis the tone, the look, the air,
That prove your rank, and not the pearls you wear.
I'm truly happy that you bid me tarry.

Martha.

But let me ask, good sir, this message, pray ?

Mephistopheles.

Madam, I cannot say the tale is merry,
But life is short : we all must have our day.
Your husband's dead ;— he bade me bring the news.

Martha.

My husband dead !— the faithful, honest soul !
Oh, I shall faint.

Margaret.

Dear madam, pray take heart.

Mephistopheles.

Allow me, madam, to relate the whole.

Margaret.

At such a loss as that I could not choose
But weep myself to death.

Mephistopheles.

'Tis hard to part,
We know ; but time brings all extremes together.
Grief turns to joy :— rain follows pleasant weather.

Martha.

Where died he then ?

Mephistopheles.

In Padua he lies,
By Saint Antonio's church, in seemly guise,
A cool, still spot for everlasting rest.

Martha.

Pray with this message sent he nought beside ?

Mephistopheles.

Oh yes ! he bade me add his last request,
That as his soul through purgatory passes
You'd order for it's good three hundred masses,
But left his purse quite empty when he died.

Martha.

How ?— nothing to help out his soul's release ?
Not e'en a keep-sake or a pocket-piece ?
What every labouring, handy-working man
Lays by to leave it to his wife or send it,
And toils, begs, starves to death,— rather than spend it ?

Mephistopheles.

Madam ! it grieves my heart to give you pain ;
Your husband did not even pay his bills :
Yet,— to be just,— he suffered many ills,
And of his various faults repented sore :
Aye, and of his unlucky stars much more.

Margaret.

How sad it is men should be so distrest !
I'll surely say my prayers for his soul's rest.

Mephistopheles.

It is high time, my sweet and pretty maid,
You had a husband of your own to pray for.

Margaret.

Marriage, alas! sir, this is not the day for.

Mephistopheles.

What then? — a gallant should not be delayed: —
A sweetheart that should tell you pretty stories,
Cheer you by day and keep you warm by night.

Margaret.

The people here, sir, think it is not right.

Mephistopheles.

Right or not right, they do it when they can.

Martha.

But let me know the rest.

Mephistopheles.

My dearest madam,
I watched beside your dear, departed man
In his last moments, doing all to glad 'em,
That lay within my power. He suffered much,
But owned his fate was richly merited.
I am, he said, a wretch, for leaving such
A wife at home, alone, dispirited.
I could have died with some faint hopes of heaven,
Could I be sure she had forgiven me here.

Martha, weeping.

Poor, dear, good man! he was long since forgiven.

Mephistopheles.

But she, he added, was more to blame than I.

Martha.

He lies! he lies! — what? On his death-bed lie
So shamelessly?

Mephistopheles.

He stretched the truth I fear,
At least, if I may judge: — indeed, 'twas clear.
I did not want, said he, for occupation:
House-work of all sorts was an endless task:
Do what I could my wife was never easy.
And then to feed her was an operation,
Almost as hard; her stomach was not queasy:
I could not give as fast as she could ask.
But this was nothing; had I been allowed
To eat my share in peace, and quietly
I could have borne the test; but daily, — nightly, —
'Twas one continual scolding, long and loud;
Until one day I thought it best to quit her.

Martha.

The wretch! — the villain! — could he so forget her, —
Abuse her so? — the wife he loved before?

Mephistopheles.

At other times he felt your absence more;
He told me this: — When we from Malta sailed,
I for my wife and children prayed sincerely;
And Providence my constancy rewarded;
For, on our voyage as we proceeded cheerly,
Forthwith a Turkish packet-ship we hailed,
Which, instantly, *sans cérémonie*, we boarded
And took: 'twas laden with a most rich treasure

For the Grand Seignior ; and, I say it with pleasure,
I had my share or more : — perhaps 'twas merited.

Martha.

Where is't ? — what came on 't ? Has he buried it ?

Mephistopheles.

Light come, light go. — God knows with whom he spent it ;
But this he said : — When I to Naples came
There took a fancy to me a fair, young dame,
I being alone, of wife and friends bereft,
And much she cherished, and befriended me,
In a most loving guise, — howe'er she meant it.
But of my cash so largely she expended me,
That in the end I had not a farthing left.

Martha.

Oh the vile thief ! — what ? Waste upon a woman,
Off in the moon, his hard-earned family stores ?
Rob his own wife to pamper up a common —.

Mephistopheles.

Well ! well ! the poor man's dead : that pays all scores.
You'll put on weeds to wear a week or two ;
But give me leave to say, that were I you,
I'd lose no time in tying the knot again.

Martha.

Alas ! my dear sir ! I should seek in vain
A treasure like the first : so good a creature ! —
He had his faults ; — was much too great a rover ; —
Drank hard ; — to naughty women sadly given ; —
Of cards and dice a most intemperate lover : —

Mephistopheles.

Well, well ! and he, — to keep the balance even, —
No doubt o'erlooked some petty peccadilloes,
And so you worried along for worse or better.
But, madam, when you're tired of wearing willows,
I'd gladly change myself a ring with you.

Martha.

The gentleman is pleased to be facetious.

Mephistopheles — (aside.)

I must be off, and that in season too ;
She'd force the devil himself to keep his word.

— (*To Margaret*) —

How stands your heart, my love ?

Margaret.

What are your wishes ?

Mephistopheles — (aside.)

Innocent thing ! she never yet has heard

She has a heart. — (*To the ladies*) —

Fair ladies both, good night !

Martha.

But, sir, before you go, I fain would ask
What proof you have of this sad visitation ?
To make it public is a mournful task ; —
But yet to read his death in black and white
Would be, methinks, some little consolation.

Mephistopheles.

Madam, two witnesses will be enough :
I have a friend to join me in the proof,
And, if you please, will bring him here.

Martha.

Pray do.

Mephistopheles.

The young lady, I hope, will stop and see him too.
A fine, young gallant!—he has travelled much,
Is passionately devoted to the ladies.

Margaret.

Oh sir! I'm not fit company for such.

Mephistopheles.

For any body on earth, whate'er his trade is.

Martha.

Then, sir, this evening we shall look for you
At the summer-house in the garden here below.
(*Exit Mephistopheles.*)

BURTON'S "ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY."

BY W. A. JONES.

THE *Anatomy of Melancholy*, is a book oftener mentioned than read, and upon the subject of which it is easier to write than upon the treatise itself. Connected criticism is out of the question, on account of the variety of the topics, and the mosaic character of the text. To say nothing of the tedious diffuseness, (an extravagance in point of copiousness) the harsh, crabbed accumulation of images and scholastic references, and the half medical, half metaphysical style of execution. Some stupid old physician placed this among the volumes "without which no medical man's library is complete." And it is so frequently entitled and ranked in booksellers' catalogues. Neither is it wholly a work of humor or the production of pure wit. It is not a burlesque, but a serious essay of rising seven hundred folio pages. But its chief character is a total want of decided character. It is a medley, a common-place book, a hodge-podge, a complete farrago. He touches incidentally or purposely, upon almost every object under the sun and upon the face of the earth, things known and things unknown, dogmas and mere speculations, medicine and magic, anatomy and the arts, devils and diet, love and madness, religion and superstitious folly. Not a poet or historian, critic or commentator, naturalist or divine, of antiquity, of modern times, or

of the middle age but is called upon the stand as a witness, and requested to bear his testimony to the author's theories or counsel. A whole sentence of plain English occurs rarely. The usual style is a mixt manner, English cut on Latin, or an interlacing of the two. Half a passage in one language, is balanced by the remaining portion in another,—and one member nods to another, as Pope's groves and alleys. Never was a book so made up of quotation and reference. Montaigne used to say, if all his quotations were taken from him, nothing valuable would be left; a similar abstraction from Burton would leave him pretty bare, as his best passages are translations or imitations of rare old writers. This leads to an unnecessary fulness and repetition, and indeed the whole matter might be reduced into one third its present compass. From but a very superficial knowledge of the works, we should suspect it to be tinged with the prevalent defects in two other celebrated treatises, the one political and the other metaphysical; we refer to "*Grotius de Jure Belli et Pacis*," and "*Cudworth's Intellectual System*," both of them works always alluded to with respect, but very seldom familiarly read. And however it may astonish a vulgar reader, this fertility of quotation argues an innate deficiency of original power. A good cause

or a sound argument, needs few witnesses and no propitiating patrons. A clear eye needs no spectacles to see through, and the unaided vision of good natural sight is blurred by the speckled glasses of prejudice and traditionary opinion. The learning, then, of this curious treatise, together with its length, and perversely ingenious tautology; its jumble of phrases and ideas, realizing the witty strictures of Hudibras; the endless digressions and want of condensed, methodical argument render it a work that will be sought after chiefly for its oddity and fantastic strangeness. It cannot even reach popularity and is indeed written only for antiquarian scholars. Lamb, himself the true lover and warm eulogist of the *Anatomy*, admitted this fact, nor can it be concealed, that even liberal and philosophic students care for little else than a taste of it, a glimpse of its index and a few particular references — a mere sip at this Lethæan stream.

We feel constrained to this confession at the risk of losing caste in the eyes of those who make no distinction among the writers of our elder literature. Yet we add, "can these dry bones live?" — Is a witty or eloquent description, buried under a long chapter of heterogeneous matter, to save that from decay? There is salt to preserve, but too little of it we apprehend. Ourselves, retrospective critics, we must admit we find not sufficient in Burton to reward a thorough perusal (if indeed any man but Lamb ever read it entirely through.) — Johnson's criticism cannot be taken for a standard in this instance, since it proved so unequal and deficient in former cases. — Sterne used the book well, but then for thievish purposes, which Dr. Ferrier has tracked with remorseless scrutiny. And here lies its value, as a mine of thoughts — original, borrowed, imitated and palpably exposed to view, in their crude state, and which a skilful plagiarist, one who can steal wisely, may work up to great advantage. For the systematic plagiarist, then, and the mere antiquary Burton is a choice author, and for the reasons we have enumerated. Still, even to the most indifferent reader, we can promise, that though discursive, Burton still possesses a method of his own and a plan; that his matter is almost as copious as his style; both superabundant: and, that, unfinished, Latinized, and corrupt as is his ordinary composition, yet when especially in earnest, he is a writer of racy and idiomatic English. We love in him, a true sympathy with the life and pursuits and character, of that strangely misconceived animal, a scholar. We admire his natural acuteness, visible through all his erudition, and a vein of caustic, homely, rustic humor. Above all, we respect in his

case, as in that of all true scholars, that manly dignity of soul, which is the most invaluable possession of humanity.

Little is known of the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. He was a man of learning, and disposed to gloomy fits and desponding humors. To drive away these, he resorted to the writing of this work, which occupation, filling and occupying his mind, (the true cure for nervous diseases, hypochondria, and all affections by which the mind infects the body with aches and ills) tended greatly to relieve him. He was accustomed, we learn, to frequent the docks and wharves about London, and would break jests with the watermen, enjoying highly their uncouth smartness. He had the wisdom to endeavor at counteracting his distemper, by every occasion of jollity and laughter. When he adopted the name and title of Democritus, he assumed his proper designation, of merry Philosopher, whose creed was to laugh at the follies of mankind, and jest at his own sufferings, feeling tenderly for those of others. Like the Italian jester he made sport for others, whilst tortured by nameless ills himself, and might now be condemned, as sufficient punishment (for all the evil it is possible he was ever guilty of) to read his book continuously through, word for word.

The *Anatomy of Melancholy* is (so far as we are informed) the first of a series of similar works, that have appeared, from time to time, the *Anatomy of Abuses*, the *Anatomy of an Equivalent*, the *Anatomy of Sleep*, of *Drunkenness*, and latest of all, the *Anatomy of Suicide*, which must afford pleasant reading to a misanthrope. These *Anatomies* form a series, as the different *Pleasures of Imagination*, *Hope*, and *Memory*, by Akenside, Campbell, and Rogers. It might be perplexing to extend the parallel, so we omit any.

The *Anatomy of Melancholy* deserves this praise at least, that it is thorough and minute. The very heart of the matter is explored, and its *internal* system. The thousand causes and correspondent cures of Hypochondria are enumerated and classified, in three *partitions*. The first partition relates to the different *causes* of Melancholy, physical and metaphysical; moral and religious; considered as diseases of the body or diseases of the mind or both, reacting on each other; induced by the operations of Nature, or inflicted by the hand of God, or consigned to the malicious employment of the devil and his spirits; the creature of temperament, the companion of sickness, the attendant upon age. It explains how it is begotten in infancy, (if not inherited) through the careless treatment of nurses, or the harsh behavior of parents; how it is caught from gloomy

sights and infectious mourning. Its natural as well as moral history is investigated, whether it arise from scorn or calumny, servitude or want; whether produced by loss of friends, loss of health, loss of liberty, loss of reputation, or loss of property. It is more specifically derived, from the indulgence of the passions of anger, fear, shame, rage, hatred, sorrow, discontent: or from excess in the gratification of laudable propensities, as the desire of glory, the accumulation of substance, manly pride, a temper disposed to enjoyment, the love of books and study, a disposition for repose and retirement. We may here introduce that fine passage on the poor scholar, which is one of the very best to be met with in the whole work. It is a sort of apologetic eulogium.

"Because they cannot ride an horse, which every clowne can doe; salute and court a gentlewoman, carve at table, cringe and make congies, which every common swasher can doe, *hos populus ride!* &c. they are laughed to scorn, and accounted silly fooles by our gallants. Yea, many times such is their misery they deserve it: a meere scholler, a meere asse.—They goe about commonly meditating unto themselves, thus they sit, such is their action and gesture. *Fulgosus*, lib. 8, cap. 7, makes mention how Th. Aquinas, supping with King Louis of France, upon a sudden knocked his fist upon the table and cryed, '*conclusum est contra Minicheas*,' his wits were a wool-gathering, as they say, and his head busied about other matters, when he perceived his error, he was much abashed. Such a story there is of Archimedes in Vitruvius, that having found how much gold was mingled with the silver in King Hieron's crown, ran naked forth of the bath and cryed, *Eureka*, I have found: and was commonly so intent to his studies, that he never perceived what was done about him, when the city was taken, and the soldiers were ready to rife his house, he took no notice of it. S. Bernard rode all day long by the Lemnian lake, and asked at last where he was.—*Marcullus*, lib. 2, cap. 4. It was Democritus' carriage alone that made the Abderites suppose him to have been mad, and send for Hippocrates to cure him: if he had been in any solemne company, hee would upon all occasions fall a laughing. Theophrastus saith as much of Heraclitus, for that he continually wept, and Laertius of Menedemus Lampsacus, because he ran about like a madman, saying he came from hell as a spy, to tell the devells what mortal men did. Your greatest students are commonly no better, silly, soft fellows in their outward behaviour, absurd, ridiculous to others, and no whit experienced in worldly businesse; they can measure the heavens, range over the world, teach others wisdom, and yet in bargains and contracts they are circumvented by every base tradesman. Are not these men fooles? And how should they be otherwise? But as so many sots in schooles, when, (as has been observed) they neither hear nor see, such things as are practised abroad, how should they get experience, by what means? I knew in my time many schollers, saith *Æneas Sylvius* (in an Epistle of his to Gaspar Scitike Chancelour to the Emperoure) excellent well learned, but so rude, so silly, that they had no common civility, nor knew how to manage their domestique or publique affaires. Paglaensis was amazed, and said his farmer had surely cozened him, when hee heard him tell that his sow had eleven pigges, and

his ass had but one foal. To say the best of this profession, I can give no other testimony of them in generall, than that of Pliny of *Isæus*;—'*Hee is yet a scholler, than which kind of men, there is nothing so simple, so sincere, none better, they are for the most part meeke, honest, upright, innocent, plain-dealing men.*'"

The second partition is occupied with the cures of melancholy. By magic, by company, by music:

"In sweet music is such Art;
Killing care and grief of heart."

Consolatory desires, the remedies of the *Materia Medica* and of surgical skill, air, and the numberless fantastic prescriptions Bacon and Sir Henelm Digby advise, and all the old writers, traditional, fabulous and poetical. As might naturally be supposed, this head includes much good sense, with abundance of absurdity and nonsense, set forth with no little pomp of reference and allusion.

The third partition is devoted entirely to the consideration of love melancholy and religious melancholy. Here, our author ranges at will in the boundless field of quotation and theory. He is far more minute than Shakspeare, who has described but a few prominent characteristics of this disease:—"The scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; the musician's, which is fantastical; the courtier's, which is fraud; the soldier's, which is ambitious; the lawyer's, which is politick; the lady's, which is nice; the lover's, which is all of these." Every symptom of affection, or love-sickness, or frenzy, or jealousy, or disappointment; all the marks of superstition, remorse, hopelessness and despair are noted down with mathematical particularity.

Among a variety of topics, it is hard to select an example, but we have chanced upon this, of *artificial allurements*, and transcribe it:—

"When you have all done, '*veniunt a veste sagittæ*,'—the greatest provocations of lust are from our apparell." 'God makes, man shapes' they say, and there is no motive like unto it; a filthy knave, a deformed queane, a crooked carcass, a maukin, a witch, a rotten post, an hedge stake, may be so set out and tricked up, that it shall make as faire a show, as much enamour, as the rest: many a silly fellow is so taken. '*Primum luxuriæ aucupium*' one calls it, 'the first snare of lust.' *Bossus* '*aucupium animarum; lethalem arundinem*.—a fatal reede, the greatest hawke;' '*forte lenocinium, sanguinis lachrymis deplorandum*,' saith Matenesius, and with tears of blood to be deplored! Not that comeliness of clothes is therefore to be condemned, and those usual ornaments, there is a decency and decorum to be observed in this, as well as in other things, fit to be used, becoming severall persons, and befitting their estates; he is only fantastical, that is not in fashion, and like an old image in Arras hangings, where a manner of attire is generally received: but when they are so new-fangled, so unstaid, so prodigious in their attires beyond their meanes and fortunes, unbecfitting their age, place, quality, condition, what should we otherwise

think of them? Why do they adorne themselves with so many colours of hearbes, fictitious flowers, curious needle works, quaint devices, sweet smelling odors, with those inestimable riches of pretious stones, pearles, rubies, diamonds, emeralds, &c. Why doe they crowne themselves with golde and silver, use coronets and tires of severall fashions, decke themselves with pendants, bracelets, eare-rings, chaines, girdles, rings, pinnes, spangles, embroideries, shadows, rebatoes, versicolor ribbands; why doe they make such glorious shews with their scarfs, feathers, fannes, maskes, furies, laces, tiffanies, ruffles, falls, cuffs, damasks, velvets, tinsels, cloth of gold, silver, tissue? with colors of heavens, stars, planets, the strength of metalls, stones, odors, flowers, birds, beasts, fishes, and whatever Afrike, Asia, America, sea, land, art and industry can afford? Why doe they use and covet such novelty of inventions; such new fangled tyres, and spend such inestimable sums on them? To what end are those crisped, false haire, painted faces, as the satyrists observes, such a composed gait, not a step awry? Why are they like so many Sybarites, or Neroe's Poppaea, Assucrus' concubines, so long a dressing, as Cesar was marshalling his army, or an hawke in pruning? Dum moluntur, dum comuntur annus est. A gardiner takes not so much paines in his garden, an horse-man to dress his horse, scour his armour, a mariner about his ship, a merchant his shop and shop booke, as they doe about their faces, and those other parts; such setting up with corkes, streightening with whalebone; why is it but as a day-net catcheth larkes to make young men stoupe unto them."

Burton concludes this complete map of the region Hypochondria, with his excursions into every quarter of it, by these words of mark and wisdom. "*Bee not solitary, bee not idle.*" To which Johnson pertinently added, clenching the point; *but if solitary, be not idle; and if idle, be not solitary.* Sagacious Quarles discriminates justly; "Let not the sweetnesse of contemplation be so esteemed, that action be despis-

ed; Rachel was more faire, Leah more fruitful; as contemplation is more delightful, so is it more dangerous. Lot was upright in the city, but wicked in the mountaine."

The portion of the volume with which we have been most gratified, is the Preface or Democritus to the reader. It is personal and characteristic. The poetical abstract prefixed to the preface, is very smooth and neatly turned. But the finest thing ever written upon melancholia, containing the romance and essence of the subject, is unquestionably that perfect poem, the Pen-seroso of Milton. Almost equally fine are the following beautiful lines from a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweete,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy;
Oh, sweetest melancholy!
Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground,
A tongue chained up, without a sound!

Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks where all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

These dainty lines leave a sweet relish behind them: after reading which, the reader will acknowledge the prudence of an immediate conclusion.

"'TIS NOT A LIFE."

'Tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away. — *Philaster.*

BUT yesterday thou wast before me
Strong, sunny, free and bold;
But now a shadow hath passed o'er thee
And thou art dead and cold.
Thy voiceless form remains behind,
But thou art gone like a passing wind.

I see thy colorless pale lips —
Thy marble cheek and brow ;
There is a dreadful, dark, eclipse
And thou, — where art thou now ?
Thou who within my heart hast lain —
Will not thy dead lips move again ?

I cannot give thee up to death,
To the cold sunless tomb —
Who heaped my heart with musical breath,
And made my youth rebloom.
Within thy life day after day,
Shadows of my young soul did play.

The feeling in me ebbs and flows
Now thou art dead, and now
Life comes, whene'er the light wind blows
The hair upon thy brow.
I hear thy footsteps round me straying,
Thy voice within the garden playing.

Oh what will sunshine be to me,
Or flowers, or summer air ;
Or any sight these eyes can see
If thine eyes are not there ?
Will not the voice of childish glee
Be bitter stings of grief to me.

Thou art in every thought and thing,
In every 'customed place ;
And casual words before me bring
Thy voice, thy smile, thy face.
And now that this frail thread is broken,
How can I hear thy dear name spoken ?

Thy life to Time's rude air hath given
The effluence of a flower ;
A part of me went back to heaven
With thee at thy death-hour.
An angel light now circles thee : —
Thou wert an angel here, to me.

Yet when I think, the cares of life
Can never chill thy heart, —
That thou wilt never know its strife
In the land where now thou art.
For all my grief, I still can say,
'Tis best thou art no longer clay.

Thine was a life of peacefulness
And pure tranquility.
It drifted on in gentleness
Down to eternity.
And thou art calmly havened now
Where storm and tempest never blow.

W.

MASTER JOHN WACHT.

TRANSLATED FOR THE MISCELLANY, FROM THE GERMAN OF E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

(Concluded from page 27 of the last Number.)

WACHT crossed the mountain in a highly excited state of feeling, such as he had never before experienced, and which he could almost imagine to be a temptation of the evil one, since many thoughts arose in his soul which the very next moment appeared even to himself most horrible. He could form no plan, much less come to any final conclusion. The sun had already declined when he reached the village of Buch. He turned into the inn, and ordered something to eat and a bottle of good beer.

"Ha! good evening; ha, what a singular incident, to see my dear Master Wacht here in fair Buch on a fine Sunday evening;—truly I cannot believe my eyes. Is there a family more highly esteemed all over the country?"

Thus was Master Wacht saluted by a yelling, croaking voice. It was no other than Mr. Pickard Leberfink, by profession a lackerer and gilder, one of the drollest men in the world, who thus interrupted Master Wacht in his meditations.

The exterior appearance of Leberfink struck the eye as singular and extraordinary. He was short, stout, had a body rather long, and short slim legs; to this figure was added a round, good humored face, by no means ugly, with red cheeks, and grey, lively, and somewhat sparkling eyes. He appeared on common days with his hair highly dressed and powdered after the old French fashion, but on Sundays his costume was altogether remarkable. He wore, for example, a lilac and canary yellow striped silk coat, with immense silver woven buttons, a gaily embroidered vest, canary green satin inexpressibles, white and cerulean blue finely striped, silk stockings, and shining black polished shoes, on which sparkled large paste buckles. If one adds to this the delicate step of a dancing master, a certain cat-like agility of body, and a singular skill in the management of his legs in critical moments, for example, the power of performing an *entrechat* when jumping over a ditch, it will appear that the little lackerer was certainly in every respect a remarkable personage. The other parts of his character the gentle reader will soon become acquainted with.

It was not disagreeable to Master Wacht to have his melancholy meditations broken in upon in this way.

The lackerer and gilder, Mr. or rather Monsieur Pickard Leberfink, was not the

wisest of men, but one of the most faithful honest souls in the world, of the most liberal feelings, generous to the poor, and useful to his friends. He continued to work at his trade out of pure inclination to it, for it was no longer a matter of necessity.

He was rich;—his father had left him a handsome property, with a noble cellar. His estate was only separated from that of Master Wacht by a large garden.

Master Wacht was fond of the droll Leberfink on account of his uprightness and because he was a member of their little Protestant society, which had been established for the exercise of religious worship. With surprising readiness Leberfink accepted the proposal of Wacht to sit down with him and drink another bottle of rock ale. For a long time, Leberfink began, he had wished to visit Master Wacht at his own house, for there were two subjects near his heart, on which he desired to converse with him. Wacht remarked that he knew Leberfink well, and was certain, that whatever might be the subject, he should be glad to talk with him about it.

Leberfink now revealed to Master Wacht, in confidence, that the wine-dealer had secretly offered to sell him the beautiful garden which separated the estates of Wacht and Leberfink, with the tasteful garden-house belonging to it. He thought he recollected that Wacht had once told him, that the possession of this garden would be very agreeable to him, an occasion now offered, to gratify this wish, and he, Leberfink, offered to make himself the mediator in the affair, and arrange every thing in order.

Master Wacht had indeed long had a wish to add to his estate a fine garden, especially because Nanni had a great affection for the trees and flowers which arose in luxurious sweetness from this garden. At this moment it appeared a pleasant turn of fortune, that just at the moment, when poor Nanni was plunged into deep sorrow, an occasion unexpectedly offered to give her pleasure.

The Master immediately said the needful to the useful lackerer, who promised that Wacht on the next Sunday, should walk in the garden as his own property. "Now," said Master Wacht, "Now, friend Leberfink, out with it, whatever it may be, that weighs upon your mind."

Mr. Pickard Leberfink then began to sigh

in the most pitiable manner, to make the most remarkable faces, and to chatter the most unintelligible things, for which no one could possibly be the wiser. But Master Wacht understood him, shook him by the hand, and said "That may be arranged," while he inwardly smiled at the wonderful sympathy of congenial souls.

The whole episode with Leberfink had done Master Wacht good; he thought he had taken a resolution by which he might resist, perhaps even conquer the most terrible evil, or that which appeared so to his bewildered eyes. Only to the tribunal within was this known, and perhaps, very gentle reader, this tribunal was for the first time a little shaken. A little circumstance may be here mentioned which may not perhaps so conveniently afterward find a place. As on several other occasions, it once happened that old Barbara was teasing Master Wacht, and blaming the lovers because they were constantly reading worldly books together. She showed the Master a couple of volumes which she had found in possession of Nanni. It was a work of Goëthe, farther it is not known what particular work it was. After he had turned over the leaves, he gave back the book to Barbara, directing her to put it back in the place whence she had secretly taken it. A single word never escaped him on the subject of Nanni's readings, only once at table he said, when some opportunity offered, — "An uncommon spirit is rising up among us Germans, — God give it success. My years are gone; my age, my mission is over. But you, Jonathan, I envy you what will spring up in the time which is to come."

The mystical words of Master Wacht were the more intelligible to Jonathan, because a few days before he had seen, half pushed beneath some papers, on Master Wacht's writing table, *Goetz of Berlichingen*. The great mind of Wacht had discovered the extraordinary spirit, but he also felt the impossibility of beginning a new flight.

The next day poor Nanni hung her head like a sick dove. "What is the matter, my dear child?" said Master Wacht, in the amiable tone so peculiar to himself, and which was altogether irresistible, "What is the matter, my darling, are you ill? I will not believe it, — you are too little in the fresh air: see, I have long been wishing you would sometimes bring my supper out into the work-shop, do it to-day; — we have the promise of a fine evening. Shall it not be so, Nanni, dear child? — you will do it, you will yourself prepare the butter, — it will relish finely."

Thereupon Master Wacht took the dear Nanni's arms, smoothed the top of her

on her forehead, kissed her, and in short, gave all those little marks of affection in his power, and of which he well knew the irresistible charm.

A flood of tears poured from the eyes of Nanni, and it was only with difficulty that she uttered the words "Father, father."

"Now, now," said Wacht, and some embarrassment was apparent in his tone, "all will yet be well."

Eight days had passed — Jonathan, as was natural, had not shown himself, and the Master had not spoken a syllable about him. Sunday when the soup was smoking, and the family were about to seat themselves at table, Master Wacht said very gaily, "Where is our Jonathan?" Rettel answered in a low tone, in order to spare poor Nanni, "Do you not know, father, what has happened? Would not Jonathan be afraid to present himself to you?"

"See the monkey," said Wacht "let Christian run and bring him."

It will be supposed that the young advocate did not fail to present himself, and also, that for the first few moments succeeding his entrance, every thing floated before him like a dark, heavy storm cloud.

The easy, pleasant manner of Master Wacht, as well as Leberfink's droll remarks, succeeded meantime, in bringing about a certain tone, which, if it could not exactly be called gay, yet produced an entirely harmonious equilibrium. "Let us," said Master Wacht as they rose from the table, "go out for a little while into the fresh air, in my work yard." It was done.

Monsieur Pickard Leberfink devoted himself very constantly to the little Rettel, who was kindness itself, especially when the polite lackerex exhausted himself in praises of her dishes, and maintained that he had never eaten more delicate compounds even at the table of the spiritual Lord of Banz; and when Master Wacht, with a great bunch of keys in his hand hastened forward with long steps through the work yard, the young lawyer came into the neighborhood of Nanni. Stolen sighs, softly breathed love complaints, were all the lovers dared to risk.

Master Wacht stopped before a handsome, newly made door which had been cut in the wall separating his work yard from the garden of the merchant.

He opened the door and stepped in, while he invited the family to follow him. All, with the exception of Mr. Pickard Leberfink, who could hardly restrain his grins and cachinations, were entirely ignorant of the designs of the old man. In the middle of the beautiful garden stood a spacious pavilion. This was opened also by Master Wacht, who entered and remained standing in the middle of the hall, out of each window of which a new prospect was visible.

"I," said Master Wacht in a tone which expressed the joy of his heart, "I stand here on my own property; this fair garden is my own; I wished for it, not to encrease my estate, nor to enlarge my property, no, I desired it because I knew that a certain tender little thing longed so for these trees, these shrubs, these fragrant flower beds."

Nanni threw herself on the bosom of the old man and cried "Oh father, father, you break my heart with your kindness, — with your goodness; be merciful."

"Silence, silence," interrupted Master Wacht, "only be good, every thing may follow wonderfully; in this little paradise much comfort may be found."

"Oh yes, yes," cried Nanni, as if inspired, "oh ye trees, ye shrubs, ye flowers, ye distant mountains, thou fair floating evening cloud, my whole soul draws life from you, — I shall find myself again if your loving voices speak comfort to me."

Nanni, like a young fawn, sprung from the open door into the air, and the young advocate, whom in this moment no power could have restrained, did not fail to follow her as quickly as possible. Monsieur Pickard Leberfink begged permission to show Rettel about the new domain. Old Wacht in the mean time ordered beer and tobacco to be brought under the trees, near the descent of the mountain, where he could look down into the valley and wafted the blue clouds of the real Dutchman gaily, heartily into the air. The gentle reader must be very much astonished at this frame of mind of Master Wacht, he cannot explain how it could be possible with a man of such a mind.

Master Wacht had not perhaps arrived at a conclusion, but he had become convinced, that it was impossible the eternal power would allow him to live to see that most dreadful misfortune, his dearest child united to an advocate, and consequently to Satan himself.

What is to happen, said he to himself, will happen, and the unhappy connection must be broken off; but it would be presumption, perhaps even a fatal crime, if one should attempt with a weak hand to meddle with the great balance of fate.

It is scarcely credible, what miserable, often what foolish grounds men take hold of to make them think an approaching evil may be turned aside. There were moments, in which Wacht reckoned upon the return of the wild Sebastian, whom he thought of as in the bloom of youth, just attained to years of manhood, as being capable of bringing about a change in the whole course of affairs. The common, though but too true thought came to his mind that bold manhood is so imposing to woman, that it must at last conquer. When the sun began

to decline, Monsieur Pickard Leberfink invited the family into his adjoining garden to take a little refreshment.

This garden of the noble lackerer and gilder formed to the new domain of Wacht the most laughable and singular contrast. So small that it could hardly be praised for any thing but its fine height, it was still laid out in the Dutch fashion, and trees and hedges cut into the most carefully pedantic shapes. Very gaily stood out the heavenly blue, rosy red, and yellow stems of the dark fruit trees. Leberfink had painted them, and thus beautified nature. These trees also displayed the apples of the Hesperides.

Several other surprises awaited them. — Leberfink begged the girls to pluck a branch, yet as soon as they had broken the flower, they saw to their astonishment that the stalks and leaves were gilded. It was still more remarkable that all the leaves which came into Rettel's hand were in the form of a heart.

The refreshment with which Leberfink regaled his guests consisted of the most exquisite cakes, the most delicate confectionary, with old Rhine wine, and noble Muscadell. Rettel was overpowered at the pastry, and maintained especially, that the glorious silvered and gilded confectionary could not have been made in Bamberg, whereupon Monsieur Pickard Leberfink assured her secretly with the sweetest simper that he himself understood cooking and confectionary a little, and was the fortunate fabricator of all these sweets. Rettel could almost have sank upon her knees before him in reverence and astonishment, but the greatest surprise was yet to come.

As the twilight deepened Monsieur Pickard Leberfink very artfully invited Rettel into a little arbor. Scarcely did he find himself alone with her, than entirely regardless of consequences, notwithstanding he was again attired in his canary satin inexpressibles, he plumped down upon both knees in the damp grass, and with a torrent of singular, unintelligible tones of complaint, which were not unlike the nightly elegies of the cat Hinz, he offered her an immense bouquet, in the middle of which appeared the most splendid full blown rose which was ever seen.

Rettel did what every one does on receiving a bouquet, she carried it to her nose, but was sensible at the same moment of a sharp prick. In alarm she was about to throw the bouquet away.

What a lovely miracle had meantime been wrought. A little, beautifully painted god of love had sprung from the cup of the rose, and held up with both hands before Rettel a burning heart. From his lips issued a paper on which were the words: —

"Here is the heart of Monsieur Pickard Leberfink, which I present you!"

"Oh Gemini!" cried Rettel in the greatest alarm, "Oh Gemini! what are you doing, dear Mr. Leberfink?—kneeling before me, as if I were a princess!—your beautiful satin——will get stained in the wet grass, and you, best of men, will get cold, for which, however, elderblow tea and white candy are the best things."

"No," cried the excited lover, "no, oh Margaretta, never will the deeply enamored Pickard Leberfink rise from this wet grass till you promise to become his."

"Would you marry me?" said Rettel, "well then, arise immediately. Speak to my father, dearest little Leberfink, and drink this evening two cups of elderblow tea."

But why should the gentle reader be longer wearied with the simplicity of Leberfink and Rettel? Created for each other, they became a bridal pair, and Father Wacht had more than one of his peculiar jests upon the occasion.

The preparations for Rettel's marriage brought about a new state of affairs in Wacht's family; even the lovers gained more freedom, from being less observed.—Some peculiar event must occur to disturb this agreeable quiet, in which every thing was moving on.

The young advocate appeared remarkably abstracted; perhaps he was employed in some cause which interested his whole soul: he began to visit less frequently at the house of Wacht, and especially not to come in the evenings which he had never before failed to do.

"What can have happened to our Jonathan?—he is very absent;—he is become altogether different from what he used to be," said Master Wacht,—"although he very well knew the cause, or rather the accident, which was operating so visibly upon the young advocate, at least, according to outward appearances. Yes, he thought this accident was an appointment of Heaven, by which the misfortune was to be averted which he considered the greatest and most ruinous of his whole life."

A few months before, a young unknown lady had arrived in Bamberg, whose whole appearance was peculiar and mysterious. She lodged at the White Lamb. Her only attendants were a grey headed man servant, and an old chambermaid.

Opinions were very much divided about her. Many maintained she was a distinguished wealthy Hungarian Countess, who was compelled by some marriage difficulties to take up her abode in Bamberg. Others, on the contrary imagined her to be some common *Didone abandonata*; others believed her to be a runaway singer, who

would soon throw off her assumed veil, and come forward as a concert giver; she would probably not receive the patronage of the Lord Bishop;—however, most voices agreed that the stranger,—who, according to the description of the few people who had seen her, was of an extraordinary beauty,—must be a highly equivocal person.

It was now remarked that the old servant of the stranger had been seeking for the young advocate until one day at the fountain in the market place, adorned by the statue of Neptune (usually called by the honest Bambergers the *fork-man*.) he met him, and talked for a long, very long time with him. Observing minds, who can meet no one without asking with interest "Where may you have been? Where may you be going? What are you doing?" &c., had remarked that the young lawyer very often, almost daily, towards night went to the unknown lady, and passed several hours with her. It soon became the city talk that the young advocate had been caught in the dangerous love net of the young unknown female adventurer.

It could not but be and remain contrary to the whole character of Master Wacht, to make use of this visible misconduct of the young advocate as a weapon against poor Nanni. He left the care of acquainting her with the whole matter, to the smallest hair, and in fact with every exaggeration to Madam Barbara, with the supplementary aid of her cousin. The crones added to the whole account, that the young lawyer had on a certain day travelled off hastily with the lady, no one knew whither.

"And this is the end of his carelessness;—the presumptuous fellow has lost all his business," said the wise people. But this was not the case; for, to the no small astonishment of every one, old Eichheimer himself took charge of all the business of his adopted son in the most punctual manner, and, initiated into the lady's secrets, he appeared to approve fully all his adopted son's measures.

Master Wacht kept silence upon the whole affair, and if sometimes poor Nanni could not conceal her sorrow, but with a voice choked with weeping, complained softly "Why has Jonathan forsaken us?"—Master Wacht would reply with a sarcastic tone, "Yes, this is the way with the lawyers!—Who knows in what kind of intrigue, woven of gold and interest, the stranger has entangled Jonathan?"

Mr. Pickard Leberfink would then take the part of Jonathan, and declare that for himself, he was convinced that the strange lady could be nothing less than a princess, who in an extremely intricate law case had had recourse to the celebrated young advocate, who by his peculiar sagacity, sharp-

sightedness and skill, had untied the most intricate knot, and brought secret things to light, — until Master Wacht would beg him in the name of heaven to be silent, since his remarks were vexatious to him, while on the contrary, all that Leberfink said was a cordial to Nanni, and gave rise to new hopes in her heart.

The grief of Nanni had mingled with it a remarkable degree of anger, and this even at the very moments when she thought it impossible that Jonathan could be unfaithful to her. The consequence of this was, that Jonathan did not attempt to excuse himself, but maintained the most obstinate silence with regard to his adventure.

Some months had passed, when the young advocate returned to Bamberg in the gayest humor, and Master Wacht knew from the sparkling eyes with which Nanni regarded him, that he had entirely justified himself. The gentle reader may not be unwilling to have the whole affair which had taken place between the strange lady and the young lawyer set forth like an episodical novel.

The Hungarian Count Z., with a property of more than a million, married out of pure inclination, a poor girl, who had drawn upon herself the hatred of his family because, beside that an entire darkness prevailed with regard to her family, she possessed no other treasures than virtue, beauty, and the grace of heaven.

The Count promised his wife in case of his death, to leave her by will his whole estate.

Upon a certain time, when some diplomatic business had called him to Paris, on his return to the arms of his wife at Vienna, he related to her that he had fallen very ill in a little city, the name of which he had entirely forgotten, and that he employed the first moments of his recovery to make a will in her favor, and to give it over to the public authorities. It happened that having proceeded a few miles farther on his return, he was seized with another still more severe attack of the same nervous disease, during which the name of the place where he made his will, and that of the judge to whom he delivered it, entirely vanished from his memory, and also the receipt given him by the judge upon the delivery of the will was also lost. As too often happens, the Count put off from day to day the drawing up of another will, till death surprised him, and the relatives did not fail to lay claim to the whole inheritance, so that the poor countess saw her rich property melted down to the small sum produced by the sale of some costly presents of the Count. Many notices of this state of his affairs were found among the papers of the Count, but such notices referring to a will, do not take the place of the will itself, and therefore were of no use to the Countess.

The Countess had consulted several gentlemen, learned in the law, respecting her unfortunate situation, till at last she came to Bamberg, and applied to old Eichheimer, who referred her to young Engelbrecht, as being less occupied, and endowed with great penetration and love of business. — He might, perhaps, trace out the unlucky will, or gain some actual testimony respecting its existence.

The young advocate began, by requesting of the competent authorities permission to make a thorough search among the papers of the Count at his castle. He went there himself with the Countess, and under the eye of the officers of justice, he found in a walnut press which had not been before observed, an old portfolio, where, to be sure, he did not discover the legal acknowledgment of the deposit of the will, but a certain paper which the young lawyer considered in the highest degree important.

This paper contained the exact description of all the circumstances in the most minute detail, under which the Count had drawn up a will in favor of his wife, and had deposited it in a court of justice. The diplomatic journey from Paris to Petersburg carried the Count into Koningsberg in Prussia: there he found accidentally some East Prussian noblemen whom he had before met in a journey in Italy. Notwithstanding the speed with which the Count wished to prosecute his journey, he allowed himself to be persuaded to make a little excursion into East Prussia, particularly because there was fine hunting there, and hunting was a sport of which the Count was passionately fond. He named the cities of Wehlan, Allenburg, Friedland and others, where he had been. After this, he wished without returning back to Koningsberg to go forward to the Russian borders.

In a little city, the appearance of which the Count described as sufficiently miserable, he fell suddenly ill of a nervous disorder, which robbed him of his senses for several days. Fortunately there was in the place a young and very skilful physician, who made such powerful resistance to the disorder, that the Count not only came to himself again, but in a few days was able to continue his journey. It fell heavily upon his heart that a second attack on his journey might prove fatal to him, and plunge his wife into the deepest poverty. To his great astonishment, he learned from his physician, that the place, notwithstanding its small size and its miserable exterior, was the seat of one of the East Prussian courts of justice; and that he might there deposit his will with all the regular legal forms, as soon as he was able to prove the identity of his person. But

this was the difficulty; for who knew the Count in this region! Yet wonderful are the sports of accident. Just at the moment the Count was descending from the carriage, a grey-headed invalid soldier nearly eighty years old, who lived in a neighboring town, gained his livelihood by weaving baskets and very seldom came to this city, was standing at the door of the inn. This man had in his youth served in the Austrian army, and had been for fifteen years an esquire to the father of the Count. At the first glance, he recollected the son of his master, and he and his wife were the perfectly satisfactory witnesses to the Count's identity, and, as may be supposed, not to their own disadvantage. The young advocate saw immediately that for further discovery it was necessary to examine the localities, and compare the places with the memoranda of the Count, that they might find traces of where he had been ill, and made this testament.

He travelled with the Countess to East Prussia. Here he wished, when it was possible, to find out by an examination of the post books the rout which the Count then took. After much fruitless labor, he at last discovered that the Count took post horses from Eylau to Allenburg. Beyond Allenburg the track was lost, yet this was certain—that the Count took his journey to Russia through Prussian Lithuania, because in Tilsit his arrival and departure by extra post was again recorded. Here again all traces were lost. In the short distance between Allenburg and Tilsit, however, it appeared to the young lawyer, that the solution of the riddle must be sought.

Quite discouraged and filled with anxiety, he, one rainy evening, with the Countess, entered the little country town of Iusterburg. He felt a singular sensation on entering the miserable room of the inn.—It seemed as familiar to him as if he had himself been there before, or as if the place had been exactly described to him. The countess retired to her bed-room,—the young lawyer rolled restlessly upon his couch. As the morning sun shone brightly into the room, his eye fell upon some tapestry in the corner. He observed, that from a great spot the blue color with which the room was papered had peeled off, and brought to light the ugly bright yellow under color, whereupon all kinds of ugly faces appeared like Arabesques in New Zealand dress.

Overcome with joy and delight, the young lawyer sprung from his bed,—he found himself in the room in which Count Z. had made the important testament. The description agreed exactly,—there could be no doubt.

Why should the reader be farther wearied

with the smaller details which followed. It is sufficient to say that Iusterberg was then, as now, the seat of one of the Prussian courts—then called High Courts.—The young lawyer went immediately with the Countess to the President; the legal rights of the Countess were established in due form by the regularly prepared papers; the publication of the will as indisputable took place, and the Countess who left her country in very low circumstances, returned to it again in the possession of all her rights, of which a cruel fate had almost deprived her.

The young lawyer appeared to Nanni like a divine hero, who had victoriously supported injured innocence against the wickedness of the world. Leberfink also exhausted himself in extravagant praises of the penetration and activity of the young advocate. Master Wacht praised also, not without emphasis, Jonathan's industry, though he had done nothing but his duty, and it appeared to him, that every thing might have been arranged in a shorter way.

"This affair," said Jonathan, "I consider a really fortunate star, which has risen upon me in my opening course. The cause has excited great attention. All the Hungarian magnates were in motion. My name has become known, and what is not the worst part of the business, the Countess was so liberal as to make me a present of ten thousand Brabant dollar peces."

During the whole narrative of the young lawyer, a singular play of the muscles had been going on in the countenance of Master Wacht, which at last settled into an expression of deep vexation.

"What," said he with flaming eyes, and the voice of a lion, "what,—is it not what I said? You have sold justice, in order to receive her rightful inheritance from her wicked relatives: she must pay you money,—must sacrifice to mammon. Fye, fye, shame upon you."

All the reasonable representations of the young lawyer, as well as the other persons who were present, had not the smallest effect. Master Wacht still maintained what he had said, though he was assured that no one ever made a present with a more joyful heart, than did the Countess at the sudden decision of her fate; and Leberfink added what he well knew, that it was only the fault of the young advocate himself that the fee was not much larger and more in proportion to what she had gained. Wacht still went back to the old obstinate speech,— "As soon as justice is in question, there should be no such thing as money on the earth."

"You are very hard, very unjust toward me, father," said the young advocate, in a

voice trembling with emotion. Nanni wept in silence; Leberfink, like a polite man of society, quickly turned the conversation to the new gilding of Saint Gansolph.

The state of constraint in which the Wacht family lived at this time may well be imagined. Where was freedom of speech? Where was open humor? Where was social gaiety? A mortal grief weighed heavily upon the heart of Wacht, and was written upon his face.

Nothing was heard of Sebastian Engelbrecht, and thus the last feeble hope of Master Wacht was given up.

The old head-workman of Master Wacht, named Andrew, was a faithful, honest, shrewd man, who was greatly attached to him. "Master," said he one morning when they were employed together in measuring some timber, "Master, I can bear it no longer, it breaks my heart to see you suffer so! Miss Nanni,—poor Mr. Jonathan!"

Master Wacht quickly threw down the measuring line, stepped up to him, struck his breast and cried, "man, if you can tear from this heart the conviction of what is true and right, which the eternal power has written in lines of flame upon it, then that may happen of which you are thinking."

Andrew, who was not the man to keep up any kind of controversy with the Master, put his finger behind his ear, and murmured—"then a certain morning visit of a distinguished gentleman to the work-shop, will have no especial effect." Master Wacht immediately conjectured that a storm was rising against him which would very probably be directed by the Count von Rosel.

As the clock struck nine came Nanni; old Barbara followed with the breakfast to the work-shop. This was not agreeable to the Master, as she did not usually do so, and he already anticipated what was to come.

Not long after, in fact, the Domiciliary appeared, powdered and combed like a doll; he was immediately followed by the lackerer and gilder, Monsieur Pickard Leberfink, dressed in a highly variegated costume, and looking not unlike a spring beetle. Wacht expressed himself highly pleased at the visit, the reason of which he immediately attributed to the desire of Count Rosel to see his latest models.

Master Wacht greatly eschewed hearing the long sermon in which the Count was apparently about to engage, in the hope of shaking the resolution of the Master with regard to Jonathan and Nanni. He

was indebted to accident for his deliverance from this; for, at the moment when the Count, the young lawyer, and the lackerer, were standing near each other, and the Domiciliary in the choicest words was beginning to touch on the sweet relations of life, stout Hans called out,— "wood here." Great Peter reached it from the other side, but so clumsily, that he touched Count Rosel with some force upon the shoulder, at which Monsieur Pickard started; this pushed the young lawyer, and in a moment all three had vanished. Behind them had been a high pile of split wood, saw-dust, &c. In this pile the unfortunate visitors were buried, so that nothing was seen of them but four black, and two chamois colored feet,— the last were the yellow stockings of Monsieur Pickard. It was impossible to prevent the journeymen and apprentices from bursting out into a loud laugh, notwithstanding Master Wacht sternly ordered silence.

The Domiciliary made the most frightful appearance. The saw-dust had filled all the folds of his clothes, and even the locks of his exquisitely dressed hair; he ran away in confusion as if on the wings of the wind, and the young Advocate followed him. Monsieur Pickard Leberfink alone remained gay and happy, notwithstanding he felt quite certain that the chamois stockings were altogether ruined, and the saw-dust had destroyed the order of his well dressed head. Thus a ridiculous accident averted the storm which threatened Wacht.

The Master had no idea what horrible events he was to meet that day.

He had finished his dinner, and was descending the stairs to visit the work-yard, when he heard a brutal voice calling before the house,— "Heyday! does not the old rascally knave, the carpenter Wacht, live here?" A voice answered from the street, "No old rascally knave lives here, for this is the house of the honorable citizen and master carpenter, John Wacht."

At that moment the house-door was thrown open with a violent push, and a great strong fellow, of wild appearance, stood before the Master. His black hair appeared through the rents in his military cap, and his ragged jacket could not conceal his dirty and weather-burnt skin. On his feet he wore military shoes, and the blue stripes about his ankles, showed the traces of his having worn fetters.

"Hoho," cried the fellow, "you do not know me, you do not remember Sebastian Engelbrecht, whom you cheated out of his inheritance." Master Wacht approached some steps towards the fellow, with all the dignity peculiar to him, while he involuntarily stretched out his hand, in which was

his rule. It was like a stroke of lightning to the fellow; he staggered a couple of steps backwards, then doubled up both his fists, stretched them out and shouted—"Hoho, I know where my inheritance is, and I will have it, in spite of you, old sinner."

He ran as swift as an arrow down the Kaulberg, and was followed by a crowd of people.

Master Wacht stood a few minutes in the hall in astonishment, till at the cry of alarm uttered by Nanni,—“In God’s name, father, that was Sebastian.” He tottered rather than walked into the parlor, sunk into an arm chair, and with a faltering voice, said,—“Eternal mercy of heaven, that is Sebastian Engelbrecht.”

An alarm arose in the street, the people flocked down the Kaulberg, and in the distance was heard the cry of—“murder! murder!!”

Seized with the most dreadful idea, the Master ran down to the dwelling of Jonathan, which was situated at the foot of the Kaulberg.

A crowd of people had gathered about the house, in the midst of which he perceived Sebastian struggling like a wild beast; he had been thrown down by the watch, and thus overpowered, with his hands and feet confined, he was borne off.

“Jesus, Jesus! Sebastian has killed his brother,” cried the crowd who were pressing about the house. Master Wacht made his way through, and found poor Jonathan in the hands of the physicians who were endeavoring to recall him to life. Three violent blows on his head from the feet of a strong man, gave them reason to dread the worst.

Nanni had learned, as is usually the case, from some kind female friends, the whole course of the affair, and rushed to the house of her beloved, where she arrived, just as the young lawyer, by help of strong restoratives, had opened his eyes, and the surgeons were talking of trepanning. The rest may be imagined.

Nanni was inconsolable; Rettel, in spite of her wedding prospects, sunk into grief, and even Monsieur Pickard Liberfink himself declared, while the tears ran down his cheeks,—“God be gracious to the man on whose head falls a carpenter’s fist, the loss of young master Jonathan would be terrible. Meantime the lacker on his coffin should in blackness and polish be of the very best, and the like of the silvering, the death’s heads and other emblems, would be sought in vain.”

It happened that Sebastian had escaped from a band of vagabonds who were in the act of being transported by some Bavarian

soldiers, and had rushed into the city to execute a mad design which he had long secretly entertained. His course of life had been that of one not altogether wicked, but only gave an example of a thoroughly reckless man, who, notwithstanding the excellent gifts of Nature with which he was endowed, yielded himself to every evil temptation, and at last reached in misery and scorn the highest point of crime.

In Saxony he had fallen into the hands of a dishonest lawyer, who made him believe that Master Wacht had defrauded him of a part of his inheritance, and that he had done this in favor of his brother Jonathan, to whom he had promised his darling daughter Nanni for a wife. The old deceiver had probably come to this conclusion in consequence of what Sebastian had himself said, at different times. The gentle reader already knows how Sebastian endeavored to establish his rights by main force. Immediately on leaving Master Wacht, he had rushed into Jonathan’s room, where the latter was seated at his writing table, making out an account, and counting some rolls of gold pieces which lay before him.

The writer sat in the corner of the room.

“Ha—traitor!” cried Sebastian, in a rage,—“Are you sitting there by your Mammon?—Are you counting over what you have robbed me of,—that which the old wretch has stolen from me and given to you, miserable creature of the money-loving Satan as you are?” As Sebastian approached him, Jonathan instinctively held both hands before him, and cried aloud,—“Brother,—in God’s name—brother!”—Whereupon Sebastian struck him several violent blows with his clenched hand upon his head, so that Jonathan sunk down deprived of his senses. Sebastian then collected hastily some rolls of money, and would have made his escape, which he naturally did not succeed in doing.

Fortunately it was found, that none of Jonathan’s wounds, though very serious, were fatal. At the end of two months, when Sebastian, after having received the sentence by which he expiated by a severe punishment, his attempt at robbery and murder, the young Advocate was again fully restored to health.

This dreadful accident had however disturbed Master Wacht so seriously, that increasing melancholy was the consequence. This time the stout oak was shaken to its deepest roots.

Often, when he was employed about affairs altogether different, he would be heard to murmur softly,—“Sebastian, the fratricide, it is you who have destroyed me.” And then he would seem to awake

as from a deep sleep, and only by the most constant and active labor, was he able to maintain himself.

Yet who can understand the inscrutable depths,—the hidden organization of the feelings of a soul like that of Master Wacht. His horror of Sebastian and his dreadful action faded in his mind, while the picture of his happiness destroyed by Jonathan's love, stood out in fresher coloring.

Many little expressions of Master Wacht displayed this feeling. "Your brother is sitting in chains in the prison: his crime towards you has brought him there. It is bad to be the cause of bringing one's own brother into prison,—I would not be in the place of such a brother. But jurists think otherwise; they will have justice, they will play with puppets, which they dress up, and to which they give names as they will."

These bitter, though unreasonable words, Jonathan was often compelled to hear from Master Wacht. Any attempt at contradiction was altogether vain. The young advocate offered no opposition, but when the fatal opinion of the old man pierced his heart, and he could no longer restrain himself, he would cry out in the bitterness of his grief,—“Father, father, you do me wrong, wrong that cries to heaven.”

One day when the family were assembled at Monsieur Leberfink's, and Jonathan was also present, Master Wacht said, some persons thought that Sebastian Engelbrecht, though he was imprisoned as a criminal, might set up a claim in the law against Master Wacht, as his former guardian.—“That would be,” said the Master, laughing bitterly, and turning to Jonathan, “that would be a pretty cause for a young lawyer; you could undertake the case; you have perhaps the same game to play on your own account,—perhaps I have cheated you.”

The young lawyer then arose; his eyes flamed,—his breast heaved,—he seemed suddenly transformed into another being,—he stretched his hand toward heaven, and said:—“No, you are not my father,—you are a madman, who sacrifices the rest and the happiness of his children to a ridiculous prejudice. You shall never see me again,—I am going to America, in compliance with a proposal made me to-day, by the American Consul!”

“Yes,” cried Wacht, all anger and rage,—“yes, out of my sight, you Satan's merchant—you brother of the fratricide.”

With one look, which spoke all the inconsolable love, all the sorrow, all the despair, of a hopeless farewell to the half fainting Nanni, the Advocate quickly left the garden.

In an earlier part of this history, when

the young lawyer would have shot himself à la Werther, it was remarked, that it was well, that the necessary pistols were generally not at hand. It was as on this occasion quite as well that the young Advocate was not able to take passage immediately for Philadelphia, as he fully intended.

It so happened that his threat to leave his beloved Nanni and Bamberg remained still unfulfilled, when, after two years, the wedding day of the gilder and lackerer, Master Leberfink, had arrived.

Leberfink would have been inconsolable at this unfortunate postponement of his happiness, which had been occasioned by the successive misfortunes in the family of Wacht, if he had not thereby had opportunity to change the decorations of his state chamber, which shone in very modest blue and silver, into a bright red with gilding to match, because he had heard Rettel remark that a red table, red chairs, &c. suited her taste better.

Master Wacht did not oppose for a moment the desire of the happy Leberfink, that the young lawyer should be present at his wedding, and the young lawyer allowed himself to be persuaded.

It may be imagined with what feelings, the young people, who since that dreadful moment had actually never seen each other, met again. The assembly was great, but no single heart, however friendly, could measure their sorrow.

The party were all in readiness to proceed to the house of God, when a large letter was delivered to Master Wacht, who read but a few lines, when he left the room with great signs of emotion, and to the no little alarm of the rest of the company, who could not help anticipating some new disaster.

In a short time, Master Wacht called out the young Advocate, and as soon as they found themselves together in his private apartment, Wacht began, while he in vain endeavored to conceal his deep emotion:—“Here is extraordinary news from your brother; I have a letter from the director of the prison, who writes circumstantially how every thing has happened. You cannot at once learn the whole; I must, to make the incredible credible to you, tell you in short all I know.”

Saying this, Master Wacht looked sharply in the face of the Advocate, who, modestly flushing, cast his eyes down to the ground.

“Yes, yes,” continued Master Wacht, with a raised voice. “You do not know that your brother had been but a very few hours in the prison, before he was visited by a repentance such as has rarely torn a human breast. You do not know that his attempt at robbery and murder broke him

down. You do not know, that in a mad despair he moaned and prayed night and day, that heaven would destroy or save him,—that he might, by the most severe virtue, wash himself pure from the sin of blood."

"You do not know that on occasion of the erection of an important building connected with the prison, in the work of which the convicts were employed as mechanics, that your brother shewed himself to be so skilful and intelligent a carpenter, that he soon, without any one having thought of how it had happened, advanced to an important situation. You do not know, that he has since by his quiet and pious behavior, his diligence and exactness, joined to his enlightened understanding, made every one his friend."

"All this you do not know, therefore I must inform you of it. What more?—The Lord Bishop has pardoned your brother,—he has become a master,—but how could all this possibly be done without the help of money?" "I know," said the advocate, in a very low tone, "that you, my good father, have sent money every month, to the director, that my brother might be separated from the other prisoners, and be better provided for. You afterwards sent him mechanical tools."

Master Wacht then advanced to the young lawyer, took him in his arms, and said in a voice in which joy, melancholy, and grief, were indescribably mingled,— "Has Sebastian risen mightily in his original goodness, and again returned to honor, freedom, and his social rights?—he must have had help to do it. Some unknown friend of man, who had at heart the fate of Sebastian, has laid down ten thousand dollars in the court—in order"—Master Wacht's strong emotion prevented him from going on; he pressed the young man to his heart, and cried, while it was with difficulty he uttered the words—"Lawyer, carry me with you into the depths of that law as it lives in your breast, and may

I stand as well before the Eternal Judge of the world, as you will. Yet," continued Master Wacht, after a few moments, while he released the young man from his embrace,— "Yet, my beloved Jonathan, if Sebastian returns back an active pious citizen, and claims of me my promise, if Nanni?"—

"I will bear my sorrow," said the young Advocate, "till it destroys me: I will fly to America."

"Stay here," cried Master Wacht, inspired by joy and pleasure,— "Stay here, child of my heart. Sebastian will marry a girl whom he formerly seduced and had forsaken. Nanni is yours!" Again the Master embraced the young lawyer, and said,—

"Young man, I stand like a school-boy before you, and would pray you to pardon all the wrong, all the injustice, I have done you! Yet not a word more, other people are waiting for us."

Master Wacht then led the young Advocate into the wedding apartment, and said, in a loud and solemn voice, while he placed himself with Jonathan in the circle:—

"Before we proceed to the holy ceremony, I invite you all, honorable ladies and gentlemen, young men and maidens, six weeks hence, to a similar solemnity in my household; and I here place before you the Advocate, Jonathan Engelbrecht, whom I at this time betroth solemnly to my youngest daughter, Nanni."

The happy lovers sunk into each others arms.

Only a breathing of the deepest astonishment spread through the whole company, but the old Andrew said in a low tone, while he held his little three-cornered carpenter's hat before his breast,—

"The heart of man is a wonderful thing, but true religious faith conquers at last the vain sinful boldness of an obstinate temper, and every thing turns out as the good God wills it should—for the best."

THE TRUE RADICAL.

Some men would prune off the limbs of the plant whose summit is dying;—
Water thou well its roots, that new leaves and blossoms may grow:
Often new life may lie waiting, hidden and dead 'neath the surface,
So shall thy name be blest of thousands that rest in its shade.

AN EVENING IN SUMMER.

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

THE sun is down, dark grow the glades —
The stars are gathering in the deep;
And o'er the earth night's misty shades
Are stealing, like a dream in sleep.
The wild winds wandering through the sky,
Stoop from their paths as day declines,
And nestle with a shivering cry
And weary wing among the pines.

The twilight fades, and all the earth,
The night with solemn gladness fills,
The moon, as fair as at her birth,
Where heaven is wedded to the hills,
Through fleecy clouds around her flung,
Wheels up, beside the same sweet star,
That, with her, when the sky was young,
Looked over Eden from afar;

And small, white clouds, like tufts of down,
Blown o'er the bosom of the deep,
Are wandering round the mountain brown,
As sweet thoughts wander when in sleep;
While, faintly, in the west afar,
Is lingering, still, the day's last light,
Around those kingly hills that bar
The circled heavens from our sight.

The cool breeze sweeps the dark, blue lake,
The wild brook to its sweet self sings,
And the quick night-bird, now awake,
Brushes the wave with glancing wings:
Sweet Hope, with fair and gentle smiles,
Looks in the sick man's face, and tells
How fresh-lipped health, from fairy isles,
Is in that cool breeze as it swells.

Oh! would that thou wert here to gaze
With me upon this evening sky,
To hear the rising wind that plays
Among the tree-tops green and high —
Stirring their myriad leaves, until
Their murmured music swells along
With all life's utterances, that fill
The world with a perpetual song.

With thee beside me, oh! more pure
Would be the prayer I send on high,
And I more meekly should endure
Life's sorrows, from thy tender eye.
Thy love would teach me what no book
O'er which I've pined for years, hath taught,
Calmly, on baffled hopes to look,
And bless the changes they have wrought.

WOODSTOCK, VT.

SYMPATHY AND ANTIPATHY.

"I do not like you Doctor Fell —
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know full well,
I do not like you Doctor Fell."

THE law of dualism underlies all things, and is the heart of all action and passion. The reciprocation of every force with its opposite, originates continually a new force, and is the constant and uniform concomitant of motion, which in the animal is life, and in the intellectual is thought. Thus the law is perceptible in the antagonism of the two galvanic forces and electric poles—in dissonance and consonance, which, intertwining and modulating, give birth to harmony,—in male and female—in sleeping and waking—in the centripetal and centrifugal forces, &c. By the reaction consequent upon this double system of reciprocating opposites, the external and internal life or nature and thought are kept ever in vibration, and the universal scheme of things continued in motion. The cessation of this law would instantaneously produce stagnation and death. There is therefore no one object in nature which does not act upon some other object, and in return become passive and subject.

The particular branch of this law, with which we have at present to do, is the relation of individual to individual. It may not seem strange that the primal forces of sympathy and antipathy, by continual intersection, lose their integral power, and become in a measure entangled and compounded, so as to exhibit themselves in all the various stages of prejudice, from hate to love. Still there are three grand points or nodes upon which our feelings settle towards others,—sympathy, apathy, antipathy.

We cannot help our prejudices, they are part and portion of us; and if we could, we should be doing ourselves the greatest injury. I speak of a natural prejudice, not a bias created by circumstances unconnected with the object, and growing out of a false situation of the mind, induced by independent influences. I do not mean a prejudice which denotes a "foregone conclusion," but the genuine impulse and emotion of the whole being. Our instincts are organized prejudices. Nature has surrounded us with a thousand curious sensibilities, by which we detect the presence of any thing inharmonious or extraneous, even as she has provided insects with their feelers, to probe the ambient air. Each is surrounded by his appropriate sphere, in which he moves, as the moon in its halo.

These prejudices are ingrained, and give

color to all our feelings. Better still, they are the sudden intuitive judgments, with regard to extraneous objects, whose steps are so rapid, that the conclusion is all we recognize, and so conclusive that we cannot conquer them. Our nature does not play with us, it has the certainty of fate and destiny; it cannot be shaken off, or killed out. No one has ever been able to say to himself, I will love this person,—I will like that thing. We are but the agents of certain laws, which constitute our nature. We are ganglions of nervous sensibilities and tendencies, which modify all thought, and no more will every one nature cling to every other, than every two substances adhere. Love is an instinct and not a resolution.

Why do we honor and cherish our sympathies, and seek to crush and destroy our antipathies? Nature is surely as true to us in one as in the other; and one is as much a part of our nature as the other. Our prejudices constitute, in measure our very individuality; our likes and dislikes, our tendencies and repulsions, are our character. In one sense, every thing is a prejudice. Love is a prejudice—the rarest and most roseate, but still a prejudice. Our idiosyncracies are our peculiar genius. We cannot say that we will give no heed to them, that we will not act out the promptings of an inward sense. The attempt is an affectation—a continual masquerade—a lie. Are not our friend's peculiarities just the reason why we like him?—they may be grotesque, but we may like the grotesque; they may be his humor, and that is enough. Every one's way is to be respected: we would not have all men cut from one pattern. Raphael and Michael Angelo had strong prejudices for art, so strong, that nothing daunted them in their pursuit of it;—and the world has called them great for the fact. A prejudice which is successful, always finds praise.

Men who have no prejudices, have no opinions: they are wavering and unsteady. But men with a strong prejudice, will season the world with it, and make it the rudder of their life,—as Luther, Whitfield, Napoleon, Howard:—for what was their life but the prejudice of their minds to a certain fixed idea, which they labored constantly to evolve.

What is more dull and profitless, or more

entirely without sparkle and point than the discourse of a man without positive likings and dislikings? It is only by means of difference and discussion, and by interchange of thought and opinion, that life and vigor is elicited, and the conversation sparkles. Style gets a fascination from antithesis. Zinc and copper taste sweet together in the mouth, and give forth a flash. An acquiescent goodness is the most uninteresting quality in the world, and has become a limbo for stupidity. Charles Lamb was full of prejudice, and that is the very reason why we love him. He had a prejudice for old authors, old books, and the city. He had a prejudice against Scotchmen and Jews. He had his prejudices for Quakers, and tobacco, and jokes, and was never at home save in London. A good exponent of his mental bias is to be found in a certain strange conversation of his, which is related by Hazlitt, in which, when the question was started, as to whom of all the persons who ever had lived, one would prefer to see and know, Lamb selected Fulke Greville and Sir Thomas Browne.

It is our temper and temperament which are to be corrected, and not our natural prejudices. The love of one thing supposes a distaste to another. High enthusiasm for an object is often nothing more than a violent repugnance to its opposite. A magnetic needle may be moved in the same direction by the application of either a negative or positive influence. Peculiarity of genius is always a bias or prejudice to a certain idea, to the exclusion of others. The mind is governed by its own laws, turns on its own axis, likes and dislikes involuntarily;—

"For affection,
Master of passion, sways us to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes."

We can often give no better account of our dislike than the fact,—*"the reason why we cannot tell."* Such was the hate of Shylock for Antonio, for which he says he can give no reason *"more than a lodged hate to a certain loathing."*

Our life is but the diagonal mean of a thousand contrary influences. Conscience itself is a moral antipathy—a revolting at certain ideas which are not in harmony with the idea of right, and healthy no longer than while it acts spontaneously and freely. It is

"That fine sense, which to the pure in heart
By mere oppugancy of its own goodness,
Reveals the approach of evil."

The conscience can be deadened, but would it be worth while to crush such a prejudice?

To say that a person is good, and to enumerate good qualities, is nothing to the purpose, if we thereby would awaken to

love. Such qualities may generate esteem and respect, but have nothing to do with love. If it were not so, we should love only those persons who were good, and these in proportion to their goodness, which is manifestly not a fact in our nature. The highest esteem and respect is perfectly consistent with the entire absence of love. Love has nothing to do with any quality, but is a lurking magnetic influence, which attracts one to another. It is the interchange and alternation of sympathies, the reciprocation of individual to individual, the perfect intertwining of difference and similarity, the mysterious resolution of intricate harmonies out of positive and relative discord; it is where one is the complement of the other in thought and feeling, in strength and weakness, in action and passion. It is only when the zenith star is opposite the sea, that it sees its reflex transfigured in the watery nadir. Love cannot be wiped out from the heart like a thin cloud from the sky, by misfortune. Even though the star we worship fall from heaven, still we worship it. Love kneels on dungeon floors, and wipes away the tears of remorse with its wet hair. Even through all vice and crime, it will cling to the heart. Scorn will not rust its adamantine links. It depends upon no time, no policy, no occasion; it clings to the blasted tree, that bereft of the vigor and greenness of its prime, rots in the winter's blast. It sweeps down all barriers, it levels all inequalities, and the uncontrollable tendency remains, eddying in the last channels of life. Yet this mighty power is as subtle as light,—it can neither be predicated or enforced. Those whom we love, shed a light and effluence around them wherever they move, as an odorous lamp. Though no word be spoken, though the eyes do not see and the ears do not hear the beloved one,—the soul that loves is aware of her presence. Something there is of beauty which vanishes when she is gone. To touch her hand, makes the whole frame thrill as if a sharp magnetism flew all over this nervous, branching human tree. Thus, too, the desire to touch becomes insatiable. That this is the result of a magnetic influence growing out of dualism is enforced by the fact, that this sense is never excited between persons of the same sex. So, too, the nervous tremble, which thrills us at times, was by the Rosicrucians attributed to the fact, that some one was near, who influenced our destiny. This sympathy also shows itself in the fact, that when any one fixes his eyes steadily upon another, however engaged,—if his will be sufficiently strong, the other will look up. So also, too earnest and steadfast a gaze at a sleeping child will awaken it. The composed sense of half

like and half dislike, grows out of the intermingling of different poles of magnetism.

Among the thousand faces which we meet in our daily walks, there are a thousand grades and degrees of sympathy.—Some few there are, which we meet by a casual chance, and which we never see again, that send a thrill through us, and return unto our vision in the summer hours of reverie. Some there are, which seem distorted and painfully affect us, and yet, from which we cannot take our eyes, or purge our memories,—so strong is the fascination of deformity. Many there are, which are agreeable up to a certain point, and for which we have a certain imperfect sympathy, which is antagonised by the correspondent parts of their nature as shewn in the physiognomy. With some there is a slight interest created, a scarcely perceptible influence given, which passes with separation. The old fable of mates, and of the cleft soul seeking its other part has much meaning; the words of old Wither are,—

"They never love at all, who love not at first sight."

And are not poets ever the hierophants of abstract truths?

Burton, in his quaint anatomy of melancholy says,—

"No stock, and no stone that hath not some feeling of love. 'Tis more eminent in plants, herbs, and is specially observed in vegetables, as betwixt the elm and the vine a great sympathy;—betwixt the vine and the cabbage, betwixt the vine and the olive, betwixt the vine and the baies a great antipathy. The vine loves not the bay nor his smell, and will kill him if he grows near him. The burr and the linde cannot endure one another; the olive and the myrtle embrace each other in roots and branches, if they grow near."

The next, and intermediate state is that of apathy, or utter chill indifference, when there is neither sense of pleasure or pain towards the individual. This is the feeling with which we regard most persons, and those of this class with whom we are brought in contact, must be lifted into a relation of interest, or they become "most tolerable, and not to be borne." Our intercourse with such persons is artificial and unnatural, and grounded not upon what is inherent and necessary, but upon what is factitious and accidental. The laws of this relation are the laws of society, where all that we do, is a compromise of the individual to the general. Except that we could create an interest, and interpose a habit of thought or mind between such persons and ourselves, and thus give an adventitious connection, nothing would be more wearisome than the crowd. It is only where men preserve their integral nature and individuality, which it is the very tendency of society or

the mass to destroy, that this state perfectly exists. Society creates classes, which are permeated by some single interest uniting and connecting them by a thousand hidden relations, which are non-essential and not inherent to the nature and the constitution of the individual. The mass, however, become studies for the artist—purchasers to the trader—tools for the knave—who contemplate only that quality whereby classes are connected, while real relations are wholly or in part kept out of sight.

Antipathy is as strong as sympathy; it may be in a measure classified, and is perchance the result in some degree of the national constitution. The heat of the blood in the Italian's veins, and the rapidity of its current, renders him sensitive to the chill of water; while the Swiss, whose blood is half water, and who are notorious for the cool determination, and unimpassioned character of their temperaments, will dabble day after day in the falling torrents of their native land. Life retreating in northern countries from the extremities to the heart and brain—renders the touch far more susceptible to the contact of extraneous life and matter. Thus the dirt which encrusts the Italians, and the vermin which infest their clothes are never found among the cooler nations of the north. The mental peculiarity corresponds to the sensible. Love becomes a matter of passion in the South, and sentiment in the North. In the South all passions run riot, while the North is more contemplative, patient, and thoughtful. The flowing of blood, which is a natural sight to the Italian, makes the English shudder. Thus, too, the spirit and fire of the French soldiery, and the steady perseverance and dogged resolution of the English, are matters as much of climate as of anything. The hotter the blood, the swifter is its flow, and spinning through the extremities, it aggravates the desire to touch and mingle with other bodies; as in Summer it is grateful to lay the hand upon cold marble, and to feel the air, and to roll on the grass. The swarm of insect life, too, then loses its disgusting qualities,—we become less susceptible to it than we could ever school ourselves to be in winter, and lose that fastidiousness which returns with the cold. We are then so full of life ourselves, that we do not heed the presence of extraneous life, while when the surface of the skin is cold, we shrink into ourselves, and lose physical sympathy, so that the presence of other life contradicts our own, and becomes repulsive. Perhaps, too, the moisture exhaled from the skin, fastens whatever alights upon us to our own life, or creates a link between us, avoiding thereby that repulsion which is consequent upon a want

of continuity. Certain it is that nothing is so disgusting as snakes and toads, and the cold, slimy race, which will not cling to us, but glide slippery off. Still, with us neither a long continued heat nor cold have modified entirely our temperament. The natives of the Southern Islands in the Pacific,—of Nubia and Abyssinia,—of Madagascar and the African Islands,—and of New Zealand,—all lying under a tropical sun, crave raw flesh and blood for food. In Caffraria and Congo, where the climate is cooler and temperate, the natives eat vegetables;—while the Esquimaux prefer cold grease. The American Indian, also, in his savage state, cooks his food, and eats vegetables. We cannot so accurately judge of these matters by an observation of the results and phenomena in civilized society—because the higher we rise in the intellectual scale, the more infrequent become these animal tendencies; or at all events, the more studious are we to conceal them; while in the low state of savage life, the instincts or natural prejudices, have full sway.

In progress of civilization, these prejudices and antipathies change to idiosyncracies, and the current which runs through the animal, mounts into the intellectual, and varies with the individual character. Thus, we see persons with a monomania, or exceptional hallucination, in civilized life, while they are rare in savage life. Insanity, too, is almost unknown among savages. There are also hypochondriacs, or those in whom one fantastic idea has overturned a particular sense. These grow out of the very nature of the individual constitution, and are not open to reasoning.—A very striking instance of this hallucination occurred in the case of a remarkably spare man, who fancied his bulk to be so great, as to render it impossible for him to leave the room wherein he was when the idea seized him. The case seemed so absurd, that after all reasoning had failed, his friends concluded to force him out, and thus prove the folly of the fancy. But the attempt was entirely unsuccessful, and the patient died in the operation, crying out, you are squeezing me to death. The same dogged adherence to the particular bias characterises every simple antipathy.

Every individual has his place, and is the representative of a certain idea or class of ideas. Human nature is but a vast arch built over the roaring sea of time. Every moment, we are conscious of some subtle judgment upon each passing object. We do not understand the process, but we recognize the result. It is an impression,—either reciprocal and harmonious to the laws of our thought and nature, and pleases us; or inharmonious, and repels us. Some faces so interest us, that without any reason, we

become fascinated. Some voices are like nets in which to catch the willing spirit. Some figures have an I know not what of subtle grace, that brightens the world. Some persons on the contrary show to us like beasts, and repel and disgust us, yet without apparent cause, and even when no words may have been interchanged. These are the results of neither beauty nor ugliness, but simply of sympathy or antipathy, which are laws running through and modifying our taste and senses, and having relation to all things and all persons. Antipathy shows itself in a thousand various ways;—sometimes in the vision, making certain objects of sight disagreeable; sometimes in the hearing. I have puzzled my own memory, and that of my friends, which I consider a part of mine, in vain endeavors to recal the name of some person who was possessed of an antipathy to a cat, so that on one occasion he exclaimed that there was a cat in the room, and though no one could be seen, continued to assert that it must be so, because he experienced a certain disagreeable feeling which uniformly accompanied the presence of that animal. Goethe had a similar antipathy to a dog, and on the occasion of Wieland's funeral, while he was discoursing upon the *monads* or primary germs of being with Falk, a dog happening to bark in the street, Goethe sprang hastily to the window, and called out to it—"Take what form you will, vile larva, you shall not subjugate me." He also wrote an epigram, beginning—

"Manche Töne sind mir verdruss, doch bleibet am meisten
Hundegebell mir verhasst; kläffend zerreist es
mein Ohr."

The Italians dislike perfumes, and will not admit flowers in the room. This peculiarity attaches generally to persons who live for any length of time in Italy. Beethoven, while sitting in a pot shop one evening, suddenly leaped up and rushed out of the room, upon the entrance of some stranger, exclaiming—"what a scoundrelly phiz." I know also of a person who has a similar antipathy to rats, and who is affected with faintness whenever they approach her. Some persons cannot bear particular smells or colors, and very many cannot eat of certain meats. The sight of blood will cause some strong persons to faint. Nor is this the result of association; it is inherent, and cannot be overcome. It cannot be borne down by reasoning. The first impression steps into its place like the ghost of the prejudice we would have murdered. Townsend, in his book on Animal Magnetism, states that one of his patients, while in the magnetic state, expressed great dislike to the sapphire,

complaining that it was hot and burning, and great disgust to the emerald, while the diamond was soothing, and had a charm like the hand of the magnetizer. At times, some extraordinary revulsion of feeling takes place with regard to our intimates, when all is abhorrent to us, and our former sympathy becomes a wonder to us. This hate of persons as exhibited in its greatest extent is rare, yet by no means unknown. Heywood tells a story in his "Hierarchie of Angels," of a Spaniard who attempted to assassinate King Ferdinand, of Spain, and on being put to the rack declared that he could give no reason for the deed, but an inveterate antipathy which he had taken at the first sight of the King. There is another story told of two persons who had never seen or heard of each other, who fought the instant they met.

What one loves, another dislikes. How imperfect would be the whole arrangement of creation, if the same things were uniformly repulsive or agreeable. The love of individuals for each other, often seems to others the most remarkable peculiarity in their whole life. We are possessed of inherent affinities for certain qualities and appearances, and cannot resist certain influences. What is fascination to one is not so to another; and those are the most generally agreeable in whom there exists a combination of subtle graces, which assimilate to the general taste.

Women, who oppose their prejudices very slightly, and whose character is a ganglion of prejudices, are usually better physiognomists than men, because they trust implicitly to the first impression; they jump to a conclusion without understanding the intermediate steps, and thus receive a total impression. Men, who are more cautious and doubting, and who rely more upon their judgment, do not so readily or surely get at the gist of character. Any one may see this in the best novels written by women; the immediate apprehension of the subtleties of character is their great charm,—as in those of Miss Burney, Miss Ferrier, Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth.—A satisfactory conclusion may be drawn from innumerable slight developments, which cannot be hidden, and which to enumerate seem ludicrous in detail, but which taken together are strong as the Lilliputian threads which bound Gulliver to the earth. The absolute worth of a person is the problem to a man, the relative worth the problem to a woman. Women, too, will not take back their first impression—because they cannot, and not because they will not. They are more sensitive and easily affected than men, and susceptible to slighter influences.

Let me close this long essay, with a story

which will illustrate some of the ideas suggested.

On one of the crags, which lifts its frowning brow over the majestic Rhine, stands an old castle, which was, at the time of our story, occupied by a German Baron.—Looking sheer down from the precipitous rock, the broad river may be seen winding smoothly along through flowers and trailing vines, which luxuriantly strew its banks, its silver bosom bearing many a whitening sail, while many a village nestling beside it, shows diminished to the downward gazing eye. Often times when the air was still, and the twilight sleeping upon the eastern bank and yellowing the old castle, the songs of the peasant beneath might be heard ascending and refined by distance, and the silver ring of the Yodeln echoing adown the river. Often, too, the eye would catch the distant forms of the dancing peasants entwining and intertangling, while the shrill pipe and fiddle regulated their joyous motions.

The old Baron was of a good and pleasant humor, and not by half so grim and swarthy as the first appearance of his rough beard and weather-beaten face betokened. The great pride of his life was to keep up the spirit and usages of the olden time, and often and often the castle hall would resound with drinking songs and the uproarious mirth of boon companions, and the sharp ring of glasses, while the tall Rhenish bottles were rolled one after another under the table, and the drinking horn copiously filled with Rhine-wine gurgled down the throats of a merry company. The Baron had no thought of temperance, while he sat with his priest in the hall.

The Baron had a young fair daughter, flaxen haired and blue eyed, who had grown up under his rough protection, like a violet beneath a rock. She was tall and gentle, and withal of a most mirth-loving disposition, and filled with the spirit and buoyancy of youth, as full as ever was her father's drinking horn with the slippery flashing Rhenish. Often she would tease the Baron's face into a wrinkled vexation with her tricks, and just as he was about to utter some sharp oath, seal up his lips with a kiss that would make the old Baron fold her in his arms, and setting her on his knee, change the intended oath into an odd story, at which she would laugh and pull his beard, and then jumping up impulsively, run off, singing some snatch of a song, until her merry voice was lost in the distance. "The jade," was the Baron's invariable exclamation, "how I love her."

And well he might; what else are women made for? It was not so odd as he thought.

Often the girls and boys from the village gathered at the old hall, and clambered up the towers and over the battlements, and hid behind the old armour, and in the thousand nooks and crevices, and hiding places. It was a rare old place for that. They would hunt out the rooks, and throw stones over into the gorge beneath the cliff, or sit long summer evenings on its edge, when the moonbeams swam shimmering in the river beneath, and the distant castles looked spectral, and amuse themselves with old traditions and legends, nestling closer to each other as the fearful interest deepened. Often, too, they would sing songs and glees, and it made the Baron's heart glad and warm within him to hear them; most especially when he heard Emilie's silvery voice soaring above the rest, while he sat smoking his pipe in the distance, and puffing the whitening wreaths of it into the moonshine. So with all these good times,—life slipped away easily and pleasantly, unless when there was cold stormy weather, and then Emilie would wish they lived in the village, where she could see more people, and longed for society, and grew fearful of the old armor and pictures in the gallery, when she passed through it at night, and wished that she had a sister or a brother, or that Bernard would only take it into his head to remember that she must be lonely. The Baron too, on these dreary winter nights would thrust his feet far into the fire, and leaning his head down on his breast, with both hands thrust into his pockets, would stare earnestly into the blazing fire that streamed up the throat of the huge chimney, and puff forth moodily great volumes of smoke, which twisted up and round fantastically like spirits of the air. Thus would he dream away hour after hour, and sometimes grow quite melancholy with the recollections of the past. But he had a good stout heart of his own, and that kept him through all weathers, like a firm and steady anchor.

Emilie had now arrived at her seventeenth year, and was growing more and more beautiful every day, and more and more desirous of finding some friend to whom she could confide her imaginary woes, and the many new thoughts and fancies, which were blossoming in her young bosom. She was that age at which the spirit deepens, and the shadows of thought are just beginning to thicken around the heart,—when aspirations and indefinite yearning presses us, and the heart is as a young tree which is budding and branching in the Spring,—when all around begins to take a different hue, and reverie assumes the place of animal enjoyment.

"Sad fancies then we do affect
In luxury of disrespect

Of our most prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness."

Emilie, much as she loved her father, felt the want of a different sympathy and confidence. She needed one who could partake in all her youthful feelings,—whose pulse could keep time with hers, and to whom the shadows of irregular fancies would not be unintelligible.

She and her father were sitting late one autumn evening together. The weather had grown cold, and the hearth was heaped with large logs, that sent a cheerful blaze around. The Baron as usual was smoking and ruminating, while Emilie was reading at his side. Suddenly she laid down her book, and after pondering the fire for some time, gave a deep sigh.

"Well Emilie," said the Baron, "that is a deep sigh for one so young as you. What were you thinking of at that precise moment?"

"I was thinking how lonely we were here, and how much pleasanter it would be if we had my cousin Leonora here with us. She would be such a companion, and we might have such a merry time."

"Well, my dear, if you want her, we will send for her," answered the Baron, and then thought to himself—"she is growing up and is young, and I am no companion for her now," and then he sighed.

"There father, now you sighed, what was that for?"

"I am older than you, madcap, and have a better right to sigh."

Now Leonora was a cousin of Emilie's, who had often visited at the castle. The two cousins were nearly of the same age, but of an entirely different character and cast of mind. Leonora was a more delicate and susceptible girl, more sensitive and easily acted upon by external influences, and oftentimes the play-thing of her own fancies. She was slender and weak physically, but her mind was so much more active than her body, that it often entirely subdued it, and usually induced an extreme languor of manner. Always, when under the influence of strong excitement, she would seem like a live flame, graceful and impulsive, and full of fantastic motion, while every change of feeling showed itself perceptibly in external action, as the motion of tremulous water through a glass vase. Emilie loved her much, and had always felt an irresistible attraction towards her from her very childhood. Two more different and opposite natures could scarcely be conceived. Emilie was never still enough to be deep, but over all her feeling a flush of joyous excitement ran like a breath of wind upon water, while the simplest fancy of Leonora was overshadowed by mystery. Often had the two cousins sat for half the

night in their sleeping room, with one dimly burning light, while Emilie, pillowing her head on Leonora's lap, as she reclined at her feet, gazed down the misty mountains, and listened with quelled and subdued spirit to the wild tales of love and magic, which the active fancy of Leonora wove, half believing them to be true.—Emilie never knew what they meant; they were passing fantastic shadows, but somewhat they possessed that charmed her: perhaps it was the melancholy monotonous voice of Leonora overbrooded by the mystery of night: perhaps it was from their entire contrast to her usual mood—for what resembles us least has great fascination for us—that made them wondrous and beautiful. However this was, the girls formed a strong and deep-rooted attachment, which continual separation did not wear away. Emilie, at the time at which the scheme of asking her to the castle was planned, was recovering from illness, and the invitation which was kindly offered was as gratefully accepted, so that in a week Emilie and Leonora were again together.

Sometime had elapsed since they had met, and there were many new things to be shown, and old ones to be revisited.—They roamed up and down the castle and grounds;—they hunted out the curious relics of a by-gone age, and enclasped travelled round the cliff and hunted through all the rooms, save one, which Leonora refused to enter though Emilie insisted, that all the rest were worth nothing in comparison to this, and grew almost vexed with Leonora for her refusal.

"But why will you not go in now?—Come dear Leonora, do."

"I cannot,—I will tell you my reason at some more fitting time. There, don't say any more about it now; but see how oddly that great cloud looks sailing o'er the opposite cliff—it is shaped like a huge griffin—see, now it spreads out wings."

Emilie became absorbed in watching the cloud in the sky, and forgot her own little cloud of disappointment and vexation.

At evening they strolled together round the crags, and having secured a mossy seat in a sheltered nook of rocks, sat down and gazed into the valley together. It was a beautiful sunset. The silver star of evening came forth keen and sharp, over the lambent flow of pale green light which spread around the horizon's western ring, and melted gently up into the delicate blue above. A few faintly tinged clouds bloomed in the lower range of light, like skiey flowers, and the tall mountains towered mistily into the thickening evening. The silence and repose of the scene melted the two young hearts together in sympathy, and Emilie turning her soft blue eyes, softer for the

glistening moonlight in them, up to Leonora, said, pressing her hand—

"I am so glad, dear Leonora, that you are here—we shall be so happy together—I can tell you all my feelings and thoughts, and be sure that you will sympathise with me."

"I am happy too, to be here once more," answered Leonora; "we have much in common, though we are so different, and perhaps our very difference makes us better friends. And now we will be dearer than ever to each other, for your love is deeper than when I saw you before, and though there may be much in what I feel and think, that you cannot sympathise with, you are such a madcap—still there is so much that we have in common, that I am sure we shall be happy together." Leonora bent down and kissed her friend's forehead.

"Why should you be so much more thoughtful and sad than I?" said Emilie: "I laugh all the time, and am so full of animal spirits, that all sorts of wickedness comes into my head, and I cannot sit still for very restlessness. You are only a year older, and yet you are so thoughtful and serious. I do understand you better than I did, but not wholly. I wonder if I shall ever be like you. I'm sure we ought to be both alike to love each other; but we are not: you do not like the same books that I do; you read Heinrich von Ofterdingen, but I like Hoffman's Goldene Topf much better,—O, what a good story that is; how all things flutter round so whimsically, and yet all is so happy. O dear me, what a happy person the student Anselmus must have been, except when he was imprisoned in the glass bottle, and put away on the high shelf; and then the gold green snakes and all that;—and then you are always playing great mysterious Beethoven pieces, which father calls dirges, and which I don't like half so well as Weber, who is wild, and so happy and tender and bright—I sing half the time—

Vöglein, hupftet in dem Haine
Herzchen hupftet in der Brust.

Haydn, too, I like. He is like our sunrises and holidays. O dear me, let us sing something now. Leonora, what shall it be?"

"Mignon?—Sehnsucht?"—

"I knew it would be something of Beethoven's." Will you choose then? "No! we will sing what you want; let us sing Mignon." The air was woven into the yearning song of Mignon, by two voices, which were like two strands of music. When they had finished, neither spoke for some time, and then Emilie broke the silence.

"Why were you afraid to go into the picture gallery, this morning? You promised to tell me, though you put me off then."

"You were too merry and in too good spirits, and would have laughed at what will even now perhaps seem an idle and absurd fancy. But you are sober now, and I will tell you. The truth is, that there is a picture in that room of which I am afraid. It is the portrait of that grim knight with the youthful face—Sir Hildebrand."

"Not the picture of Sir Hildebrand!—Now that to me is the handsomest face in the gallery, and one of the handsomest I ever saw. He looks fierce and bright, as if he had never known fear, and his eyes are like falcon's. There is a sort of fascination in it to me; it is not exactly a handsome face, but—but—I always look at it when I go into the room."

"May be," answered Leonora, "but I have a terrible antipathy to it—a feeling that I can never get over,—I am afraid of it; but it is not fear exactly that makes it so repulsive—it is a feeling of horror and awe—a nervous hatred. It makes me tremble even to think of it, so that I am sure that it must be connected somehow or other with my fate. You may smile, but it is,—I would not be alone in the room with it for worlds. This may seem foolish and inexplicable to you, but it cannot be more inexplicable to you than it is to me; and yet I have a loathing to it which I cannot overcome. I so well remember when I was here before I lost my way in the dark, while I was seeking for you, and opened the door, not knowing that it led into the gallery. After groping about for some time, I placed my hand upon a picture frame which I knew must belong to this picture, by the thrill of horror that went all over me,—my knees knocked together,—my head swam round, and the whole world seemed falling. I shrieked, and you came running in, and found me lying on the floor, in a fainting fit. You remember it, don't you?"

"O yes, but you never told me what was the cause of your fainting; I thought you were ill."

"Because I thought you would think it foolish, for I did at first,—I resolved to conquer the antipathy, and went once or twice into the room afterwards to accustom myself to look at that picture, but I could not—it always made me shudder, and once or twice so affected me, that I could not regain my self-possession for some time afterwards. I think that if ever I were put alone with that portrait in the dark, it would kill me. Instead of fading away, the feeling has grown stronger in me lately, and whether it be imagination or not, there is something awful to me in it."

"How foolish! I cannot understand it at all. You are the dupe of your own fancy. I shall make a point to reason you out

of it, or to cure you of it somehow or other."

"Do not try, dear Emilie, for you cannot, it is a fixed idea,—it is an antipathy for which truly I cannot account, and which perchance is unaccountable; but similar antipathies are not unknown or impossible. There certainly have been cases like mine, though rare."

"I shall certainly decoy you into the room sometime, and make you fall in love with Sir Hildebrand."

"You will not, I know, after I have told you how very terrible the idea is to me. But let us talk of something more agreeable."

When the cousins returned, they found the Baron smoking at his door. He always smoked, and I for one do not wonder, I am smoking myself now, and for a man who has nothing else to do, what is more agreeable and friendly. There is something so mysterious in the blueish white wreaths which float gracefully upon the air, assuming vague spirit-like shapes, that with the soothing influence of the fragrant weed, and no one near to decry it, one can scarcely find a more pleasant occupation. I postpone my speculations on this subject, however, to another time.

Emilie, as soon as she saw her father, ran up to him, and almost knocking his pipe and his two best teeth out of his mouth, (a pipe is not so good as a cigar in many respects) as she gave him a kiss, said:—"Dear father—what do you think? Leonora is so afraid of the portrait of Sir Hildebrand, in the picture gallery, that she will not go into the room where it is—she has such an antipathy to it. Did you ever hear of such a strange and absurd idea? I've been laughing at her about it, but she is obstinate, and will insist that there is something dreadful about it. She says she always had a horror of it, and used to be afraid of it when she was little and used to stay here so much. You know she lived here almost all the time, then; and her fear has grown greater and greater, and that now she would not be alone in the room with it for worlds. It is really so—she did say so."

The old Baron turned slowly round, and looked at Leonora with a quaint smile of surprise, and then gradually allowing a huge volume of smoke to curl round his bearded mouth, and float away into the evening air, said:—"That is not so strange to me as it seems to be to you: there is certainly something mysterious about the picture, though I cannot tell what. But there are a great many strange stories told about Sir Hildebrand, who, you know, Emilie, was one of our ancestors. He was a brave knight and a remarkably handsome man—

if the portrait and tradition speak truly — and all the women fell in love with him, but he was full of vice and wickedness, and was thought to be in league with the devil. This picture was painted when Sir Hildebrand was young, by a friend of his who afterwards became insane, and whom the knight in a fit of blood and madness stabbed to the heart at his own table, and tossed over the battlements of the castle, as food for the crows. His mangled corpse was found the next morning beneath the rocks. Sir Hildebrand disappeared when he was about thirty, and was never heard of afterwards. Sometime or other, I will tell you some stories about him ; now it is time for you to go to bed."

Several days after this conversation, the Baron proposed to Emilie, or Emilie to the Baron, I am not perfectly sure which, that there should be a little gathering of friends of the Mädschen and Bübschen in the village ; that they should have a dance on the green in the afternoon, if the weather was fair, and then have the old hall garlanded, and ever so much fun and frolic all the evening. Accordingly, the young damsels and boys were invited, and in due time appeared towards sunset, with their faces glowing with anticipated enjoyment. — Every thing was well arranged, and never did a more perfect day gladden the earth. It was one of those warm soft silvery afternoons, which sometimes come in the autumn, after the frost has thrust his hand in for the green leaves — as if Summer breathed a long sigh before her final departure, which streamed far into the Autumn like a flowery wind reaching away into the tossing sea. An old piper and fiddler were obtained, and the young people set to it on the green. Locks of sunny hair floated adown softly rounded necks ; soft cheeks bloomed with excitement like roses ; and rills of joy and mirth flowed forth from lips, which were as cleft pomegranates. Laughter rang from every corner. They wound round in the whirling mazes of the waltz —

Sie würden roth sie würden warm
Sie rülte athmend arm im arm —

or reclined on the soft grass. Those who had youthful fancies and passions strolled away from the group of excited dancers, and bound garlands of leaves about each other's heads, talking a deal of sentiment, and interchanging (as young people of a certain age will) a thousand little courtesies, which eased their passionate hearts. Kisses were stolen and returned half fearfully, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." The serious Leonora was the gayest of the gay : she tossed her chestnut ringlets down her neck, and abandoned herself to

the full stream of joy. Her continual voice sounded in time and tune with the rapturous laugh of Emilie, or twined into the glee or song, like a silver thread. Her large eyes flashed with excitement, and as she passed her friend, she leaned her graceful head towards her, and almost breathlessly whispered,—"How happy I am!" "How beautiful is all this!" The Baron, too, grew young again, and twirled the young damsels round, and took those liberties with rosy lips, which make the cheeks of young men burn. It is so provoking that age should bring the privilege openly to taste of that forbidden fruit which is else only allowed to the favored few, and cousins. The fiddle sawed up and down, and the jig danced over its strings like a goblin. The pipe shrieked like mad, and the piper's eyes twinkled and wrinkled, which was his only way of showing how happy he was. The maze of different dresses and colors grew more and more entangled, and the frolic and mirth were at their highest, when the Baron's eye detected a black cloud in the distance, and a suppressed growl of thunder reached his ear. The young people heard it not, however, until the cloud advanced still higher and darker, and the thunder grew nearer.

It was, for all the world, just the scene of the pastoral symphony of Beethoven ; and that glorious music can so much better describe it than my weak words, that I pray you go back dear reader to the symphony, if you have ever heard it. If not, you must imagine much. It was not until the first heavy drops began to fall, that the party would give up the dance ; and then with bustle and loud acclamation, it was proposed to adjourn to the hall, and there continue the sport. No sooner said than done. In flocked the laughing band. In went the old Baron. In went the fiddler and piper — and in we will go. The dance was renewed, and went on with unflagging spirit, until a game was proposed as a change. It was agreed to on all sides, and the only question was what it should be. After some discussion, the game finally pitched upon was as follows :—some one of the company was to be removed from the room, and the rest were to select a word which was to be introduced into every answer given to the various questions he should propose upon returning, and the person detected in using the word selected, forfeited by taking the questioner's place. The game went on grandly for a short time ; jokes of all kinds were rife — and the bad jokes elicited as much laughter as the good. At last Leonora was detected, and it became her turn to leave the room. Now the picture gallery was the room into which all the previous questioners had been placed,

and was the only door convenient for the purpose—the rest being blocked up by the chairs of the company.

"Well," shouted they, "now put her into the gallery, while we choose the word."

"Yes, now go, Leonora," said Emilie, who was in the height of her enjoyment; "now go"—and she opened the door.

"I cannot, you know," whispered Leonora; "I cannot go in there: it leads into the gallery,—the picture is there,—I will go somewhere else."

"Pho—you can't—all the other doors are blocked up;—it will create such a confusion;—come, do go. It's so foolish—no place is so good as this."

"I cannot, you know—I am afraid to.—Don't urge me."

"What's the matter?" cried out several at once, seeing the pause;—"why don't she go?"

"O!" answered Emilie, laughing, "she is afraid to go, because there's a picture of Sir Hildebrand in there, that frightens her."

Then arose a great laugh, and Leonora turned pale, and whispered again:—"How can you, when you know the reason?"

"Now that is so silly!" cried Emilie—"so nonsensical! Come girls, let us make her go in, and then you will see, Leonora, that Sir Hildebrand is not so awful after all."—And the company crowded round her, crying out "what nonsense,"—"how ridiculous,"—until Leonora, half-persuaded that it might be folly, and fearful of making herself ridiculous, and half yielding to a

feeling of false shame, though pale as death, suffered herself to be urged gently through the door, into the dark gallery.—Emilie then closed the door, and said—

"Now don't listen, and we'll be ready in a minute."

Then ensued a whispering, and twenty words were suggested and set aside as being too difficult, and too easy, and too peculiar, and too common, and a thousand faults were found with each. Never had so much difficulty been found—for the best words were exhausted. Meantime, the thunder growled, and the lightning flashed, and the rain beat incessantly. Some one suggested the word "picture."

"Such fun as we might have out of it," said one. "Yes, but it's too hard—it would be detected immediately." The word was under most earnest discussion, when suddenly a shrill and piercing shriek from the gallery, and a sound as of something falling, startled the whole assembly into silence.—Emilie, terrified, instantly sprang to the door, and thrust it open, exclaiming,—
"Leonora, what's the matter? Where are you?" There was no answer. With a sudden impulse Emilie turned her eyes towards the picture, and the light that streamed in, shewed the wall bare. She rushed forward, and found it fallen, and half covering the body of Leonora. They instantly lifted it up, but Leonora moved not—she was dead.

JULY 5TH, 1842.

W. W. S.

THE EMIGRANT'S SIGH FOR HOME.

ALTHOUGH I may wander as far as I will,
My heart, dear my sister, remains with you still.
As the carrier bird, that they tear from its young,
Though the way be untracked, and the journey be long,
Untiring ne'er suffers its pinions to rest,
Till they fold its dear chicks in its desolate nest:—
Thus I, when my moments of exile are o'er,
And the dark Alleganics shall chain me no more,
With lightning winged swiftness my path will pursue,
Till it bring me, in rapture, to home and to you.

J. J.

MEN AND THINGS.

BY EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

PORR, you know, Mr. Editor, celebrates the praise of letters,

Heaven first taught letters for some wretches' aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid—

they may also serve the turn of a poor contributor, who, tired of the stiff broadcloth and neat neckerchief of the Essay, in these mid-summer days, ventures to appear before you in the loose undress,—the flowing robes of a negligent Epistle. Essays are voted a bore;—people dislike the dogmatism of which they are too susceptible, and more tedious still the set phrase in which a few overlabored ideas are spread before them. Essays are apt to have a great deal of batter to very few plums. They must have a beginning, a middle, and an end;—they must set forth with Addison's everlasting "there is"—and be rounded with a moral. The Letter needs no beginning,—the reader is content if it have at some time an end. Though the world is very unwilling to sit down and be lectured,—or at least the magazine reading world, which by the way is a far more comprehensive world than is generally understood when a man speaks of the world—meaning thereby, if a business man, his bank directors and endorsers; if a clergyman, his vestry and his sexton; if an author, his publisher and his puffers. This very world has its itching love of curiosity,—loves its bit of scandal,—its morsel of private history,—its dash of unsparing criticism,—its little anecdotal facts,—its scraps of personal feeling and meditation,—in short needs no argument to be a convert to the most winning perusal of letters. A letter promises something confidential; if it does not keep its promise, it invites expectation,—it excites interest, and that, if no more, is something in a magazine. If the reader fall not asleep before the last line, it is enough.

Of the value of letters, he knows not a better proof than the characteristic anecdote of the late Charles Mathews, who used to haunt the post-office and buy second-hand letters from those who had just read them, to add to his collection—a collection in which many honest lines of palmistry were doubtless figured.

Willis deserves the credit of having successfully revived the letter as a branch of literary composition. His "Letters from Under a Bridge," it would be no stretch of critical wisdom to call classical: they have originality and beauty, and if these

qualities do not entitle him to be written down or rather up with the classics, you may ever consider me among the romanticists. He leaves the heavy port and madeira to others, and gives the champagne of literature. Long may your readers be entertained with the

Tales and other country messes

Which the neat-handed Willis dresses.

Old Howell, who published his *Ho-clianæ*, (which doubtless gave his sobriquet to our Elia) is at the head of the early professed letter-writers. He was a traveller,—of course a gossip and retailer of the picturesque,—and above all, a classic Elizabethan spirit; for he was "sealed of the tribe of Ben," and hailed Johnson father. He published his letters in his life time,—an example that amidst all the variety and ingenuity of modern literature, we wonder has not been more eagerly followed.

He has hit off the conditions of a letter: "We should write as we speak; and that is a true and familiar letter which expresseth one's own mind as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes, in succinct and short terms. The tongue and the pen are both the interpreters of the mind; but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two. The tongue in *udo posita*, being seated in a most slippery place, may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions; but the pen, having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record."

The best topic for a letter is a man's whereabouts. Does he live in the city or the country,—by the sea-shore or out of sight of ships,—in the attic of a boarding house or in a home?—Is he surrounded by friends or associates?—Has he books, music,—above all has he a wife; and does he draw as from a fountain, perpetual youth and hope from the perfect flow,—the kindling apprehensiveness,—the happy looks of childhood? These are questions, Mr. Editor, your readers must solve according to their own fancy; but your correspondent does boast without vain glory,—for he shows his complacency with some three hundred thousand souls,—that he lives in a city the largest in the Union, and therefore the best, for it has most of man in it,—more variety, more action, more humors, and withal the least or no pretension. You may predicate anything of London,—you may assert no one preva-

characteristic,—and New-York is fast gliding into the same easy metropolitan character. Humanity is here thrown on its original elements. The text of the dramatist is reversed —

"That not a man for being simply man
Hath any honor."

Wealth, aristocracy, here create no distinction,—at least you do not feel their influence in the streets. The collision of crowds wears off the peculiarity of fortune, and men look each other in the face with a glance of brotherhood. How different is the case where the perpetual rich man of a village or town haunts the pavement, shedding constraint and deference every where about him. I was not displeased, the other day with an illustration of this humanitarian feeling. I was passing along with an umbrella, in a sudden shower, when a bustling dapper gentleman sprang out from the covert of a grocer's awning, and in a pleasant frank tone, asked the privilege of shelter for a street or two, which was cheerfully granted. He was very communicative, and his first remark was:—"I should not have ventured upon this request at home; but in New-York it is quite a different thing." On which side in the account-current of humanity does the favorable balance lie? You would not think of troubling the Mr. Smith in a village, for he would suspect you were desirous of his acquaintance, with an eye to his daughters or his bank; but there are five hundred Messrs. Smith, of equal calibre, in the city, to whom you may make up without suspicion.

New-York is every day getting ripe for the novelists and tale writers. Its extent throws over it an air of mystery and concealment. It offers many a hiding place for an intricate plot, or a humorous *denouement*. Its police records verify the wonders of fiction. Its variety offers the greatest contrasts of character. It is full of merriment and energy. See the expenditure of good writing in its daily press. The editorials of the poorest of the cheap papers, often show more intellectual activity than at the beginning of the century did the columns of the very best. New *classes* of men are daily growing up,—stereotyped characters which we have not inherited, but which will be handed down to the next generation. Early in the morning you will see the *chiffonier* with his iron picker, jerking stray fragments of broken linen and paper into his basket with a professional air learnt upon the *Rue St. Honoré* and the *Quai Voltaire*. One day, not long since, cabs made their first appearance, to the great laughter of the hackney coachmen, who said they were not fit for a gentleman

to ride in. But cabs have already lost the gloss of novelty, and may be seen in every degree from freshness to decrepitude; while the old funereal respectability of hackney-coach stands, has passed away. Cabs, omnibusses, and the three-penny-post, are seven league strides on the road of civilization. They all bring with them new sets of people. The news-boys should not be forgotten,—there is no danger of their being out of mind on the spot, while they are crying extras so lustily, and with the provocation of rhyme —

The New World, double sheet
Lady Blessington, all complete.

Charles Lamb wrote a paper on the decline of beggary,—here he might have reversed the picture, and written of its progress and advancement. We have not yet, what may be seen in Paris, the coryphæus of the craft, a beggar on horseback (an habitué of course of the *Rue de l'Enfer*) but here beggary assumes its livery, and puts forth its professionalities. Like monuments of the instability of fortune set along the highway of the city, here and there in Broadway a mute beggar has his station. Day after day a hand held forth (with a steadiness and muscular vigor health might envy) challenges the pence and small coin of the passengers. An old negro is ruffled in as many garments as the cauliflower,—a revolutionary soldier has a printed placard on his hat, and sits lettered like a tombstone,—a counterfeit Belisarius asking for an obolus. Unctuousness is the characteristic of a professional beggar, as good living is his failing. The calling has its perquisites. Your beggar is the offertory of the week day Christians. In *pontificalibus*, in his canonicals of rags,—in the odor of sanctity,—his coat shorn of buttons and cut down to a cassock,—his feet sandalled,—and his hat pinched by wind, weather and hard knocks, to a mitre, he receives the penance of the passing world. If you would be absolved from peccadilloes, put a penny in his pouch. A shilling quietly dropped into the open hat, will relieve the mind from the remorse of the harsh word to the friend you have just quitted; will sanctify the bargain of the morning. In equity you owe him something. He is an out-of-door theatrical performer,—a satirist of your government,—fortune's comedian, burlesquing the emptiness of wealth and luxury;—pay him the honorarium of the theatre. The penny-a-line, or by your grace more, Mr. Editor, that he shall receive for these paragraphs, shall be his. We are beggars all.

Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense
I live a rent charge on his providence.

Honor the beggar. If you would appear well with men, cultivate his kind aspect,—for he takes more note of you, than nine-tenths of your associates. When the wise Ulysses returned to Ithaca, he looked through the riotous suitors in the garb of a beggar.

"Ulysses enter'd slow
The palace, like a squalid beggar old,
Staff-propp'd, and in loose tatters foul attir'd.
Within the portal on the ashen sill
He sat, and seeming languid, lean'd against
A cypress pillar by the builders' art
Polish'd long since, and planted at the door."

LITERARY NOTICES.

MORLEY ERNSTEIN, Or, *The Tenants of the Heart*.
By G. P. R. James.

WE remember a review of "*The Fortunes of Nigel*," published, at the time when that romance appeared, in the London New Monthly Magazine, which, in discussing the then unsettled question of the authorship of the Waverly Novels, proved to the writer's entire satisfaction that they could not be wholly the work of Walter Scott. No one, it was argued, so much engrossed as he was, by professional occupation, could command the time barely necessary for the transcript of those tales. We have wondered since what that critic would have said of the works of some of our more modern authors;—the great Unknown outdid most of his predecessors in rapidity of performance; but among several of his successors, Mr. James especially we believe, out-does him. This rapidity of composition has naturally, perhaps fairly, exposed him to a great deal of ridicule. Unconsciously to himself, he has used in composing his different works, similar plans and materials, and the result is that hardly one of his later novels leaves any distinct impression on the reader's mind, a week after he has finished its perusal.

We have never been willing however to speak lightly of Mr. James's ability on this account. We have received too much pleasure from his original works, from those in which he did not copy himself, to have any right to do so. He has more than once exhibited great power, both in the arrangement of his plot and in his descriptions and narrative. Whenever he leaves his own beaten track, he hardly fails.

In Morley Ernstein, he has left this beaten track, and has shown himself fully successful; it surprises the reader because it differs so widely from the author's previous efforts, and while it surprises, it pleases him, both from its intrinsic interest, and because that interest is of a nature so entirely unexpected. We are not sure but that Mr. James meant to promote some such surprise as this, in giving his book a title which has an air of decided

melo-dramatic. In it he has left chivalrous ages, has left France, has left pirates, gypsies and smugglers, and has thus made a great change, and taken a great step in the mere location of his story. Its interest rests on points quite as new with him;—on the contests of feeling and impulse in the minds of his leading characters, more than on any stirring or exaggerated incident. Although the plot must be owned to be unnatural, we believe that the interest of the book does not depend, as in the novels of the melo-dramatic school, on its unnaturalness or improbability.

In an introductory note, which the reader ought not on any account omit, Mr. James says that this romance is a continuation of a general plan which in all his tales he has borne in view, by which he has hoped to improve the minds and hearts of his readers. We must own that this declaration took us by surprise. We had always supposed his novels to be written as read, without any definite view of any moral end to be attained or promoted by them. We will not doubt, however, that their very general circulation has had the effect which he hoped, "the elevation of the feelings and moral tone of those who read them, by displaying the workings and results of the higher and better qualities peculiar to times of old—ancient courtesy, generous self-devotion, and the spirit of chivalrous honor." Having illustrated these principles and their effects, as they formerly existed, in his historical tales, he has attempted to sketch their influence in later times in "*The Ancient Regime*," and now in Morley Ernstein has tried to exhibit them in action in the refined life of our own days. As we have said, we think his effort has been very successful.

FOREST LIFE. By the Author of "*A New Home*,"
2 vols. Charles S. Francis: New York.

WHEN Mr. Francis made the announcement that he had in press and would soon publish a new work by the author of "*A New Home*," he de-

lighted every body, who had been tempted "to follow" the western Pioneers by the life-like descriptions of that most amusing book, or who had been deterred by them from the hardships of an emigrant's life. We all felt that thrill of satisfaction which we feel when we have a full certainty that a letter has arrived from a distant friend, and that when the postmaster and his helpers have dispersed their other cares they will be happy to deliver it.

And now that "Forest Life" lies before us, in all its beauty of fair paper, pretty type, and neat binding, it is as if that letter had been brought from the post office, and lay in our hands crossed and re-crossed in every part, and its many sheets gushing from the envelope. "Mrs. Clavers," is perfectly right in addressing, as she does in it, every one who was interested in her first book a friend who would take an interest in all that he could gather of her and hers. We do not read this book as we read other books. It brings us intelligence from friends who have been silent so long that we began to fear we should not hear from them directly again.

"Forest Life" is not so much a connected narrative as is "A New Home," yet it is, as the author says, a continuation of that work. Indeed, she opens her heart, and feelings, and experience so entirely to her readers in each of these books, that the latter of them could not fail to show itself what it is, the result of two years more of life in the almost wilderness. "Forest Life" contains some tales of adventure and action in the West, which will interest the reader independently of the admission which they give him into that new and almost untrodden world. In the liveliness and gracefulness of these sketches, "Mrs. Clavers," reminds us of Miss Mitford, though we cannot but feel that she has the advantage over this English author, as perhaps she would over any old-country author in the spirit and energy and vivacity of her narrative.

The great charm of "A New Home" and of a "Forest Life" is, that they tell us "just what we want to know" of that wonderful country to which half of us mean to go, while the other half, in resolv-

ing to stay at home, think of, and talk of it almost as much as the emigrants themselves. Half an hour with one of these books, is like half an hour's chat with one of those pleasant western cousins or kinsfolk whom we all know, and who sometimes, thanks to the rapidity of locomotive and steamboats come back to tell us of the cities of refuge which they have found (or founded) in their wanderings. We welcome happily the announcement that though "Forest Life" is a continuation, it is not a sequel to "A New Home." May it be long, very long, before the sequel shall come which shall put an end to the hope of many more such continuations.

THE GREAT WESTERN MAGAZINE. Chiefly devoted to American Literature, Science, Art, Commerce, &c. Edited by Isaac Clarke Pray. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. Nos. 1, 2, and 3—for April, May, and June, 1842.

MR. I. C. PRAY is a gentleman whose publications have been well known in Boston and in New York, in which cities he has formerly resided. In establishing in London the "Great Western Magazine," he proposes to give to American interests and feelings an organ by which they may be heard in the Great Metropolis, where stupid and blind prejudice have so often thwarted and misrepresented them. A considerable part of the magazine is therefore devoted to the discussion of such topics of American politics as have any interest on the other side of the ocean; another portion is devoted to the criticism of American books, and a third, the greater part of the whole work—to selections from the American periodicals, and to such miscellaneous literary matter from various sources as might come within the scope of any magazine. Besides these branches, some space is devoted to the fine arts, literature, and the drama in London.

The plan is a comprehensive one, and if it is well carried out, the work will become one of interest and value, both to foreigners who desire to be well versed in the state of American affairs, and amused by American literature, and to the class of American residents or visitors abroad, which is constantly increasing.

LONDON FASHIONS.

LADIES RIDING DRESS of dark purple or green merino or Queen's cloth—tight sleeves with a slashed shoulder, cuff trimmed with fringe—buttons and tassels—chemisette high *en cavalier* with stock and collar—low crowned and broad trimmed beaver hat with ostrich feathers.

LADIES FULL DRESS, of thin India muslin over a pink, blue, or lemon colored silk, trimmed on each side with a double row of rich lace, and joined

in front with rosettes of the same color as the under dress—sleeves tight with a lace cuff turned over—Cap of net trimmed with a rich thread lace, the lappets falling far down upon the neck, bows of ribbon or flowers forming a contrast to the color of the dress—Scarf of black net.

GENTLEMAN'S EVENING DRESS.—Our plate, we believe, is so clear as to need no explanation.

CAVATINA.

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CAVATINA. — "WOULD, DEAREST, THOU WERT NEAR ME!"

FROM THE OPERA OF FAUST

COMPOSED BY LOUIS SPORCK

Allegretto con moto.

Voice.

Piano Forte.

p

mf *p* *mf*

Would, dear thou wert near me! None else but thee to love me thou

- fess how lov'd thou art! how lov'd thou art!

p

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat major). It contains the lyrics "- fess how lov'd thou art! how lov'd thou art!". The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part begins with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The music is in 4/4 time.

Grief, then, no more could harm me, No doubts, no fears a - -

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. The piano part features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands. The lyrics "Grief, then, no more could harm me, No doubts, no fears a - -" are written below the vocal staff.

- - - harm me, Un - less from thee to part, from thee to

p

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line ends with a trill (tr) over the final note. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a final chord. The lyrics "- - - harm me, Un - less from thee to part, from thee to" are written below the vocal staff. A dynamic marking of *p* is present at the beginning of the piano part in this system.

CAVATINA.

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part, Un - less from thee to part, from thee to

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in G major and the bottom staff in C major (one flat). The lyrics are written below the top staff.

part, from thee to part. But forced from thee to

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

sev - er, Peace quits my breast for - ev - er, And sor - row

p

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the top staff. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is placed below the middle staff.

breaks this heart, breaks this heart. Peace quits my

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one flat). The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in G major, with the bottom staff featuring a more active bass line. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

breast for - - ev - er, And sor - row breaks this heart,

This system contains the next three staves of music. The melody continues on the top staff, and the piano accompaniment continues on the bottom two staves. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

breaks this heart.

pp

This system contains the final three staves of music. The melody concludes on the top staff, and the piano accompaniment concludes on the bottom two staves. The lyrics are written below the top staff. The piano accompaniment ends with a double bar line. The dynamic marking *pp* (pianissimo) is placed below the bottom staff.

BOSTON MISCELLANY.

THOSE UNGRATEFUL BLIDGIMSES.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"For, look you, sir, he hath as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were) durst not (look you sir,) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, while he's in directitude."

Coriolanus.

"*Hermione.* Our praises are our wages."

Winter's Tale.

F——, the portrait painter, was a considerable ally of mine at one time. His success in his art brought him into contact with many people, and he made friends as a fastidious lady buys shoes—trying on a great many that were destined to be thrown aside. It was the prompting, no doubt, of a generous quality—that of believing all people perfect till he discovered their faults—but as he cut loose without ceremony from those whose faults were not to his mind, and as ill-fitting people are not as patient of rejection as ill-fitting shoes, the quality did not pass for its full value, and his abuses were "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa." The friends who "wore his bleeding roses," however, (and of these he had his share) fought his battles quite at their own charge. What with plenty of pride and as plentiful a lack of approbation, F—— took abuse as a duck's back takes rain,—buoyant in the shower as in the sunshine.

"Well, F——!" I said, as I occupied his big chair one morning while he was at work, "there was great skirmishing about you last night at the tea-party!"

"No!—really? Who was the enemy?"

"Two ladies said they travelled with

you through Italy, and knew all about you—the Blidgimses."

"Oh, the dear old Blidgimses—Crimmy and Ninny—the ungrateful monsters! Did I ever tell you of my nursing those two old girls through the cholera?"

"No. But before you go off with a long story, tell me how you can stand such abominable backbiting? It isn't once in a way, merely!—you are their whole stock in trade, and they vilify you in every house they set foot in. The mildest part of it is criminal slander, my good fellow!—Why not do the world a service, and show that slander is actionable, though it is committed in good society?"

"Pshaw! What does it amount to?"

"The eagle suffers little birds to sing
And is not careful what they mean thereby,"

and in this particular instance, the jury would probably give the damages the other way—for, if they hammer at me till doomsday, I have had my fun out of them—my *quid pro quo*!"

"Well, preface your story by telling me where you met them! I never knew by what perverse thread you were drawn together."

"A thread that might have drawn me into much more desperate extremity—a letter from the most lovable of women, charging me to become the trusty squire of these errant damsels wherever I should encounter them. I was then studying in Italy. They came to Florence, where I chanced to be, and were handed over to me without dog, cat, or waiting maid, by a man who seemed ominously glad to be rid of them. As it was the ruralizing season, and all the world was flocking to the baths of Lucca, close by, they went there till I could get ready to undertake them,—which I did, with the devotion of a *courier* in a new place, one fig-desiring evening of June."

"Was there a delivery of the great seal," I asked, rather amused at F——'s circumstantial mention of his *introitus* to office.

"Something very like it indeed!—I had not fairly got the blood out of my face, after making my salaam, when Miss Crinny Blidgims fished up from some deep place she had about her, a memorandum book, with a well thumbed brown paper cover, and gliding across the room, placed it in my hands as people on the stage present pocket books—with a sort of dust-flapping parabola. Now if I have any particular antipathy, it is to the smell of old flannel, and as this equivocal looking object descended before my nose—faith! But I took it. It was the account-book of the eatables and drinkables furnished to the ladies in their travels, the prices of eggs, bread, figs, *etcetera*, and I was to begin my duties by having up the head waiter of the lodging house, and holding inquisition on his charges. The Blidgimses spoke no Italian, and no servant in the house spoke English, and they were bursting for a translator to tell him that the eggs were over charged, and that he must deduct threepence a day for wine, for they never touched it!"

"What do the ladies wish?" inquired the dumbfounded waiter, in civil Tuscan.

"What does he say? what does he say?" cried Miss Corinna, in resounding nasal.

"Tell the impudent fellow what eggs are in Dutchess county!" peppered out Miss Katrina, very sharply.

"Of course I translated with a discretion. There was rather an incongruity between the looks of the damsels and what they were to be represented as saying—Katrina Blidgims living altogether in a blue opera-hat with a white feather."

I interrupted F—— to say that the blue hat was immortal, for it was worn at the tea-party of the night before.

"I had enough of the blue hat and its band-box before we parted! It was the one life-time extravagance of the old maid, perpetrated in Paris, and as it covered the back seam of a wig, (a subsequent discovery of mine,) she was never without it, except when

bonneted to go out. She came to breakfast in it, mended her stockings in it, went to parties in it. I fancy it took some trouble to adjust it to the wig, and she devoted to it the usual dressing hours of morning and dinner; for in private she wore a handkerchief over it, pinned under her chin, which had only to be whipped off when company was announced, and this perhaps is one of the secrets of its immaculate, yet threadbare preservation. She called it her *abbo*!"

"Her what?"

"You have heard of the famous Herbault, the man-milliner, of Paris? The bonnet was his production, and called after him with great propriety. In Italy, where people dress according to their condition in life, this perpetual *abbo* was something *à la princesse*, and hence my embarrassment in explaining to Jacomo, the waiter, that Signorina Katrina's high summons concerned only an overcharge of a penny in the eggs!"

"And what said Jacomo?"

"Jacomo was incapable of an incivility, and begged pardon before stating that the usual practice of the house was to charge half a dollar a day for board and lodging, including a private parlor and bedroom, three meals and a bottle of wine. The ladies, however, had applied through an English gentleman, (who chanced to call on them, and who spoke Italian,) to have reductions made on their dispensing with two dishes of meat out of three, drinking no wine, and wanting no nuts and raisins. Their main extravagance was in eggs, which they ate several times a day between meals, and wished to have cooked and served up at the price per dozen in the market. On this they had held conclave below stairs, and the result had not been communicated, because there was no common language; but Jacomo wished, through me, respectfully to represent, that the reductions from the half dollar a day should be made as requested, but that the eggs could not be bought, cooked, and served up, (with salt and bread, and a clean napkin,) for *just* their price in the market. And on this point the ladies were obstinate. And to settle this difficulty between the high contracting parties, cost an argument of a couple of hours, my first performance as translator in the service of the Blidgimses. Thenceforward, I was as necessary to Crinny and Ninny—(these were their familiar diminutives for Corinna and Katrina)—as necessary to Crinny as the gift of speech, and to Ninny as the wig and *abbo* put together. Obedient to the mandate of the fair hand which had consigned me to them, I gave myself up to their service, even keeping in my pocket their frowsy grocery book—though not without some private outlay in burnt vinegar. What penance a man will undergo for a pretty woman who cares nothing about him!"

"But what could have started such a helpless pair of old quizzes upon their travels?"

"I wondered myself till I knew them better. Crinny Blidgims had a tongue of the liveliness of an eel's tail. It would have wagged after she was skinned and roasted. She had, besides, a kind of pinchbeck smartness, and these two gifts, and perhaps the name of Corinna, had inspired her with the idea that she was an *improvisatrice*. So, how could she die without going to Italy?"

"And Ninny went for company?"

"Oh, Miss Ninny Blidgims had a passion too! She had come out to see Paris. She had heard that, in Paris, people could renew their youth, and she thought she had done it, with her *abbo*. She thought, too, that she must have manners to correspond. So while travelling in her old bonnet, she blurted out her bad grammar as she had done for fifty years, but in her blue hat she simpered and frisked to the best of her recollection. Silly as that old girl was, however, she had the most pellucid set of ideas on the prices of things to eat. There was no humbugging her on that subject, even in a foreign language. She filled her pockets with apples, usually, in our walks; and the translating between her and a street huckster, she in her *abbo* and the apple-woman in Italian rags, was vexatious to endure, but very funny to remember. I have thought of painting it, but, to understand the picture, the spectator must make the acquaintance of Miss Ninny Blidgims — rather a pill for a connoisseur! But by this time you are ready to *approfond*, as the French aptly say, the depths of my subsequent distresses.

THE STORY.

"I had been about a month at Lucca, when it was suddenly proposed by Crinny that we should take a vetturino together, and go to Venice. Ninny and she had come down to dinner with a sudden disgust for the baths — owing, perhaps, to the distinction they had received as the only strangers in the place who were *not* invited to the ball of a certain prince, our next door neighbor. The Blidgimses and their economies, in fact, had become the joke of the season, and, as the interpreter in the egg trades, I was mixed up in the omelette, and as glad to escape from my notoriety as they. So I set about looking up the conveyance with some alacrity.

"By the mass, it was evidently a great saving of distance to cross the mountains to Modena, and of course a great saving of expense, as vetturinos are paid by the mile; but the guide-books stated that the road was rough, and the inns abominable, and recommended to all who cared for comfort to make a circumbendibus by the way of Florence and Bologna. Ninny declared she could live on

bread and apples, however, and Crinny delighted in mountain air — in short, economy carried it, and after three days chaffering with the owner of a rattletrap vettura, we set off up the banks of the Lima, without the blessing of Jacomo, the head waiter.

"We soon left the bright little river, and struck into the mountains, and as the carriage crept on very slowly, I relieved the horses of my weight and walked on. The ladies did the same thing whenever they came in sight of an orchard, and, for the first day, Ninny munched the unripe apples and seemed getting along very comfortably. The first night's lodging was execrable, but as the driver assured us it was the best on the route, we saved our tempers for the worst, and the next day began to penetrate a country that looked deserted of man, and curst with uninhabitable sterility. Its effect upon my spirits, as I walked on alone, was as depressing as the news of some trying misfortune, and I was giving it credit for one redeeming quality — that of an opiate to a tongue like Crinny Blidgims's, — when both the ladies began to show symptoms of illness. It was not long after noon, and we were in the midst of a waste upland, the road bending over the horizon before and behind us, and neither shed nor shelter, bush, wall or tree within reach of the eye. The only habitation we had seen since morning was a wretched hovel where the horses were fed at noon, and the albergo, where we should pass the night, was distant several hours — a long up-hill stretch, on which the pace of the horses could not possibly be mended. The ladies were bent double in the carriage, and said they could not possibly go on. Going back was out of the question. The readiest service I could proffer was to leave them and hurry on to the inn, to prepare for their reception.

"Fortunately our team was unicorn-rigged — one horse in advance of a pair. I took off the leader, and galloped away.

"Well, the cholera was still lingering in Italy, and stomachs must be cholera-proof to stand a perpetual diet of green apples, even with no epidemic in the air. So I had a very clear idea of the remedies that would be required on their arrival.

"At a hand-gallop I reached the albergo in a couple of hours. It was a large stone barrack, intended, no doubt, as was the road we had travelled, for military uses. A thick stone wall surrounded it, and it stood in the midst, in a pool of mud. From the last eminence before arriving, not another object could be descried within a horizon of twenty miles diameter, and a whitish soil of baked clay, browned here and there by a bit of scanty herbage, was foreground and middle and back-ground to the pleasant picture. The site of the barrack had probably been determined by the only spring within many

miles, and, by the dryness without and the mud within the walls, it was contrived for a monopoly by the besieged.

"I cantered in at the unhinged gate, and roared out 'casa!' 'cameriere!' 'botega!' till I was frightened at my own voice.

"No answer. I threw my bridle over a projection of the stone steps, and mounted, from an empty stable which occupied the ground floor, (Italian fashion) to the second story, which seemed equally uninhabited. Here were tables, however, and wooden settees, and dirty platters—the first signs of life. On the hearth was an iron pot and a pair of tongs, and with these two musical instruments I played a tune which I was sure would find ears, if ears there were on the premises. And presently a heavy foot was heard on the stair above, and with a sonorous yawn descended mine host—dirty and stolid—a goodly pattern of the 'fat weed on Lethe's wharf,' as you would meet in a century. He had been taking his siesta, and his wife had had a *colpo di sole* and was confined helplessly to her bed. The man John was out tending the sheep, and he, the host, was vicariously, cook, waiter and chambermaid. What might be the pleasure of *il Signore*?

"My pleasure was, first, to see the fire kindled and the pot put over, and then to fall into a brown study.

"Two fine ladies with the cholera—two days' journey from a physician—a fat old Italian landlord for nurse and sole counsellor—nobody who could understand a word they uttered, except myself, and not a drug nor a ministering petticoat within available limits! Then the doors of the chambers were without latches or hinges, and the little bed in each great room was the one article of furniture, and the house was so still in the midst of that great waste, that all sounds and movements whatever, must be of common cognisance! Should I be discharging my duty to ladies under my care to leave them to this dirty old man? Should I offer my own attendance as constant nurse, and would the service be accepted? How, in the name of Robinson Crusoe, were these delicate damsels to be 'done for'!

"As a matter of economy in dominos, as well as to have something Italian to bring home, I had bought at Naples the costume of a sister of charity, and in it I had done all my masquerading for three carnivals. It was among my baggage, and it occurred to me whether I had not better take the landlord into my confidence, and bribe him to wait upon the ladies disguised in coif and petticoat. No—for he had a moustache, and spoke nothing but Italian. Should I do it myself?

"I paced up and down the stone floor in an agony of dilemma.

"In the course of half an hour I had made up my mind. I called to Boniface, who was

watching the boiling pot, and made a clean breast to him of my impending distresses, aiding his comprehension by such eye-water as landlords require. He readily undertook the necessary lies, brought out his store of brandy, added a second bed to one of the apartments and promised faithfully to bear my sex in mind, and treat me with the reverence due my cross and rosary. I then tore out a leaf of the grocery-book, and wrote with my pencil a note to this effect, to be delivered to the ladies on their arrival:—

"DEAR MISS BLIDGIMS,

Feeling quite indisposed myself, and being firmly persuaded that we are three cases of cholera, I have taken advantage of a return calesino to hurry on to Modena for medical advice. The vehicle I take, brought hither a sister of charity, who assures me she will wait on you, even in the most malignant stage of your disease. She is collecting funds for a hospital, and will receive compensation for her services in the form of a donation to this object. I shall send you a physician by express from Modena, where it is still possible we may meet. With prayers, etc., etc.

Yours very devotedly, F.

P. S. Sister Benedetta understands French when spoken, though she speaks only Italian.

"The delivery of this was subject, of course, to the condition of the ladies when they should arrive, though I had a presentiment they were in for a serious business.

"And, true to my boding, they did arrive, exceedingly ill. An hour earlier than I had looked for him, the vetturino came up with foaming horses at a tugging trot, frightened half out of his senses. The ladies were dying, he swore by all the saints, before he dismounted. He tore open the carriage door, shouted for *il Signore* and the landlord, and had carried both the groaning girls up stairs in his arms, before fat Boniface, who had been killing a sheep in the stable, could wash his hands and come out to him. To his violent indignation, the landlord's first care was to unstrap the baggage and take off my port-manteau, condescending to give him neither why nor wherefore, and as it mounted the stairs on the broad shoulders of my faithful ally, it was followed by a string of oaths such as can rattle off from nothing but the voluble tongue of an Italian.

"I immediately despatched the note by the host, requesting him to come back and 'do my dress,' and in half an hour sister Benedetta's troublesome toilet was achieved, and my old Abigail walked round me, rubbing his hands, and swore I was a '*meraviglia di bellezza*.' The lower part of my face was covered by the linen coif, and the forehead was almost completely concealed in the plain put-away of a 'false front;' and, unless

the Blidgimses had reconnoitered my nose and eyes very carefully, I was sure of my disguise. The improvements in my figure were unluckily fixtures in the dress, for it was very hot; but by the landlord's account they were very becoming. Do you believe the old dog tried to kiss me?

"The groans of Ninny, meantime, resounded through the house, for, as I expected, she had the worst of it. Her exclamations of pain were broken up, I could also hear, by sentences in a sort of spiteful monotone, answered in regular 'humphs!' by Crinny—Crinny never talking except to astonish, and being as habitually crisp to her half-witted sister as she was fluent to those who were capable of surprise. Fearing that some disapprobation of myself might find its way to Ninny's lips, and for several other reasons which occurred to me, I thought it best to give the ladies another half hour to themselves, and by way of testing my *incognito*, bustled about in the presence of the vetturino, warming oil, and mixing brandies-and-water, and getting used to the suffocation of my petticoats—for you have no idea how intolerably hot they are, with trowsers under.

"Quite assured, at last, I knocked at the door.

"That's his nun!" said Ninny, after listening an instant.

"Come in!—that is to say, *entrez!*" feebly murmured Crinny.

"They were both in bed, rolled up like pocket-handkerchiefs; but Ninny had found strength to hand-box her wig and *abbo*, and array herself in a nightcap with an exceedingly broad frill. But I must not trench upon the 'secrets of the prison house.' You are a bachelor, and the Blidgimses are still in a 'world of hope.'

"I walked in and leaned over each of them and whispered a *benedicite*, felt their pulses, and made signs that I understood their complaints and they need not trouble themselves to explain; and forthwith I commenced operations by giving them their grog, (which they swallowed without making faces, by the by,) and, as they relaxed their postures a little, I got one foot at a time hung over to me from the side of the bed into the pail of hot water, and set them to rubbing themselves with the warm oil, while I vigorously bathed their extremities. Crinny, as I very well knew, had but five-and-twenty words of French, just sufficient to hint at her wants, and Ninny spoke only such English as Heaven pleased, so I played the ministering angel in safe silence—listening to my praises, however, for I handled Ninny's irregular *doigts du pied* with a tenderness that pleased her.

"Well—you know what the cholera is. I knew that at the Hotel Dieu at Paris, women who had not been intemperate were oftenest

cured by whisky punches, and as brandy toddies were the nearest approach of which the resources of the place admitted, I plied my patients with brandy toddy. In the weak state of their stomachs, it produced, of course, a delirious intoxication, and as I began very early in the morning, there were no lucid intervals in which my *incognito* might be endangered. My ministrations were, consequently, very much facilitated, and after the second day, (when I really thought the poor girls would die,) we fell into a very regular course of hospital life, and for one, I found it very entertaining. Quite impressed with the idea that sister Bellidettor, (as Ninny called me) understood not a word of English, they discoursed to please themselves, and I was obliged to get a book, to excuse, even to their tipsy comprehension, my outbreaks of laughter. Crinny spouted poetry and sobbed about Washington Irving, who, she thought, *should* have been her lover, and Ninny set up in bed, and, with a small glass she had in the back of a hair brush, tried on her *abbo* at every possible angle, always ending by making signs to sister Bellidettor to come and comb her hair! There was a long, slender moustache remaining on the back of the bald crown, and after putting this into my hand with the hair brush, she sat with a smile of delight till she found my brushing did not come round to the front!

"Why don't you brush this lock!" she cried, 'this—and this—and this!' making passes from her shining skull down to her waist, as if, in every one, she had a handful of hair! And so, for an hour together, I threaded these imaginary locks, beginning where they were rooted 'long time ago,' and passing the brush off to the length of my arm—the cranium, when I had done, looking like a balloon of shot silk, its smooth surface was so purpled with the friction of the bristles. Poor Ninny! She has great temptation to tittle, I think—that is, 'if Macassar won't bring back the lost *chevelure!*'

"About the fifth day the ladies began to show signs of convalescence, and it became necessary to reduce their potations. Of course they grew less entertaining, and I was obliged to be much more on my guard. Crinny fell from her inspiration, and Ninny from her complacency, and they came down to their previous condition of damaged spinsters, prim and peevish. 'Needs must' that I should 'play out the play,' however, and I abated none of my *petits soins* for their comfort,—laying out very large anticipations of their grateful acknowledgments for my dramatic chivalry, devotion and delicacy!"

"Well—they *are* ungrateful!" said I, interrupting F—for the first time in his story.

"Now, are not they? They should at least, since they deny me my honors, pay me

for my services as maid-of-all-work, nurse, hair-dresser, and apothecary! Well, if I hear of their abusing me again, I'll send in my bills. Would 'nt you? But, to wind up this long story.

"I thought that perhaps there might be some little circumstances connected with my attentions which would look best at a distance, and that it would be more delicate to go on and take leave at Modena as sister Benedetta, and re-join them the next morning in hose and doublet as before—reserving to some future period the clearing up of my apparently recalcant desertion. On the seventh morning, therefore, I instructed old Giuseppe the landlord, to send in his bill to the ladies while I was dressing, and give notice to the vetturino that he was to take the holy sister to Modena in the place of *il Signore*, who had gone on before.

"Crinny and Ninny were their own reciprocal dressing-maids, but Crinny's fingers had weakened by sickness much more than her sister's waist had diminished, and, in the midst of shaving, in my own room, I was called to 'finish doing' Ninny, who backed up to me with her mouth full of pins, and the breath, for the time being, quite expelled from her body. As I was straining, very red in the face, at the critical hook, Giuseppe knocked at the door with the bill, and the lack of an interpreter to dispute the charges, brought up the memory of the supposed 'absquatulator' with no very grateful odor. Before I could finish Miss Ninny and get out of the room, I heard myself charged with more abominations, mental and personal, than the monster that would have made the fortune of Trinculo. Crinny counted down half the money, and attempted by very expressive signs, to impress upon Giuseppe that it was enough; but the oily palm of the old publican was patiently held out for more, and she at last paid the full demand, fairly crying with vexation.

"Quite sick of the new and divers functions to which I had been serving an apprenticeship in my black petticoat, I took my place in the *vettura*, and dropped veil, to be sulky in one lump as far as Modena. I would willingly have stopped my ears, but after wearing out their indignation at the unabated charges of old Giuseppe, the ladies took up the subject of the expected donation to the charity-fund of sister Benedetta, and their expedients to get rid of it occupied (very amusingly to me,) the greater part of a day's travel. They made up their minds at last, that half a dollar would be as much as I could expect for my week's attendance, and Crinny requested that she should not be interrupted while she thought out the French for saying as much when we should come to the parting.

"I was sitting quietly in the corner of the *vettura*, the next day, felicitating myself on the success of my masquerade, when we suddenly came to a halt at the gate of Modena, and the *doganiere* put his moustache in at the window with '*passaporti Signore!*'

"Murder! thought I—here is a difficulty I never provided for!

"The ladies handed out their papers, and I thrust my hand through the slit in the side of my dress and pulled mine from my pocket. As of course you know, it is the business of this gate keeper to compare every traveller with the description given of him in his passport. He read those of the Blidgimses and looked at them—all right. I sat still when he opened mine, thinking it possible he might not care to read the description of a sister of charity. But to my dismay he did—and opened his eyes, and looked again into the carriage.

"*Aspetta, caro!* said I, for I saw it was of no use. I gathered up my bombazine and stepped out into the road. There were a dozen soldiers and two or three loungers sitting on a long bench in the shade of the gateway. The officer read through the description once more, and then turned to me with the look of a functionary who has detected a culprit. I began to pull up my petticoat. The soldiers took their pipes out of their mouths and uttered the Italian '*keck*' of surprise. When I had got as far as the knee, however, I came to the rolled-up trowsers, and the officer joined in the sudden uproar of laughter. I pulled my black petticoat over my head, and stood in my waiscoat and shirt-sleeves, and bowed to the merry official. The Blidgimses, to my surprise, uttered no exclamation, but I had forgotten my coif. When that was unpinned, and my whiskers came to light, their screams became alarming. The vetturino ran for water, the soldiers started to their feet, and in the midst of the excitement, I ordered down my baggage and resumed my coat and cap, and repacked under lock and key the sister Benedetta. And not quite ready to encounter the Blidgimses, I walked on to the Hotel and left the vetturino to bring on the ladies at his leisure.

"Of course I had no control over accidents, and this exposure was unlucky; but if I had had time to let myself down softly on the subject, don't you see it would have been quite a different sort of an affair? I parted company from the old girls at Modena, however, and they were obliged to hire a manservant who spoke English and Italian, and probably the expense of that was added to my iniquities. Any-how, abusing me this way is very ungrateful of these Blidgimses. Now, is 'nt it?"

A YARN.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

"OUR bark may never outlive the gale
This pitiless night, — the pattering hail
Hath coated each spar, as 't were in mail;
And our sails are riven before the breeze,
While our cordage and shrouds into icicles freeze."

Thus spake the skipper beside the mast,
While the arrowy sleet fell thick and fast,
And our bark drove onward before the blast
That goaded the waves, till the angry main
Rose up, and strove with the hurricane.

"Shall we, at this hour, to fear, give way!"
Spake the skipper's mate — and his tone was gay —
"We must labor, in sooth, as well as pray!
Out, messmates, and grapple home yonder sail
That is fluttering in ribbons before the gale."

Loud swelled the tempest — and rose the shriek
"Save! save! — we are sinking! a leak! a leak!"
And the hale old skipper's toil-worn cheek
Was cold, as 't were sculptured in marble there,
And white as the foam, or his own white hair.

The wind piped shrilly — the wind piped loud —
It shrieked in her cordage, it howled in her shroud —
And the sleet fell thick from the cold, dun cloud —
But high o'er all, in its tones of glee,
The voice of the mate rang cheerily —

"Now, men! for your wives, and your sweethearts' sakes!
Cheer! messmates, cheer! — quick, man the brakes!
We will gain the leak ere the skipper wakes.
And though our peril your hearts appal,
Ere the morrow shall dawn we'll laugh at the squall."

He railed at the tempest — he laughed at its threats —
He played with his fingers like castanets —
Yet think not that he, in his mirth, forgets
That the plank he is riding, this hour, at sea,
May launch him the next to eternity.

And the grey-haired skipper turned away
And lifted his hands, but 't was not to pray —
For his look spoke plainly as look could say,
The boastful thought of the Pharisee —
"Thank God! I am not such as others be!"

But morning dawned, and the waves sank low,
And the winds, o'erwearyed, forbore to blow;
And our bark lay there in the golden glow.
Flashing she lay in the bright sunshine,
An ice-sheathed hulk, on the cold, still brine.

Well — my yarn, shipmates, is almost spun —
The cold, and the storm their work had done —
I was there, the last, lone, living one,
Clinging benumbed to that wave-girt wreck,
While the dead around me bestrewed the deck !

Yea — the dead were round me, everywhere —
The skipper grey, through the sunlight there,
Still lifted his paralyzed hands in prayer ;
And the mate, whose tones through the darkness leapt,
In the silent hush of the morning, slept.

True to his trust to his last chill gasp,
The helm lay clutched in his stiff, cold grasp ;
You might scarcely in death undo the clasp —
And his erst crisp locks were dank, and thin,
And the icicles hung from his bearded chin.

Lowly I bent in the frosty air,
While my heart went forth on the breath of prayer ;
And I felt that *they* were kneeling there,
With white wings veiling their dazzled eyes,
At the open portal of Paradise.

Say — shall he enter, who sought to save
Our storm-tossed bark from the pitiless wave,
And her crew from a yawning, and fathomless grave —
Or the one who said, with the Pharisee,
“ Thank God ! I am not such as others be ! ”

ON SOME OLD ENGLISH SONNETS.

BY W. A. JONES.

THE Sonnet is of Italian origin, and was first imported into England from that country by the Earl of Surrey,

“ that renowned lord,
Th’ old English glory bravely that restor’d,
That prince and poet, (a name more divine),”

as Drayton enthusiastically writes. Originally a pupil of Petrarch, he left the metaphysical style of his master for a more gallant and courtly manner. He was “ the bright particular star ” of the Court of Henry VIII., as Sidney was of that of Elizabeth, and resembled his famous successor in that dangerous post of favorite in more than one trait of his character. Like him he was an accomplished gentleman, a graceful poet, an elegant scholar and a gallant knight. Like him he chanted soft amorous lays to his chosen fair, and has immortalized the source of his inspiration in strains of melting beauty. Sur-

rey is the first classic English poet (we place Chaucer at the head of the romantic school, before the era of Spenser and Shakspeare) ; and he was the first writer of English sonnets. He is said to have been the introducer of blank verse into our poetry. For these two gifts to our literature, if for none others, we should hold his reputation in honorable remembrance. — We recollect no one sonnet of surpassing beauty (Mrs. Jamieson, in her *Loves of the Poets*, has culled the finest lines) : they will bear no comparison with succeeding pieces in the same department. And as we wish to secure space for certain fine specimens of Sidney, Shakspeare, Drummond and Milton, we must not encumber our page with any but the choicest productions of the Muse.

We pass then to the all-accomplished Sidney. His sonnets are chiefly “ vain and am-
torious,” yet full of “ wit and worth.” We

agree heartily in Lamb's admiration for them, as well as for their admirable author, deprecating entirely the carping and illiberal spirit in which Hazlitt criticised them. The acutest and most eloquent English critic of this century was sometimes prejudiced and occasionally partial. We find him so here. For delicacy, fancy, and purity of feeling, Sidney is the finest of English writers of the Sonnet. He is certainly less weighty and grand than Milton, less pathetic than Drummond, far less copious and rich than Wordsworth, yet in the graceful union of the Poet and Lover surpassing all. He is here, as in his life and actions, the Knight "sans peur et sans reproche." Stella, the goddess of his idolatry, was at once his mistress and his muse; anciently, a very frequent combination of characters. We know not, but believe the Sonnets of Sidney are little known. This, and the intrinsic beauty of the poem, must serve to excuse us for the following extract:

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry
To them that would make speech of speech arise,
They deem, and of their doom the rumor flies,
That poison foul of bubbling Pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
For Pride I think doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass;
But one worse fault, Ambition, I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

In a further beautiful Sonnet occurs this fanciful apostrophe to Sleep:

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low.

This reminds us strongly of Shakspeare's famous exclamation of Macbeth, bent on his murderous errand:

—— the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care.
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief Nourisher in life's feast.

The sonnets of Sidney are highly characteristic. They combine contemplation and knightly grace. They were written in the heyday of his blood (he died at the age of thirty-four): and cannot be fairly compared with the later productions of a greater and more mature genius. Sidney, it must not be forgotten, was a courtier and chivalrous soldier, no less than the admired poet of his time, and we should allow accordingly in our estimate of his poetry. He filled a brief career with monuments of literary glory and military honor: he endeared himself to a nation by his graces and worth, and drew friends and followers to his heart, by its sincerity and virtues. He died "with his mar-

tial cloak about him," and full of fame. It was reckoned an honor to have been his friend. History records not his enemy.

The little we know of Shakspeare is to be learnt from a perusal of his Sonnets, which afford a glimpse of poetical autobiography. The main particulars are his devoted gratitude to his noble patron, the generous Earl of Southampton, and his romantic attachment to a "fair personne," who is supposed to have been a beautiful specimen of an unfortunate class of females. Our "myriad-minded" bard, far above the general order of humanity, as he was, from his vast intellectual superiority, was yet a very man (and for that we love him all the better,) in his affections and passions, like to one of us. The most profound of philosophers, the noblest of humorists, the grandest Painter of the passions, was a lover and gallant gentleman. Perhaps his constancy was unable to stand the test of temptation on all occasions: (but that we may allow to a roving and excited youth,) though after middle life we hear of his quiet life as a landholder and pater-familias. Doubtless "the roaming sweets that drank divinely" at the Mermaid, and his lively associates at the Globe Theatre, were sometimes too much for any prudential plan of life. But in those scenes the great teacher learnt many an instructive lesson, which he has taught us; nor shall we dare to arraign the venial follies of the selectest spirit of our race. We find numerous single lines and couplets in some of these sonnets, that develop the character of their author more fully than any labored biographical or critical commentary. He gives us pictures of his own feelings, his desiring "this man's art and that man's scope:" he apologizes for his profession as an actor, insinuating that it degrades him not (as it never should degrade any, but as it too often tends to degradation.) He fairly speaks out a lofty self-estimate, none the less true for its candor:

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unwept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars's sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.

The vulgar error of Shakspeare's reserve must have arisen with those who never saw his miscellaneous poems. It is true, amid the varied characters that stud his dramatic page, it is impossible to fasten any one upon him, who painted them all. But we find self-confession enough in the sonnets, and we are much surprised at the nature of it, so much of melancholy and repining, utterly unlike our idea of the robust genius and vigorous heart of the creator of Falstaff and of Lear.

Shakspeare's best sonnets and indeed nearly all of them, are devoted to the expression of

an apparently hopeless passion. They form a love history, mysterious and obscure, which we shall not attempt to penetrate. It is enough to add, that (which might be premised as impossible) they do not raise Shakspeare to a higher rank than he before attained : that perhaps, we idolize his fame less, where we are admitted (too freely) into certain secrets of his personal history, and it must also be confessed that he has dallied with the muse in these offerings, at her shrine rather than put forth his Samson strength, in lofty triumph.

On no one occasion does he attempt to reach a higher pitch, than was attained by the general attempts in the same form of poetry. It is true even the lightest trifles are impressed with a nameless spirit from his exuberant genius and subtle individuality. It is true his phrases, his expressive language, are eminently Shaksperian. Yet are they comparatively wasted on trivial themes, or levelled to a moderate key note of passion. They contain none of the deep contemplativeness of Wordsworth, or the spirited yet condensed power of Milton. We speak thus of these productions in comparison with similar attempts of other great poets ; and, more especially in comparison with the other works of Shakspeare — his dramas, the richest legacy ever bequeathed to mankind, by a single individual. For any other bard, it would be praise enough to have equalled the least valuable works of Shakspeare, and these sonnets would make the reputation of almost any one else. The two finest occur in one of his plays ; * that on *Study*, beginning, " Study is like heaven's glorious sun," and that more tender passage of self-expostulation and apology, for which we must make room.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?
Vows for thee broke, deserve not punishment.
A woman I foreswore ; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I foreswore not thee :
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is ;
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapor vow ; in thee it is :
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a Paradise ?

His picture of his mistress forms a fair pendant to the above, and should not therefore be omitted.

Fair is my love, but not as fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty,
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty,
A little pale with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor one falsier to deface her.
Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing !
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing !
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all, were jestings.

* Love's Labor Lost.

She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth,
She burnt with love, as soon as straw outburneth ;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing.
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether ?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.*

Passing over the slight effusions of forgotten versifiers our list brings us next to Drummond of Hawthornden, the best representative of the Scottish muse before Allan Ramsay's time, and the friend of Ben Jonson. The record of their famous conversations has been made public of late years, through the researches of one of the Antiquarian Societies. Like all of the early sonnetteers, who copied their master Petrarch in this, as in other respects, Drummond had his mistress for a muse — but the specimen we shall present of his sonnets, is one of a more general description. It is addressed to Sleep, and discovers a close resemblance to the verses of Sidney and Shakspeare, before quoted.

Sleep, silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress ;
Lo by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possess'd,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st (alas !) who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show,
With fancied solace ease a true-felt woe ;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath :
I long to kiss the image of my death.

This poet is distinguished for a sweet and elegant pathetic vein ; his line is " most musical, most melancholy." — He writes thus of his prevalent manner, in a sonnet on his Lute :

What art thou but a harbinger of woe ?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan's wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear,
For which be silent as in words before :
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

For this lugubrious coloring, he accounts, by the absence of " that dear voice," which did thy sounds approve,

Which went in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is left from earth to tune those spheres above.

Milton is the last great name we shall presume to invoke on the present occasion. In a future paper we may bring down our examples to contemporary poets ; but we shall stop with Milton for the present. He is the second sonnet writer in English ; we place Wordsworth at the head. Some half dozen of Milton's (he wrote altogether only fourteen, we believe) are unequalled. But though

* Every true student of human nature, can attest the fidelity of this portrait ; if a man of close observation and varied experience, out of his own history. A somewhat similar tale is to be read in the " Modern Pygmalion " of a late brilliant critic and metaphysician.

our great living poet rarely rises as high as Milton, yet his copiousness and unmatched volubility of expression combine to give him the precedence. Shakspeare we place out of comparison, since he attempted no sonnets of the reflective kind. Few of Wordsworth's bear any mention of love, and where they do speak of it, it is a holy thing, not the libertine passion of courtly versifiers. Milton's grandest sonnets, each of them a small epic in itself, have been sufficiently noticed, but there is one less referred to, that we think deserves the more regard, from its personal nature, referring to himself with a certain sublime self-consideration and Grecian enthusiasm, that bespeak the builder of the loftiest of epics.

When the assault was intended on the city,

Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may
seize,

If deed of honor did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's Poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

For the present we shall omit any further researches into the history of the sonnets, or extracts from our elder poets; but we have a few words to say of the Sonnet before we conclude. The Sonnet is perhaps the most artificial form of poetry, and in consequence the most difficult to execute with spirit. The chief difficulty appears to lie, in preserving the unity and integrity of the single thought or sentiment which it is intended to express and convey. It is essential that the idea be not departed from, though various shades of meaning may be introduced with effect. It

is no less important that the idea be completely filled out; a meagre sketch being equally faulty with a superfluous abundance of thoughts. The restriction to just fourteen lines is an obstacle of itself to the prosecution of a genial poetic design. Rapt in his visions of beauty, the poet must still not stray beyond this fixed limit, which appears arbitrary enough. Yet these very restrictions tend to compactness and symmetrical beauty. To a cultivated ear the music of a fine sonnet is not the least pleasing adjunct to this form of verse; nor should we overlook the advantage gained to the thought itself by such an harmonious yet concise utterance of it.

Like those minor forms of prose writing, the Letter and the Essay, the Sonnet is happy in an unlimited range of subject and variety of style, of war or feeling, amorous, philosophic, familiar and pathetic. It is a miniature ode, with less of variety and more formal design; but it enjoys in common with the Ode, the characteristic of a susceptibility of conveying strong personal traits, and of rendering itself distinct with the most individual subtleties of personal character. But why do we enlarge upon this theme, when we have the noble sonnet of Wordsworth's at hand, at once the highest defence and purest eulogium upon sonnets and the writers of them.

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors; with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
Camoens soothed with it an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a Trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains — alas, too few!

BURNING OF THE TOWER.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

O TOWER OF LONDON! not the lurid flame
Can cleanse the plague that haunts thy chambers old,
Nor wreathing smoke, in volum'd blackness roll'd,
Blot the foul record of thy lasting shame!
Time hallows not the guilty; and thy name,
What shadowy hosts it summons from the grave!
Sweet babes and hoary heads; the pure, the brave;
King, prelate, patriot, knight and gentle dame;
Tears, anguish, torture, blood; the tyrant's art,
The martyr's crown, — see Raleigh, Russel rise,
Sydney and Bullen's gospel-lighted eyes, —
All woman's faith and man's unshaken heart!
Call them not shadows, England's martyr'd dead, —
As Truth immortal they, Thou, but the shadow fled!

A MEXICAN STORY.

BY ARCHÆUS OCCIDENTALIS.

DURING my residence in England, I became acquainted with a young Scotchman by the name of Boswell. He was one of the deluded men who followed Sir Gregor MacGregor to his empire in the marshes of the Musquito Shore; for a grand name they called it *Poyais*. I am not going to mount the high horse of romance, and will therefore observe that he was not of high birth, as most of the characters in modern stories are sure to be. He was no relation to Dr. Johnson's Boswell, nor to the Boswells of Auchinleck, with its unfortunate Sir Alexander, nor, as some have pretended, to the Bouncewells of Canting Corner, famous preachers in the time of Charles I.; but was in truth nothing more than the son of a small grazier in Lanarkshire. Yet, though born in humble life, Robin Boswell was not without the visions of future glory, which, quite as often, where the liberty to hope greatly is the birthright of all, visit the pillow of the low-born as of the noble and far-descended. He was in truth a romantic being, and built a larger number of these mansions without underpinnings, called "castles in the clouds," than Don Quixote relieved distressed damsels. How many a sweet vision of beauty and loveliness, merit and daring, were dispelled by the very unpoetical call from his father to fold the sheep. The latter being a plain, practical, every-day man, cared little for the aversions of the son, and the consequence was, that Robin ran away, and enlisted as a volunteer in Sir Gregor's expedition, with a promise of becoming Earl de Bayou des Centipedes, or Count de Riviere des Caymanas in the Caciquery of Poyais.

I shall not enter into the details of his passage to the theatre of his anticipated exploits and glories. Finding, on his disembarkation at Angustura, that he had been made the dupe of an adventurer, as weak and drivelling, as unprincipled and wicked, he left Poyais, and proceeded to the city of Montezuma. His journal, until he reached that metropolis, exhibits nothing worth remarking upon; but soon after his arrival, an incident occurred which bade fair to involve him in serious consequences. This was nothing less than falling in love with the beautiful daughter of the ex-Conde Tobasco; a prominent member of that singularly disinterested band of Mexican nobles, who, in the effervescence of patriotic zeal, threw away their fortunes, from motives as rational as those which induced Don Quixote to liberate the galley-slaves.

My readers are undoubtedly aware of the many obstacles which exist in Old Spain to the intercourse, otherwise than by stealth, of the sexes amongst the higher orders; but they may require to be told that it is perfect freedom, boundless license, compared with that imposed upon the Patrician order in New Spain, and, indeed, throughout Spanish America. In the former, intercourse, regulated indeed by absurd caprices, and always liable to be terminated on the wildest and most unreasonable suspicions, is still, in some sort, permitted; in the latter country, the sexes seldom see each other till marriage takes place. They are less together than in any Christian land with which I am acquainted; less, perhaps, than in Mahomedan countries. Nevertheless, spite of manners and customs, and spies and duennas, and bolts and bars, and all that sort of thing, the enterprising son of the Lanarkshire grazier, found opportunities to whisper soft things, "all alone by the light of the moon," in the ears of the fair Mexican, who so far forgot her parentage, and the blood of all her line's Castilian lords, as to confess her love to its delighted object, and to promise to fly with him to—, judging from his present prospects, something less than a cottage. Love is not famous for foresight; the phrase in low life, "we shall get along well enough," supplying the full stock of antenuptial precaution and preparation.

They named the night for the elopement, and provided the assistants and confidants; the lady's, that convenient promoter and indispensable appendage of a Spanish intrigue, a crafty and obsequious waiting maid; the gentleman's, a *mestizo*, following the desperate trade of a *contrabandista*, in English, a smuggler. The latter was not of a calling to inspire confidence; and yet instances of fidelity and good faith are not uncommon with men of this class. Dirk Haitterack, murderer and arch-fiend as he was, "accounted to his owners for the last stiver." Men who disregard all law but that of their own licentious will, are very apt to entertain a code, some of the provisions of which, shame the *lex scripta* of regularly ruled states.

The night fixed for the elopement arrived; and Pedro, the *contrabandista*, repaired to the lodgings of the enamored Caledonian. Knowing better than his employer the difficulty of stealing a Mexican heiress, he brought with him a bandallero; a fellow of enormous size, and ruffian-like aspect, with

a complexion little lighter than those Indians, who figure in the vegetable markets of the city of Mexico. He was indeed a formidable looking fellow. His coal-black whiskers were as large as those preserved in the cathedral church of Saragossa, as belonging to St. Thomas the Apostle; and his eyebrows of the same color and magnitude, shadowed eyes as fierce as those of a tiger. Altogether, Carlo looked and moved a most appalling personage. Nevertheless, Carlo the Swarthy, might be Carlo the Honest. It is not always that a savage appearance denotes a savage temper, nor a mild one a corresponding disposition. Commodus and Caracalla were feminine and delicate in their features; and the monster Nero, whilst he sat fiddling to the flames which were devouring the Eternal City, might, from his mild, sweet, beautiful face, have been taken for a kind angel sent down to arrest their progress.

Armed in the prevailing style of Mexican equipment, each with a pair of heavy horse pistols, a short sword and dagger, the latter unhappily the most frequently and fatally used, the principal and his two aids found themselves, just as the great clock in the church of St. Mary Magdalen was tolling twelve, beside a little wicket in the inner gardens of the Tobasco palace. The reader will undoubtedly demand how they gained so facile an admittance at the outer gate. I know not, nor was the lover prepared for so easy an introduction into those high-walled and triply-barricaded gardens; but the contrabandista produced keys to the various gates, as promptly as if he were the authentic porter. A dim taper, burning in a low window in the eastern side of the palace, acquainted them with the apartment occupied by the fair Leonora. No scaling of walls, or wrenching off of rusty bolts, was necessary, however; the lovely girl, enveloped in that wicked disguise, a Spanish cloak, soon made her appearance; and in less than twenty minutes, the nuptial party stood at the door of the little church of St. Pedro, in the extreme northern verge of the city. "If this be stealing a Spanish lady," thought our hero, "it is by no means so hazardous a business as I had supposed it."

A slight blow at a small side-door, which led to the sacristy, aroused the keeper, who conducted them into the chapel. At the altar stood a venerable man whose garb bespoke his functions, though it was the immediate observation of the shrewd Scotchman, that his eye was lighted up by a fire, holy or otherwise, as might best suit the beholder to regard it. Viewing the lovers for a moment, with an impatience evidently kept under with difficulty, he said:

"You are come hither to be joined in the holy bands of matrimony?"

"We have," answered the Caledonian.

"As a priest of the Holy Catholic Church, and as a good member of the Mexican state, I require to be informed of the name, station, family and fortune of the bridegroom. I should be wanting in my duty to both God and my country, if I omitted to ascertain the true character of all, who, under such suspicious circumstances, wish to partake of the holy sacrament of marriage."

"Well," said the youth, "to avoid a long talk, may be to small purpose, I will answer all your questions. I am Robin Boswell, a Scotchman from Lanarkshire, low-born, and as poor as a kirk mouse."

"I need not inquire the name of the bride; I know her well," said the priest, dropping his hood. "Wretched girl! The only daughter of the house of Tobasco, going to be united to a beggarly foreigner, in the obscure church of St. Pedro, accompanied by a lying waiting maid, and a ragged smuggler."

"Holy mother!" exclaimed the terrified girl, falling upon her knees; "it is my father. Robert, it is my father. Join me, dear Robert, in my prayers, that he will grant our lives."

"We never do that in Scotland till we have tried the temper of our swords," said the lover, resolutely. "And so it seems you are the count Tobasco. And who are you? (to the bandallero.) Make me acquainted at once, with the various disguises assumed to deceive. I shame the boasted sagacity of my nation—a Scotchman."

"I am my master's valet," answered the bandallero, throwing of his sable appendages of whiskers, eye-brows and moustaches.

"And who are you, traitor!" to Pedro.

"O, I am still Pedro the smuggler," replied he, laughing, as unconcerned as if nothing had happened. "There is not much disguise about me, and I repel with disdain, the epithet traitor."

"And now, sir, give me that sword," said the Count, fiercely.

"Never," replied the bold Scot, "till I know what conditions are to be imposed upon me, nor until I receive a suitable guarantee for the kind treatment of this dear girl."

"Then I will call those who will enforce an unconditional surrender." And calling thrice, the door of the vestibule opened, and a dozen armed men entered. Now what say you, rash man? does not the Conde Tobasco know how to protect the honor and dignity of his house from the assaults of foreign adventurers? It is my turn to laugh, Contrabandista."

"It may soon be your Excellenza's turn to weep," said Pedro; and he gave three careless blows with his heel upon the floor. "We'll soon see whose magic calls up the

master spirit." The blow had scarcely yielded its last reverberation, when a hundred men, clothed in as many different styles of dress, and exhibiting the greatest possible variety of equipment—for instance, a sword with an elaborate gold hilt by the side of a musket, which would have been dear in Brummagem, at half a dozen shillings, entered and filled the church. The Conde's people seeing how much they were outnumbered, would have retreated to the chancel, but were prevented.

"Ha, ha! you thought you had fooled a smuggler did you," exclaimed Pedro, with a hearty laugh, in which many of his tatterdemalions joined. "Be pleased to understand, that when you stole upon the lovers in the Orange bower, in the Tobasco gardens, and overheard their plan of elopement, I was at your elbow. That when your scoundrel of a valet, who shall yet swing for his many crimes, contrived with a confederate, the plan of surprisal, which has done so much to bring his master's wisdom into discredit, and to disqualify him for the post of chief rascal to a grandee, I overheard that also. Be assured that no part of your plan has escaped my knowledge. I even know in what cell of your spacious dungeons you would have immured this young man, whose only crime is love. He would have occupied the same dreadful cell, in which for seven dreary years, you confined your poor brother Juan."

"In the name of the Holy Virgin, how did you learn all this?" demanded the astonished Conde, with horror depicted in his countenance. "You must be well acquainted with the secrets of the palace."

"I should be, for I was born in it;" answered the other.

"Who are you?"

"Juan de Tobasco;" and throwing off his various disguises, he stood before them a swarthy Spaniard.

"It is indeed my—brother—Juan, whom I thought—dead," ejaculated the conscience-stricken grandee.

"Ay, your brother Juan, whom you thought dead; whom you did your best to provide such a death for," replied Juan. "But, thanks to a faithful friend in my father's house, I escaped that death, to

whisper in the ear of the usurper of my wealth and title, that, ere this, the legitimate proprietor of both is in possession of his own again. And, now brother, it is my pleasure that you bestow my pretty niece on this brave young man, whose honesty and courage I have proved, even when himself was not aware of it."

"It must be as you say, I suppose," replied the other.

"You have answered well; it must be as I say. Call Father Mark."

Father Mark was called, and soon united the youthful pair.

"And now, Leonardo," said Juan, "I will show you of what different stuff we are formed. Willed by my father, to inherit as his eldest son, the chief part of his fair possessions, you, by the aid of a set of the greatest wretches that ever disgraced humanity, contrived to incarcerate me for seven of the best years of my life in the dungeons of the palace, mine own by right and law. My wealth you wasted in revolutionary plans, or in still more disreputable and unworthy uses; my name you dishonored by a well-contrived report, that I had perished in a loathsome intrigue. Be this my only revenge. You shall retire within twenty-four hours to the estate our father possessed at the Pass of St. Joseph, near the city of —, which property, together with ten thousand Mexicanoes, shall be yours, on condition that you turn an honest man and remain so. I will myself occupy the palace, and my private fortune shall be the dowry which my sweet little niece shall carry to her handsome husband."

After this amicable adjustment of a family quarrel, they all returned to the Tobasco palace, and spent the night in feasting. The events predicted by Juan had actually taken place; the palace was tenanted by his retainers. Within ten days, Captain Boswell and his wife set out for Vera Cruz, and at that port embarked for England. Arrived safely, he purchased a beautiful villa, with extensive grounds in Cambridgeshire, and at the time I visited him, was so busy in improving them, that he had no time for anything, save to relate the foregoing Mexican adventure.

SABBATH MORNING.

"And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away." — MARK XVI. 4.

WHERE, where! shall mournful banners wave!
What sight shall cloud man's face with gloom?
Faith builds its promise on a grave!
Hope plumes her pinions from a tomb.

SUMMER EVENING MELODY.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

"It is the hour, when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour, when lovers' vows
Are sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear."

BYRON.

'T is gentle eve! and night draws near
The golden orb of day is set;
And, one by one, the stars appear,
Bright gems in Heaven's fair coronet;
And, sparkling in her silvery sheen,
Rides beautifully night's radiant queen!

The hum of busy life is o'er;
The bustling turmoil of the day
Disturbs the tranquil soul no more,—
The very winds have died away;
A holy calm is in the air,
As spirits blest were slumbering there!

Afar, through the dim ether borne,
A liquid murmuring seems to float,—
Soft as the faintest ray of morn,
And soothing as the gentlest note
Of melody to ravished ear:—
The music of yon upper sphere!

'T is meet, on night so fair as this,
To list to strains, as sweet as those
Which erst in Eden's paradise
Lulled our first parents to repose;
Such did the morning stars employ
When they "together sang for joy!"

Oh! ever, on a night like this—
Borne down beneath life's weary load,
I think me—*thus*, how pure the bliss,
To yield the spirit up to God;—
Its requiem, from yonder sky,
Those strains of heaven's own minstrelsy!

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

"OLD TRUTHS."

"The sun makes music as of old
 Amid the rival spheres of heav'n
 On its predestined circle rolled
 With thunder speed: The angels even
 Draw strength from gazing on its glance
 Though none its meaning fathom may:—
 The world's unwithered countenance
 Is bright as at creation's day."

FAUST. (*Shelley's Translation.*)

MEN of imagination and fancy, for it behooves us to recognise the distinction, love to linger at certain, nay, frequent times, amid the vaulted aisles of Gothic cathedrals, and endeavor, while treading their tessellated pavements, and looking, by means of the stained sun-light, on the curiously ornamented walls, to throw themselves into the souls of their great, departed brethren, who have labored in the world of art. A Goethe could write beautifully upon the Strasburg Minster, and his poetic soul, with all the fervor of artistic feeling, could invoke the shade of Erwin Von Steinbach, from the realms whither he had so long since departed. The good, honest Strasburger, however, passes daily by that glorious temple, without looking at its lofty tower, unless it be to inquire—whether dinner has almost been made ready!—and he wonders at nothing, save the amount of labor and stone necessarily employed in its erection. Yet he *wonders* at something—if not at the power of the architect—at the weight of material he sees piled up before him. The man of common mind, and uncultivated, looks upon his parish minister's library, as a great collection, because he has never seen a larger one: the harangues of a favorite demagogue are his ideal of eloquence, because he knows nothing of the mighty voices that resound through our senatorial halls: he knows nothing of Grecian elegance and Roman power. He hears a third rate sermon and thinks it great, for he has never read Jeremy Taylor: he reads "Emerson's Watts on the Mind," and thinks it an astonishing book, for he has never read Plato, Kant, Bacon, and Schelling.

If he could only see *through* objects around him—if some rays of light could pierce the darkness in which he is enveloped, he would grow: or at least there would be a possibility of growth. Even as he is, however, something to him must be great, and he regards that as greatest, which is the best he has experienced. The Strasburger, honest soul! regards the cathedral as the greatest, because it is by far the largest and most curious church in the town. But is there not, in many of the so-called improvements of the present

day, a tendency, productive of a notion in the minds of the mass, that there are but few, very few great things? They do not profess to be scholars; but still, they will judge dogmatically upon the scholar's productions. They do not profess to be critics, nevertheless they will bring before their dread tribunal any and every author, from Wordsworth to Joel Barlow. A philosopher might lament over, but he would not denounce such a state of things. We must however thank heaven for what we have, and what the people know, and hope for a glorious future. And besides, is there not a restless longing after the new, and curious? Is there not a desire to look at all objects through mere fancy-colored glass, instead of through that which is deeply or richly stained? And it is hard for a man unless he be a man of genius, to draw admiration from readers, or hearers, when he throws himself back upon the old, and familiar. Genius can throw life into a dead stump: genius can throw hues on a sign-board, which the very dews of morning will love to freshen. Art is indestructible: there is life in it like the life of perennial fountains. But on looking around us, are we not convinced of the truth, that what is sensible, and palpable occupies the place of the infinite and profound? The clangor of steam engines is ceaseless, the variety of manufactures surprising: and even book-making has become such a trade, and works are thrown upon us so unmercifully fast, that the poor scholar is compelled to seek a refuge from the "peltings of the pitiless storm," behind the folios and quartos of other times. Every one is, and must be more or less affected by this tendency—by this relinquishing of the old and familiar, and relishing of the new. Is it not perceptible in our amusements—tastes—education—forms of worship, and dress? And though we have eyes to see what is going on, there are hosts of prognosticators and prophets around us: some pouring out notes, as liquid as water—others weeping with good, hearty lamentation: some telling us, with strong, manly voice, how things really are, and others are declaiming in all the grandiloquence of Bombastes himself, upon the ineffable glory of

the nineteenth century. Scholars are now made at the shortest notice: musicians and poets spring up around us as though they came in obedience to the imperious call of some mighty magician. There seems to be a luxuriousness of genius, hitherto unknown to any age of the world, and *that* would be true, if genius were measured, or measurable by the number of professed works of art that are continually flooding in upon us.

But why write on characteristics and tendencies! They have been sufficiently discussed by others, and will continue to be discussed, even while our own era is merging into a future one. Leave we them, therefore, to glance at the faces of some old, familiar friends, which we will now do, without any invocation to any muse, although aware of the fact, that the times considered, we are venturing on dangerous ground.

We have prefixed to our fleeting words, the title—"Old Truths." What do we mean! Surely it cannot be, that we are on the point of digging into the rocks of antiquity, to discover relics, and specimens; surely we are not about to re-dress and refit, to suit the day, superannuated notions; surely, we are not going to plod through Stobæus's collection of quotations, to find some quotation, recondite and unheard of, that has escaped the attention of Bulwer himself!

Far from it. Neither are we about to entertain ourselves and readers with an historical account of truths that are old, because they may have been born in the days of Moses, or Hesiod. But we do mean, by old truths, those that have always been the subject as well as object of the true philosopher's inquiries—those *realities*, in which the genuine scholar has always exulted. We mean the eternal verities—some of which were—must have been developed in the breast of the first man, and shall be developed in the breast of the last man. Truths, in the study of which, many have spent the best—the dearest moments of their life; truths, even the *labor* after the attainment of whose comprehension, was dearer to Lessing, than an immediate revelation of their wondrous meaning. These old truths are the beginnings (*principia*) by which the divinity within us, shapes our ends. They lie at the centre, as it were, of our being, and thence are diffused to the circumference. We have also called them *old*, moreover, because they are familiar: nay, they are so familiar to us, considered by the world, "so true, that they lose all the power of truth, and lie bedridden in the dormitory of the soul." Such truths are they which are comprehended in our relations to God, the world, and self; and which, when duly apprehended, alike enlighten the intellect, and purify the heart. When rightly appreciated, they are

worth more to man, than the "ten thousand depthless abstractions," that are scattered over the "seed field of time," by the finical dilettanti, who are a most luxurious product of the present age. But these truths, in order to be at all profitable, or available, intellectually speaking, must be reflected on; only by turning our thoughts inwardly upon self, can their importance and glorious value, be fully estimated.

Let us mention a single old, self-evident truth—an idea, by which we may hope to approximate towards an illustration of the importance of our position—a truth upon the *conviction* of whose power we necessarily act, and the reality of which is dearer to the human soul, than an infinitude of material worlds. We refer to personal identity.

How much in life depends upon that single truth. With what a world of reality is it connected! And yet, comparatively speaking, how few there are among mankind, who ever stop amid their business, occupations, and pleasures, to think determinately upon the mysterious fact. How few there are to whom it seems fascinating, even when presented to their consideration. Thousands view it as a dead abstraction, devoid alike of poetry and beauty. But in the fact, that in childhood, boyhood, manhood, and old age, the individual is the same being, however much his opinions may vary and his circumstances change, we think a truth can be apprehended, which is as refreshing to the soul as the genial evening breeze to the sickly consumptive. Yet, suppose for a moment there were no such thing, suppose that man were destitute of that identity, what would the world be! A limitless "curiosity-shop"—the incarnation of confusion! Alas, the sentimentalists would be a race unknown: for though any one could live long enough to begin sentimentality, yet the poor soul would soon have to lay down his best quality steel pens, and put aside his perfumed ink, and then, breathe out his last! If the body were to be a growth, as it is now, and a new soul should tenant it every day, we should have a jovially ludicrous, or a most pitiable world. If we were destitute of that personal identity, our existence would resemble that attributed by old Rabbinic writers to a peculiar class of angels, which are "generated every morning, by the brook which rolls over the flowers of Paradise—their life is a song—they warble till sunset, and then sink back without regret to nothingness." Where would be lofty thought—and where, noble deeds! Man would be a mere bubble floating in space—a mere particle of dust revolving in the sunbeams. He might, perchance, give utterance to a single strain of melody, and then he would sleep forever in the measureless depths of a lifeless sea.

But thank heaven, he has that, by which

his *own* actions can be viewed — by which his hopes can become realized, and the longings of his soul rest, in the full attainment of their object.

Whether we are merchants, scholars, or artists, no matter what be our occupation, every supposable business presupposes the identity of the individual. Art thou wrapped up in schemes which are the product of splendid conception, and can be fully realized only in the future — in plans, which years of toil alone can accomplish — in works, whose fruit can only be reaped in the summer or autumn of thy days — are they not the "shadow of a shade," unless thine identity is presupposed?

This fact then — this "old truth" is assumed in all the undertakings and business of life. The modifications of its idea, and the forms of existence necessarily dependent upon it, are beautifully numerous. The old Pagan creation of the Protean metamorphoses — what is it, but symbolical of man, even the same, though existing in different forms! He that would number the forms of thought and action that are dependent on this truth, let him first count the stars above, and the sand grains beneath him. If he tries to limit, and determine *all* that springs from it, he will endeavor to solve a Sphinx riddle. Not only does business depend upon the reality of this truth, but its inward relations are astonishing. Does it not lie behind or beneath all that the human soul prizes in itself? Memory, for example, presupposes it. There is in manhood, a mysterious pleasure derived from an ability to run back to the season of childhood, when the world was new, and being was fresh, and life was young. This is possible only in the fact of the soul's identity. Again, the swell of youthful feeling, the hopes, expectations, that well up in the soul, from those fountains not easily fathomed — the prospects of acting a good part in the world, and the exercise of love, esteem, and friendship, are a mere delusion, if identity is not preserved. Nay, in this case, there would be an impossibility of enjoying that "enthusiastic delusion," which, according to Spinoza, "the grey haired man *must* be under: in order that he may be prevented from feeling that his hair is grey, he must dream himself back again to the days of his childhood."

We have thus glanced at one familiar truth. A scientific exposition of its relative relations, has not been attempted. And yet, from what has been written, it can be easily observed in what a variety of forms this truth influences the world: and that, were this truth an untruth, the order of things would be compelled to undergo an essential alteration.

Yes! my indulgent reader, this is but one, or rather, a mere notice of one, of those

mighty truths, about which the world cares so little, and yet, as they are glorious, so also, those objects which in the material world, are partially symbolical of, and analogous to them, are the most sublime, and frequently the least thought of.

The world itself is growing *old*, the earth on which we tread, upon which our houses, universities, churches, and palaces are erected is becoming aged. Yet to the true poet and philosopher,

"Its unwithered countenance
Is bright as at creation's day."

Here it is! still flourishing in glorious bloom and vigor. It rolls along its trackless orbit, and the music of its motion, is audible to him who has an ear into which can penetrate the "harmony of the universe." The morning sunbeams do not yet throw a sickly, decrepit light upon the world: the spring grass is not fallow with age: the mountains are not ready to fall, they still tower aloft in their old sublimity: the waves of ocean are not stagnant; they break along the desert shores in their full and varied music: the life of the world is still fresh; time hath not yet spoiled her beauty, or deprived her of youth.

The hours that have marked the existence of the world, are indeed in one sense dead. And the poet, in vision, could see the disembodied souls of those to whom they had once been living, bearing "time to his tomb in eternity." The world itself, then, is *old*, but fresh. And it will appear to the "last man," the wonderful work of its great creator: and when his eye shall rest upon its lofty hills, and fathomless oceans, his heart will swell with pious emotion, as did the hearts of the men of olden time.

We ourselves, however, make the world *old*. The traveller who wanders amid the broken columns, and crumbling palaces of cities; who muses upon worn out empires, when seeing their fragments strewn around him by the hand of desolation: who, amid desert solitudes, beholds vast temples, and wondrous works of art, glorious even in ruin — feels that the earth is *old*: for he sees marks of age. He, however, who beholds the beauty of creation, as God made it, and drinks from fountains, whose edges nature has decked with moss — on whose liquid surface, the blue, sunny heavens are mirrored, sees nothing to remind *him* of decay, or death. It is all fair, fresh, and beautiful. And in the eloquent silence of the world's growth, he can hear a voice from God. And as these "old truths," of which we have been speaking, are the "most glorious birth of the Godlike in man," so also, their fittest material symbols are objects which our eyes daily behold, and our bodies daily touch, and as we disregard the one, so we disregard the others.

The position advanced above, was, that these old truths, when rightly reflected on, can impart to the soul the deepest and truest satisfaction. For they are the *things* which make life really pleasurable. There adheres to man, even in depravity, a dignity; there is to life, sullied as it really is, a gloriousness. But does man derive his manhood, or life its true dignity from those fleeting novelties after which the present age craves so earnestly! Or do they both rest upon the reality of those old truths, which every body believes to be true, and so true that they remain uncared for!

He, however, who views them by descending into his own consciousness, views them as gems sparkling with light, and as the imparters of a mystical dignity to one who acknowledges their power and life. That poet who tells us that there are in man —

— “Truths that wake,
To perish never!”

apprehended their beauty and value; and it is probable that often in the soul of such a one as he, there will be

“Thoughts that do lie too deep for tears.”

Such thoughts have their origin in these familiar truths, which always active, are always

PHILADELPHIA.

productive. Let them once be brought into development, and they are ours forever! But it is sorrowful, that too many among us, let them slumber in the depths whence they originate — little thinking, or remembering, that even the pleasures they enjoy, are dependent upon their reality. For since it is true, that,

“The endowment of immortal power
Is matched unequally with custom, time,
And domineering faculty of sense,
In all,”

thousands bind themselves carelessly to the dominion of sense, while contemplation is left in solitude to utter her “voiceless woe,” over the condition of the immortal soul. We do not pretend to fathom the meaning of these old truths, but we can know their power, and acquire strength by living among them, and watching their developments. They impart life to intellectual action, and fire to thought; and it would be a pleasing task to show the connection and relation existing between them, and a deep, harmonious poetry. Like the material world, they do not grow old to the mind that values them: they are fresh and life-giving. By them, our hopes are fulfilled, and our manhood developed — by them, we repeat, life becomes truly elevated, and real art is made possible for the soul of man.

H.

SERENADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPANISH AIR “BUENOS NOCES.”

WAKE, love, wake, the earth is sleeping
Calm beneath the summer sky,
And the holy stars are keeping
Watch on high;
Soft the dews of night are weeping
O'er the lake, —
O! when all things else are sleeping
Love should wake!

Hark, love, hark! soft music stealing
Wakes the echoes from their rest,
’T is the hour when tenderest feeling
Fills the breast;
Hearts, their love no more concealing,
Silence break,
All their hidden thoughts revealing; —
Wake, love, wake!

MAY, 1839.

S.

MARRIED MEN.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS THEM.*

DURING the honey-moon, as during courtship, few men display their real character. An artificial restraint is placed upon them, and, with few exceptions, in that brief period of felicity, they imitate as closely as possible the beau ideal of a pattern husband. But alas! the honey-moon too often sets in clouds—the mask soon falls, and the shades of character come darkly forth. The Titian tints of the portrait deepen into the sombre hues of Rembrandt, and the married man shows his true colors. It is then, the task of the philanthropic and observant author to depict, with the utmost fidelity, the principal characteristics of some of the Benedicts. Let us begin, for instance with

THE ATTENTIVE HUSBAND.

You recognise the Attentive Husband at the very first glance. When he walks with his lady he carries her parasol and reticule, watches her with fearful anxiety, and expresses his fears that she is fatiguing herself; suggests the expediency of resorting to a cab or hack, and informs her that if he is walking too fast for her, he possesses the ability to moderate his progressive speed; all of which profound and pertinent remarks are either heard in silence, or produce a scarcely perceptible elevation of the lady's shoulders, suggestive of impatience or annoyance. When he takes her to a lecture or a concert, she is naturally desirous of hearing the speaker or the singers, but our careful husband, in the midst of an interesting passage or a charming song, discovers that she looks pale, and inquires with much interest if she feels unwell. A simple negative is unsatisfactory. He enumerates a number of disorders, and she must defend herself by denying them separately and singly. At a dinner-party, no matter how far removed from the lady, the attentive husband fixes his vigilant eye upon her with a gaze as fearfully fascinating as that of the cobra capella. His remarks on such an occasion are generally as unsatisfactory to the lady, as those of the physician were to Sancho Panza during his melancholy reign at Barratrania.

"My love! don't think of eating that! Good heavens! anchovies are rank poison to you. It's as much as your life's worth.

"Don't give her Madeira, for the love of heaven. I know her constitution, sir."

The lady commonly puts an end to the affair, by coaxing her lips into a very pout, and eating nothing at all—opposition having spoiled her appetite. Meanwhile the careful husband proves himself a very commendable trencher-man; eats freely of the forbidden fruits, and is by no means neglectful of the prohibited Madeira. If this happy couple are going to a ball, the watchful care of the attentive husband commences with the toilet.

"My dear child, that gown is too low in the neck—you will catch your death assuredly. Besides it is too tight—I know it is."

"I assure you, my dear, it is the very reverse."

"Ah! you women will never confess it—pinch yourselves to death for the sake of fashion—and die martyrs to the ambition of having a small waist." Here the gentleman commonly repeats the names of a number of ladies who have fallen victims to a prevalent folly, and substantiates his statements with a world of circumstantial evidence. He ends by declaring that if the lady wears "that dress," he shall be very unhappy, in fact, perfectly miserable, for the entire evening; whereupon she substitutes another gown, which is very ill-made and very unbecoming, and thinks all the evening of the discarded dress, which fitted to a charm. In the ball-room, instead of permitting his wife to enjoy herself, and seeking to pass the evening pleasantly himself, the attentive husband never loses sight of his wife a single moment—not from motives of jealousy, for the attentive husband is never jealous, being fully persuaded that his lady cannot find in the entire world a single being so devoted to her welfare and happiness as himself; but in the ball-room, as in the street, and at home, he manifests the most untiring, and indeed touching solicitude. Sentinel-like, he paces to and fro in the apartment where his wife is, and she has no sooner finished a single dance, than he accosts her:—

"You are very warm, my dear."

"Not too warm."

"Yes, too warm, decidedly. Do you dance another quadrille?"

"Certainly—I am engaged."

"My dear, you shock me unspeakably. You should never have accepted. You should have rested yourself."

After the next dance, the moment her partner has handed her to her seat, the figure of her husband appears like one of those phan-

* This article is an adaptation of a portion of a little French work by Charles Paul De Kock, which proved to be an untranslatable for more than one reason.

toms that arise so startlingly by the agency of Phantasmagoria.

"How red you look!" exclaims the attentive husband, with the mournful air of a watchful mother, who suspects from the pulse of a child, the existence of fever.

The poor woman tries to smile as she replies, "Is there anything strange in having a color after dancing?"

"No, not a little color I admit, but upon my soul, I never saw you look so feverish before."

An idea suddenly flashes across the mind of the poor woman, so mortifying and appalling that it visibly deepens the carnation of her cheek. Something whispers that her complexion approximates to that of a lobster, after its immersion in boiling water. She appeals to her next neighbor and ascertains it to be "a weak invention of the enemy."

A young gentleman having been so fortunate as to capture a couple of ice-creams, which a waiter is bearing by with very tantalizing rapidity, offers one to the wife of our attentive husband. The latter detects his partner in the very act of raising a spoon surcharged with a portion of the contents of the whip-glass to her lips. In an instant, he is at her side, and with an air of triumph removes the dangerous glass from her fair hand.

"What were you thinking of?" he asks, with a half-tender, half-reproachful air.

"I was going to eat the ice," replies the pouting fair.

"Not one particle, my love. Ice after dancing? Monstrous! You are too warm—the ice too cold. It would be the death of you."

"But these ladies have all been dancing—and they are eating ices."

"These ladies may do precisely what they please. If they choose to tempt Providence, it is no concern of mine. An ice! oh! no indeed. I know your constitution."

And with these very consolatory remarks, the gentleman parades before his wife, sipping the interdicted luxury, with tantalizing spoon, and smack most satisfactory. Nor does he hesitate to say:—"Excellent! upon my soul—most excellent!"

In a few moments the orchestra commence the prelude of one of Strauss's magnificent waltzes. The lady, who is passionately fond of waltzing, accepts the arm of a young gentleman who is reputed a good waltzer, and they spin round the saloon to the admiration of the spectators; but no sooner does our attentive husband perceive the agreeable occupation of the lady than he rushes towards her, at the imminent risk of being prostrated by the throng of happy dancers, and seizing her by the arms, exclaims:—"What are you about! What are you thinking of! How fortunate I came in time to prevent the continuance of this absurdity!"

"But, my dear, you know I am passionately fond of waltzing."

"Very likely—but it does not agree with you. You will be sick to-morrow. I have consulted many medical gentlemen upon the subject, and they all assure me that waltzing is positively ruinous to ladies of a nervous temperament; so really I cannot permit it."

"But, my dear sir," ventures the young gentleman, "just a few turns."

"Once or twice round the saloon," chimes in the lady, with a supplicating air.

But the husband is inexorable. He takes his wife by the arm, leads her to a seat and throws a cloak, a mantilla, a pelisse, whatever comes to hand, over her shoulders, and then folds his arms, *à la Napoleon*, and surveys her with a look of tranquil triumph.

The lady dares not murmur. It would be bad taste to quarrel in public, and so as the attentive husband is the best of characters, she is looked upon by all the married women as being supremely happy. The supper hour is at hand. She has learned from the lips of her fair hostess, that the ladies only will be seated at the table, and she anticipates a pleasant repast, free from the assiduous attentions of her husband. Alas! how futile are her hopes. About fifteen minutes before supper is announced, he cheerfully presents himself, bearing his wife's cloak, in which he carefully envelopes her beloved form, while with an affable smile, he thus addresses her; "My darling, the carriage is waiting for us at the door."

"What! are you going so soon?"

"So soon, my child! It is quite late."

"But supper will be ready in a moment."

"Aha! the very reason for our going. You might be tempted to eat something—and suppers are always unhealthy, particularly for so delicate a constitution as yours. No supper for you to-night," he adds, with a cheerful chuckle. "Come, my dear, the carriage is waiting."

He draws her arm within his own—that most attentive gentleman. She could weep, like Eve upon the threshold of Paradise, as she casts a "longing, lingering look behind," upon the brilliant supper-room, now glittering and glowing with chandeliers, and plumes, and flowers, and diamonds, and bright eyes, and happy faces. It fades like a vision, and as she enters the gloomy carriage, she silently records a vow to live henceforth the life of a nun, and give up dinner-parties, balls, and all festivities. Can a woman be happy with an *Attentive Husband*? Happily the species is quite rare.

We will proceed, ladies and gentlemen, to exhibit another specimen of married humanity, whose title, in the language of his natural enemy, the house-maid, is

THE BETTY.

A man is born a Betty, as he is a genius, mechanic, musician, poet or financier. The

Betty may adore his wife and children, be an honorable man of business, and acquit himself of all those duties which society imposes, but his home will still be disagreeable.

Breakfast is served. The wife takes up the morning paper, while she sips her coffee, and our domestic gentleman amuses himself by making toast. For a few moments he is absorbed in silent contemplation of the glowing embers, but in a short time he calls the attention of his wife, and says, "did you put a stick of wood on the fire last evening, after I went out?"

"A stick of wood, my dear! What did you say?"

"I was not talking Hebrew, I believe. When I went out last evening, at nine o'clock, there were two sticks on the fire, a large and small one—enough to last till bed-time. I don't want to prevent your having as much fire as you please, but I want to keep an exact account; for this morning I found three brands. Now, how could there be three brands if you did not burn a third stick?"

"Ah! my dear, how vexatious you are, sometimes. I may or may not have put on more wood. I am trying to read an article which interests me, and you must needs interrupt me about a paltry stick of wood!"

The domestic gentleman is silent, and contents himself with whistling to himself in a low tone, a thing which he is in the habit of doing, when he is dissatisfied with a reply.

At breakfast the butter arrests his attention.

"How much did you pay for this butter?" he asks.

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Don't know! Good heavens! what do you mean?"

"The servant purchased it."

"You learned the price from her, of course?"

"Yes, yes—I remember, it was thirty-six cents, I believe."

"You believe! Here! Sally, Sally!"

The servant makes her appearance and is arraigned before the domestic man.

"How much was this butter, Sally?"

"Thirty-six cents, sir."

"Thirty-six cents a pound?"

"Of course—it was n't thirty-six cents a firkin," replies the young lady, with a disdainful and rather daring curl of the lip; and as she leaves the room, she indulges herself with the housemaid's luxury of slamming the door behind her.

"Thirty-six cents a pound!" repeats the domestic man. "Thirty-six cents! It is truly frightful to think of! I ate some capital

butter at Bilson's the other morning, and he only paid thirty-two cents. Bilson's butter was the better of the two."

When the housemaid commences the daily task of sweeping the room—a duty which would seem to carry its reward with it, to judge by the cheerful zeal with which it is commonly performed, the domestic husband is always before the servant's broom, peering into every corner, solicitous to detect cobwebs, and pushing his scrutiny into every hole and corner. Some time before the dinner-hour he is accustomed to make a solemn tour of the kitchen. He is an habitual lifter of pot-lids, and inquisitor of tin-kitchens and reflecting bakers. If the old fashion of roasting meat is still honored in his family, he draws his stool to the chimney-corner, and bakes the crown of his head as he bends over the fire, and whips up the turnspit into a full gallop. He hovers over an unknown dish, in doubt awhile, and then summons the cook.

"What have you here?"

"Fricasseed chicken, sir."

"Have you put in any mushrooms?"

"Certainly, sir."

"It is very singular—I can't find any. Ah! here I have one—yes, yes, it's all right. Do we have soup to-day?"

"Don't you see the pot on the fire?"

"Very true. But let me tell you, you spoil your soups by putting too many vegetables in them. Now how many carrots have you put in?"

"I'm sure I don't remember. Must I count them now?"

"It will be as well. Stop, I'll do it for you. I shouldn't be surprised if there were half a dozen."

And the gentleman commences a painful search for the orange-colored vegetables, in the course of which he receives sundry splashes from the unctuous and savory soup, and finally, in tasting a spoonful of the compound rather prematurely, he scalds his mouth severely, without however receiving the least sympathy from the cook, to whom such an occurrence seems to give peculiar satisfaction. An accident of this kind usually puts an end to his quest, and he leaves the kitchen with diminished dignity. The Betty is the peculiar aversion of the cook. Indeed your cook seldom remains long in the service of your domestic man—she soon demands her wages and quits his roof—but the lady of the house is debarred the enjoyment of the servant's privilege—for such the scandalous world asserts that she considers it.

A WESTERN "CHARACTER."

BY MRS. CLAVERS, AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," "FOREST LIFE," ETC.

"O! joy that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!"

WORDSWORTH.

IN wandering through the woods, where solitude seems to hold undivided reign, so that one learns to fancy companionable qualities in the flowers, and decided sympathetic intelligence in the bright-eyed squirrel, it is not uncommon to find originals odd enough to make the fortune of a human menagerie, such as will doubtless form at no distant day, a new resource for the curious. If any of the experimental philosophers of the day should undertake a collection of this nature, I recommend the woods of the West as a hopeful field for the search. Odd people are odder in the country than in town, because there is nothing like collision to smooth down their salient points, and because solitude is the nurse of reverie, which is well known to be the originator of many an erratic freak. There is a foster relationship, at least, between solitude and oddity, and nowhere is this more evident than in the free and easy new country. A fair specimen used to thrive in a certain green wood, not a thousand miles from this spot; a veteran who bore in his furrowed front the traces of many a year of hardship and exposure, and whose eyes retained but little of the twinkling light which must have distinguished them in early life, but which had become submerged in at least a twilight darkness, which scarce allowed him to distinguish the light of a candle. His limbs were withered, and almost useless; his voice shrunk to a piping treble, and his trembling hands but imperfectly performed their favorite office of carrying a tumbler to his lips. His tongue alone escaped the general decay; and in this one organ were concentrated (as it is with the touch in cases of blindness,) the potency of all the rest. If we may trust his own account, his adventures had been only less varied and wonderful, than those of Sinbad or Baron Munchausen. But we used sometimes to think distance may be the source of deception, in matters of time as well as of space, and so made due allowance for faulty perspective in his reminiscences.

His house was as different from all other houses, as he himself was from all other men. It was shaped somewhat like a beehive; and, instead of ordinary walls, the shingles continued in uninterrupted courses

from the peak to the ground. At one side was a stick chimney, and this was finished on the top, by the remnant of a stone churn; whether put there to perform the legitimate office of a chimney-pot, or merely as an architectural ornament, I cannot say. It had an *unique* air, at any rate, when one first espied it after miles of solitary riding, where no tree had fallen, except those which were removed in making the road. A luxuriant hop-vine crept up the shingles until it wound itself around this same broken churn, and then, seeking further support, the long ends still stretched out in every direction, so numerous and so lithe, that every passing breeze made them whirl like green-robed fairies dancing hornpipes about the chimney, in preparation for a descent upon the inhabitants below.

At the side opposite the chimney, was a sort of stair-case, scarcely more than a ladder, leading to the upper chamber, carried up outside through lack of room in the little cottage; and this airy flight was the visible sign of a change which took place in the old man's establishment, towards the latter part of his life. A grand daughter, the orphan of his only son, had come to him in utter destitution, and this made it necessary to have a second apartment in the shingled hive; so the stairs were built outside as we have said, and Julia Brand was installed in the wee chamber to which it led. She was a girl of fourteen, perhaps, at this time; and soon became all in all to her aged relative. But we will put her off for the present, that we may recall at more length our recollections of old Richard Brand. The race of rough old pioneers, to which he belonged, was fast passing away; and emigration and improvement are sweeping from the face of the land, every trace of their existence. The spirit by which they were animated has no fellowship with steamboats and railroads; their pleasures were not increased, but diminished by the rapid accession of population, for whom they had done much to prepare the way. The younger and hardier of their number felt themselves elbowed, and so pressed onward to the boundless prairies of the far West; the old, shrunk from contact with society, and gathered themselves, as if

to await the mighty hunter in characteristic fashion. Old Brand belonged to the latter class. He looked ninety; but much allowance must be made for winter storms and night-watches, and such irregularities and exposure as are sure to keep an account against man, and to score their demands upon his body, both within and without.

We have said that the house had a wild and strange look, and the aspect of the tenant of the little nest was that of an old wizard. He would sit by the side of the door, enjoying the sunshine, and making marks on the sand with the long staff which seldom quitted his feeble hands, while his favorite cat purred at his feet, or perched herself on his shoulder, rubbing herself against his grey locks, unreprieved. Weird and sad was his silent aspect; but once set him talking, or place in his hands his battered violin, and you would no longer find *silence* tiresome. One string was generally all that the instrument could boast; but that one, like the tongue of the owner, performed more than its share. It could say,

Hey, Betty Martin, tip-toe, tip-toe,

Hey, Betty Martin, tip-toe fine:

Can't get a husband to please her, please her,

Can't get a husband to please her mind!

as plain as any human lips and teeth could make the same taunting observation; but if you ventured to compare the old magician to Paganini, "Humph!" he would say, with a toss of his little grey head, "ninny I may be, but pagan I a'n't, any how; for do I eat little babies, and drink nothing but water!"

Nobody ever ventured to give an affirmative answer to either branch of this question; so the old man triumphed in the refutation of the slander.

Directly in front of the door by which old Brand usually sat, was a pit, four or five feet deep, perhaps, and two feet in diameter at the top, and still wider at the bottom, where it was strewn with broken bottles and jugs. (Mr. Brand, had by some accident, good store of these.) This pit was generally covered during the day, but for many years the platform was at night drawn within the door, with all the circumspection that attended the raising of a draw-bridge before a castle gate in ancient times.

"Is that a wolf-trap?" inquired an uninitiated guest. An explosion of laughter met this truly *green* question.

"A wolf-trap! O! inassy! what a wolf-hunter you be! You bought that 'ere fine broadcloth coat out of bounty-money, did n't ye! How I should laugh to see ye where our Jake was once, when he war'n't more than twelve year old! You'd grin till a wolf would be a fool to ye! I had a real wolf-trap then, I tell ye! There had been a wolf around, that was the hungriest critter you ever heard tell on. Nobody pretended

to keep a sheep, and as for little pigs, they war'n't a circumstance. He'd eat a litter in one night. Well! I dug my trap plenty deep enough, and all the dirt I took out on't was laid up o' one side, slantindicler, up hill like, so as to make the jump a pretty good one; and then the other sides was built up close with logs. It was a sneezer of a trap. So there I baited and baited, and watched and waited; but pigs was plenty where they was easier come at, and no wolf came. By-and-by our old yellow mare died, and what does I do but goes and whops th' old mare into the trap." "There!" says I to Jake, says I, "that would catch th' old Nick; let's see what the old wolf 'll say to it." "So the next night we watch'd, and it war'n't hardly midnight, when the wolf come along to go to the hog-pen. He scented old Poll quick enough; and I tell ye! the way he went into the trap war'n't slow. It was jist as a young feller falls in love; head over heels. Well! now the question was, how we should kill the villain; and while we was a consultin' about that, and one old hunter proposin' one thing, and another another, our Jake says to me, says he, "Father," says he, "I've got a plan in my head that I know 'll do! I 'll bang him over the head with this knotty stick." "And before you could say Jack Robinson, in that tarnal critter jump'd, and went at him. It was a tough battle, I tell ye! The wolf grinned; but Jake he never stopped to grin, but put it on to him as cool as a cucumber, till he got so he could see his brains, and then he was satisfied." "Now pull me out!" says little Jake, says he, "And I tell ye what! if it a'n't daylight, I want my breakfast!" "And Jake was a show, any how! What with his own scratches and the spatters of the wolf's blood, he look'd as if the Indians had scalped him all over."

"But what is *this* hole for?" persisted the visiter, who found himself as far from the point as ever.

"Did you ever see a Indian!" said the wizard.

"No! oh yes; I saw Black Hawk and his party, at Washington —"

"Black Hawk! ho, ho, ho! and Tommy Hawk too, I 'spose! Indians dress'd off to fool the big bugs up there! But I mean *real* Indians — Indians at home, in the woods — devils that 's as thirsty for white men's blood as painters! Why, when I come first into the Michigan, they were as thick as huckleberries. We did n't mind shooting 'em any more than if they 'd had four legs. That 's a foolish law that won't let a man kill an Indian! Some people pretend to think the niggers have n't got souls, but for my part I *know* they have; as for Indians, it 's all nonsense! I was brought up right in with the blacks. My father own'd a real raft on 'em,

and they was as human as any body. When my father died, and every thing he had in the world would n't half pay his debts, our old Momma Venus took mother home to her cabin, and done for her as long as she lived. Not but what we boys helped her as much as we could, but we had nothing to begin with, and never had no larnin. I was the oldest, and father died when I was twelve year old, and he had n't begun to think about gettin' a schoolmaster on the plantation. I used to be in with our niggers, that is, them that used to be ours; and though I'd lick'd 'em and kick'd 'em many a time, they was jist as good to me as if I'd been their own color. But I wanted to get some larnin, so I used to lie on the floor of their cabins, with my head to the fire, and so study a spellin'-book some Yankees had gi'n me, by the light of the pine knots and hickory bark. The Yankee people was good friends to me too, and when I got old enough, some on 'em sent me down to New Orleans with a flat, loaded with flour and bacon. Now in them days there was no goin' up and down the Mississippi in comfort, upon 'count of the Spaniards. The very first village I came to, they hailed me and asked for my pass. I told 'em the niggers carried passes, but that I was a free-born American, and did n't need a pass to go anywhere upon airth. So I took no further notice of the whiskerandoes, till jist as I turn'd the next pint, what should I see but a mud fort, and a passel of sojers gettin' ready to fire into me. This looked squally, and I come to. They soon boarded me, and had my boat tied to a tree and my hands behind my back before you could whistle. I told the boy that was with me to stick by and see that nothing happened to the cargo, and off I went to prison; nothing but a log-prison, but strong as thunder, and only a trap-door in the roof. So there I was, in limbo, tucked up pretty nice. They gi'n me nothing to eat but stale corn bread and pork rinds; not even a pickle to make it go down. I think the days was squeez'd out longer, in that black hole, than ever they was in Greenland. But there's an end to 'most every thing, and so there was to that. As good luck would have it, the whiskerando governor came along down the river and landed at the village, and hearin' of the Yankee, (they call'd me a Yankee 'cause I was clear white,) hearin' that there was a Yankee in the man-trap, he order'd me before him. There he jabber'd away, and I jabber'd as fast as he did; but he was a gentleman, and gentlemen is like free-masons, they can understand each other all over the world. So the governor let me go, and then he and the dons that were with him, walk'd down with me to my craft, and gave me to understand they wanted to buy some o' my fixins. So I roll'd 'em out a barrel of flour, and flung up a passel of

bacon, till they made signs there was enough, and then the governor he pull'd out his gold-netted purse to pay me. I laughed at him for thinkin' I would take pay from one that had used me so well; and when he laid the money upon a box sliely, I tied it up in an old rag and chucked it ashore to him after I pushed off; so he smil'd and nodded to me, and Peleg and I we took off our hats and gi'n him a rousin' hurrah, and I thought that was the last I should see on him. But lo and behold! when I got to New Orleans, there was my gentleman, got there before me, and remitted all government costs and charges, and found buyers for my perduce and my craft, and liked to have bought me too. But I lik'd the bush, so I took my gun and set off afoot through the wilderness, and found my way home again, with my money all safe. When I come to settle with the Yankees, there was a good slice for me and mother, so I come off to buy a tract in the Michigan. I come streakin' along till I got to the Huron river, and undertook to swim that with my clothes on and my money tied round my neck. The stream was so high that I come pretty near givin' up. It was "pull devil, pull baker," with me, and was glad to ontie my money and let it go. That was before these blessed banks eased a feller of his money so slick, and you had to carry hard cash. So mine went to the bottom, and it's there yet for what I know. I went to work choppin' till I got enough to buy me an eighty; and I bought and sold fourteen times before I could get a farm to suit me; and like enough may try again before I die."

"But you were going to tell me about this hole."

"Oh, the hole! yes—that 'ere hole! You see, when I first settled, and the Indians was as thick as snakes, so that I used to sleep with my head in an iron pot for fear they should shoot me through the logs, I dug that hole and fix'd it jist right for 'em, in case they came prowlin' about in the night. I laid a teterin' board over it, so that if you stepped on it, down you went; and there was a stout string stretch'd across it and tied to the lock of my rifle, and the rifle was pointed through a hole in the door; so whoever fell into the hole let off the rifle, and stood a good chance for a sugar-plum. I sot it so for years and never caught an Indian, they're so cunning; and after they'd all pretty much left these parts, I used to set it from habit. But at last I got tired of it and put up my rifle at night, though I still sot my trap; and the very first night after I left off puttin' the rifle through the hole, who should come along but my own brother from old Kentuck, that I had n't seen for twenty year! He went into the hole about the slickest, but it only tore his trowsers a little; and was n't I glad I had n't sot the rifle!"

PHASES.

BY W. W. STORY.

- I. CURLS with golden threads enwoven
 With the fragrant depths of brown,
 Lips like a pomegranate cloven,
 Where a season's sun had shone,
 Eyes in which blue smiles were sleeping,
 Gushing oft in sudden flashes
 While the long and silken lashes
 Serious watch were o'er them keeping,
 Cheeks their lurking dimples hiding,
 And a voice, that flowed along
 As if sunlit brooks were gliding
 'Neath its words to make them song,
 Life, a new and joyous being —
 And Necessity's dark ring
 Loosely round thy simple being
 Seeming halo-like to cling —
 Thus thou wert, a rosy blossom
 That in sunny June had burst ; —
 Joy was leaping in thy bosom
 When I saw thee first.
- II. Impulse then was changed to musing,
 Life was filled with shapeless schemes,
 Lonely haunts and silence choosing
 There to brood fantastic dreams.
 Shadows of a sense mysterious
 On thy growing soul did lie,
 When the questions, what and why,
 Made the change from gay to serious,
 All unmoored, all wayward, drifting,
 Hoping on, yet dogged by Fear,
 Working fitfully, and shifting
 In doubt's misty atmosphere.
 On thy heart the world was lying,
 What thou wouldst, thou couldst not tell ;
 Sunset thou didst love and sighing,
 Hating all the palpable —
 On thy phantom-fancies soaring
 While o'er life's mysterious text
 Half-bewildered thou wert poring
 When I saw thee next —
- III. Now thy life with thought is deepened,
 Steady without causeless start, —
 And the intellect has ripened
 To a firm-fixed mould of Art —
 Lost no more in aimless wantings,
 But directed in their course,
 And matured to settled force,
 Are the boy's impassioned hauntings —
 Like two streams apart arising,
 Which into each other run,
 Thought and feeling harmonizing,
 Blend in power and flow as one —
 Fancies once so wildly straying
 In an endless vagary,
 O'er thine earnest Life are playing
 Like to sunbeams on a sea —
 Child and boy and man thou standest
 Each in turn before my eyes —
 Lovest — seekest — and commandest,
 Thoughtless — dreamy — wise.

MAY 30, 1842.

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

IMITATED FROM THE FIRST ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL, BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

AFTER the close of the civil wars, which ended in the acknowledgment of Augustus as Emperor of Rome, the territory of several of the Italian cities was confiscated, and distributed in lots among his disbanded soldiers. Among these cities was Cremona, and the territory not having *held out* as well as was expected, a portion of that of the neighboring city of Mantua was taken *sans cérémonie* to make up the deficiency. Hence, the well-known verse in another Eclogue, *Mantua, vae miserae nimium vicina Cremona!* Among the occupants of the Mantuan territory thus invaded was the poet Virgil; but on his personal application to Augustus for redress, his

property was restored to him and secured in his possession.

These incidents form the subject of the poet's first and best eclogue, in which he introduces himself in the character of a shepherd under the name of Tityrus, describes his journey to Rome for the purpose of laying his case before the emperor, expresses his gratitude for the protection afforded him, and condoles with his neighbor Melibæus, who laments very bitterly the necessity of quitting his paternal property. The personage of Melibæus is rather more prominent than the other, and suggested the title, which has been prefixed to the imitation.

CHARACTERS.

FIRST SHEPHERD, called in the original, MELIBÆUS.

SECOND SHEPHERD, TITYRUS.

The former having quitted his cottage, on his way into exile accompanied by his flock, passes the house of his neighbor representing the Poet, whom he finds reclining under a beech-tree, and holds the following dialogue with him.

First Shepherd.

Wait you, my friend! beneath your beech-tree laid,
Whose spreading branches yield so cool a shade,
Attune your oaten pipe to sylvan lays
And make the woods resound with your Aminta's praise;
We, hapless exiles, forced afar to roam,
Leave our loved fields and all the joys of home.

Second Shepherd.

Oh Melibæus! sure a god bestowed
The blessing on me: he shall be a god
To me forever: at his honored shrine
Shall often bleed some tender lamb of mine,—
The generous Prince, who heard and did befriend
A humble shepherd,—gave him leave to tend
His flocks at pasture on their wonted plains
And freely sing his own dear rustic strains.

First Shepherd.

Oh, blest with all a shepherd need desire!
I may not envy, but I must admire
Your happy fortune—thus to hold your ground
When wild confusion shakes the country round.
But I, less favored, feel the general shock;
Forsake my home, and sadly drive my flock
To exile with me. All unused to pain,
The puny wanderers scarce the toil sustain.
This ewe, that, fainting in my arms I hold,
Just bore me twins,—the promise of the fold,—
But all too weak to join the travelling flock,
Poor things! I left them on the naked rock.

Alas! good friend! too well I now recall
 The various omens that foretold it all:
 For this the lightning struck so many an oak;
 For this the crow would sit for hours and croak
 On yon old holm-tree: — signs, that might have taught
 A child, had I, dull fool! but marked them as I ought.
 No more of this, nor let my selfishness
 By such complaints your faithful heart distress
 With useless grief, — but tell me, gentle friend!
 The god, — the generous Prince you thus commend,
 The noble patron to whose kind decrees
 You owe your fortune, — tell me who he is.

Second Shepherd.

When I to Rome — good shepherd! hast thou heard
 What wonders lurk beneath that little word?
 For me, — I own, — before I viewed her towers,
 I fondly thought her some such place as ours,
 Our pretty Mantua, — where so oft we drove
 Our flocks to market. Shepherd, as I live,
 It shames me now the idle dream to tell
 That likened things which have no parallel.
 Why, gentle shepherd! Rome as far outvies
 All other towns, — her lordly turrets rise
 As far above all fear of rivalry
 Or envious peerage, as the cypress tree
 In yonder garden towers in spiry pride
 Above the lowly bushes by its side.

First Shepherd.

But what of Rome! what powerful cause or care
 Could lead a rustic swain to wander there?
 Explain, good shepherd!

Second Shepherd.

Freedom! gentle friend!
 To sue for Freedom was my glorious end.
 Sweet nymph! she mocked my hopes with long delay;
 She made me linger till my locks were grey; —
 But smiled at last. Good shepherd! I had been
 Too long the victim of a thrifless queen,
 On whom, enthralled by love's inglorious chains,
 In costly gifts I wasted all my gains,
 Nor hoped for liberty, nor cared for gold.
 In vain I toiled; in vain the victim sold
 For many a shrine; — in vain my cheeses bore
 The highest prices; empty was my store:
 For Galatea wasted all and more:
 At length, — though much too late, — Aminta's eyes
 Reversed the charm, and taught me to be wise.

First Shepherd.

Aminta's charms your heart may justly move,
 Since that she gave you life as well as love.
 I well remember when the voyage you made
 To Rome, how oft the graceful mourner prayed
 At every altar, — called in loud despair
 The gods to aid her; still with generous care
 Kept the ripe fruit that paid her husbandry
 In mellow pride untouched upon the tree.
 For you, my friend, the fruit was kept, — for you
 She wept and prayed: — we all — the country through

Deplored your loss — the very groves of pine
Lamented it with tears of turpentine ;
Grief's gushing tides each fountain's margin wet,
And alders shone with dew-drops of regret.

Second Shepherd.

In truth, good shepherd, much it grieved my heart
From such a mistress — such a friend to part,
But nowhere else could I pursue my end
With like advantage — nowhere else attend
The generous patron, in whose honored name
Twelve times each year my loaded altars flame.
At Rome I found him, — there my suit preferred ;
All trembling I, while he as kindly heard ;
And, courage ! shepherd ! — never fear ! — he said, —
Pursue your labors ! till your wonted glade
In peace ! — no stranger shall invade your plains
Or dare to interrupt your much-loved rustic strains.

First Shepherd.

Oh favored ancient ! dwelling as before
On your own fields ! — nor need you wish for more ;
Small though they be, and of that narrow bound,
Half naked rock, and half, a swampy ground,
O'ergrown with rushes, — they to you become,
Being, as they are, the dear domain of home,
More rich and charming than Hesperian bowers.
Amid their well-known haunts and wonted flowers
No pasture strange shall harm your pregnant ewes,
No stranger flock contagion shall diffuse
Among them : — here beneath your beech-tree laid,
Beside the babbling brook you court the shade ;
From yonder willow hedge the toiling bee
With drowsy hum shall sing your lullaby ;
The distant woodman trill his ditty clear
To rock and hill ; — and on the elm-tree here
Your favorite bird, the pretty ringdove, woo
His gentle mate, — the constant turtle coo.

Second Shepherd.

Delightful thoughts ! and ere your friend shall cease
To bless the giver of a boon like this,
Great Nature's general laws no more shall stand,
Deer in the deep shall feed, fish seek the land,
The Parthian bathe him in the turbid Rhine
And blue-eyed Belgium bask beneath the Line.

First Shepherd.

Less favored we to various regions haste,
Crete, — frozen Scythia, — Afric's thirsty waste, —
Or northward, where the circling Sleeve divides
Britannia's cliffs from all the world besides.
Ah luckless shepherd ! shall I e'er again
Some ten years hence behold my lov'd domain !
My little palace, roof'd with thatch, espy,
In time, at least, at its low door to die !
Oh God ! what horrors civil discord pours
Upon the people, — all my rural stores, —
The rich reward of all my toils and cares, —
My golden grain, — my curious grafted pears,
My luscious grapes ; — all sacrificed to feed
The ruffian butchers, by whose rage we bleed.

Away, my goats! — poor fools! — in other time
 How blest! — away! — no longer shall you climb
 With skilful step the mountain's beetling brow
 While stretched in some green bower, I view you from below;
 No more I sing; — I feed my kids no more:
 Song, — labor, — pasture, — hope itself is o'er.

Second Shepherd.

Hard lot! but, gentle friend! forget your care!
 And deign to-night my humble roof to share;
 Sweet apples, — chestnuts, — cheese in plenty spread
 Shall be your meal, — fresh leaves your fragrant bed.
 Night hastens on: — o'er yonder roof aspires
 The smoke, up-curling from the evening fires,
 And from the hills the sun descending throws
 A lengthening shade; — 't is time to seek repose.

TALES OF THE KNIGHTS OF SEVEN LANDS;

A SERIES OF ROMANCEROS OF CHIVALRY, BY J. H. INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE,"
 "KYD," "BURTON," ETC.

TALE THE FIRST;*

BEING THE STORY OF DON FERNANDO DE VALOR.

AT the close of a summer's day, sometime near the end of the fourteenth century, a party of young knights, seven in number, were returning to their several countries from attending a great tournament held in the lists of the Moorish palace of the Alhambra, then occupied by John, king of Castile. This tournament was held in honor of the nuptials of the Prince with the Infanta, and from its magnificence had drawn together the flower of the chivalry of many lands. The company of knights alluded to, consisted of one of Spain, whose castle lay northward, near the Pyrennees; one of France; one of England; one of Germany; one of Rome; of a Scottish knight, and a knight of Venice, all journeying homeward from the jousts, with their esquires and retinues.

At the end of the first day's travel, they pitched their tent near the banks of a pleasant river; and after having removed their heavier armor, and refreshed themselves, holding the whilst much pleasant discourse touching the feats of knighthood that had been done at the tournament, each began to laud the prowess of the chivalry of his own land. After some dispute, it was agreed between them that each should recount some achievement of his own knights; and the palm of knightly honor be awarded to that country which furnished the knight of greatest prowess and skill in arms. The lot to commence the narration, fell upon the Spanish knight, whose name was Don Fernando de Valor, who, though young in years, had performed many deeds of great bravery, both in the lists and in the field.

The rich Castilian moonlight fell pleasantly upon the group of knights seated upon the verdant sward before their tent, the door of which was hung with burnished shields and casques, which gleamed resplendent in its beams, while their spears and lances were stacked in the gleaming moonshine on either side of the entrance. At their feet was the bright stream beside which they were en-

* The student of Spanish literature will be reminded in the following tale of a fine old ballad, of a dozen or more stanzas, called "The Knight of Vargas." A subsequent romance will account for the author's adoption in this, of the name of Don Alarcos, which properly belongs to a different legend. But throughout these tales, he has adhered to historical and chronological accuracy only so long as it does not invade the peculiar province and freedom of romance.

camped, moving past in alternate light and shadow, like gliding steel. Behind them reclined their esquires, and others of their retainers, prepared to listen to the recounting of deeds of arms, while farther in the rear, beneath a group of majestic cork trees, were tethered the unharnessed steeds, their steel saddles and chain armor hanging about upon the branches, or piled upon the ground. To the south, the lofty Sierras of Granada, shining with snow, rose sublimely like marble pillars, upholding the sky; and in the midst of this scene, Don Fernando thus began his story.

"THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE YOUNG COUNT ALARCOS IN WINNING HIS SPURS."

"The sun of an autumn evening was gilding the towers of Seville, when a youthful knight, attended by a stout esquire, reined up his road-worn steed upon the summit of a hill. Before him, lay the fair city, with its Moorish banners topped with the silver crescent, floating above her battlements. The lofty walls were lined with steel-clad men-at-arms, whose spearheads gleamed in the western sun like points of flame. Encircling the walls, having a fair verdant space of three good bow-shots' breadth between, were pitched the christian tents, looking like a snowy girdle woven with red banners, in which was emblazoned the cross; while burning shields of gold and silver hanging at the numerous tent doors, seemed to the eye of the young cavalier, meet gems for this warlike cincture. Knights in resplendent armor were riding hither and thither; and before the king's tent, which was conspicuous by its height and magnificence, a tournament was in progress; for there were visible, from the distance at which he stood, two knights in shining casques, with scarlet mantles waving in the wind, tilting at each other within lists formed on the green, before the royal tent door; while ladies were discovered seated around, gracing with their presence and beauty this martial pastime.

"Over all the mingled and varied prospect of battlement, tent and plain, of warriors, banners and steel, glowed the refulgence of the mellow sunset, peculiar to the south of Spain, the whole fair scene looking as if bathed in an atmosphere of liquid gold.

"Now, by the golden girdle of our lady of Bivar! but this is a fair sight, good Perico," said the young knight, addressing his attendant, yet without turning his head from the scene. "See how bravely the accursed green banner of the infidel floats over our good christian city of Seville. They are strongly shut up there, and methinks it will be many a long week, ere the cross take the place of the crescent on yon high towers. But God wot, our good king will be sure ne'er

to leave her gates till he hath the key in his gauntlet."

"And that key, Master Alarcos, will have more steel than iron in it, and a good cross for the handle," said the esquire, speaking through the bars of his shut visor.

"Thou meanest his sword, Perico, and so do I. But save me, if yon camp is not a brave show for a youth who hath never, till now, seen a martial host a-field, larger than a castle's retainers.

"Let us spur! The sun is touching the summits of the Sierras, and I would fain get to the camp ere the night set in."

The two horsemen then put their animals to their speed, and rapidly descended the winding road into the plain, on their way to the christian camp. In the mean while, we will describe their general appearance and bearing. The young cavalier was not above twenty years of age, and of handsome person, and possessed a noble, though youthful countenance. His hair was of a rich dark brown hue, and escaping beneath his blue riding bonnet, flowed in waves over his shapely shoulders. His eye was large, full, and very dark, and, while he surveyed the embattled plain beneath, beamed with the proud spirit of ambitious youth, while his cheek flushed with excitement and hope. He was clad in a suit of russet link armor, that yielded to his body as pliantly as the velvet surcoat he wore above it. His fine neck was bare, save that a white linen band, clasped by a cross of diamonds, encircled it close to the border of his surcoat. A short horseman's mantle hung loosely off his left shoulder, and his mailed boots were encased in buff-colored overhauls of chamois leather. At his belt, in a steel scabbard, hung a sword, with a jewelled cross for the hilt. He carried, in his uncovered hand, an ivory riding switch, to which was attached a white silken ribbon. His gauntlets hung dangling by their chain wristbands over his saddle-bow, on which also was suspended a light shield, richly embossed and inlaid, and bearing for its device the crest and talons of a black eagle. His casque hung by its chain-lets also to his saddle, while his esquire carried his spear and the heavy war garniture, needful for camp service. The horse of the young knight was securely mailed in scale armor for the breast and head, and in chain armor for his body. Though slight of limb, and elegant rather than strong, he was harnessed like a knight's steed intended for service; and the youth himself, though wearing a jewelled throat clasp, and displaying diamonds on his sword hilt, was harnessed like an experienced warrior, rather than like young cavaliers of his age and day, who much delighted to glitter in gowns of soye with gold profusely ornamenting their arms and armor; wore gloves of kid skin deli-

cately perfumed within their gauntlets, and donned bonnets when the helmet was laid aside, richly brodered and set off with gay and flaunting plumes. His man-at-arms was all in iron; no gold was upon his crest or crosslet, but from gauntlet to heel he sat upon his steed a bulwark of iron mail; while his stout brown steed was black with the heavy proof mail that was laid upon him.

The young knight was the youthful count Alarcos, nearly allied to the royal blood of Castile. He had passed his youth in retirement with his mother, who only the week previous had given her consent that he should don armor and join the king's army at the leaguer of Seville. Sad had been the parting between the noble parent and the young soldier; and when we now encounter him on his way, though three days' journey have separated him from his paternal roof, the thoughts of her lonely state in the castle of Lanuza had cast such a heavy cloud over his spirits that the sight of the christian camp and the beleaguered city alone had power to dissipate it.

The road by which they descended the summit, wound for some distance along the mountain side, and ere it turned into the valley towards the camp, approached within long cross-bow shot of the walls, so that travellers at that point were placed in great danger from any bolt sped from the battlements. There was no way to turn aside from this menacing peril, as a precipice rose to a great height on one hand, and a deep and angry river foamed on the other. The only alternative, therefore, was to ride bravely forward, or turn cowardly back, and gain the camp by going many leagues about and approaching it from the south quarter. This peril the young count and his esquire did not discover until they came near the bottom of the hill, when they saw several travellers on horseback, and peasants on mules, grouped beneath a large cork tree that overhung the way, and seeming to be in fearful and anxious consultation. The young knight and his esquire were riding by them at a round pace, when one of them, who by his costume and the bales with which his nag was laden, was a *bujonero*, or travelling merchant, rode out into the path, and said, in a loud tone of warning,

"Hold rein, fair knight, and you my good esquire, for there is peril in the way. We were journeying toward the christian camp, and on our way, not many paces in advance, we were shot at from the walls, and one of our number was wounded. He lies there beneath the tree, where you see the group, nigh his death, without priest to shrive him. So we turned hastily back, and are in consultation what to do. If you ride forward, brave cavalier, you will surely be shot with shaft a good yard and ell long. We have commodities in

our packs for the king's camp, and sorry are we our way is stopped."

"Thou, thyself, dealest in yards and ells, *bujonero*; therefore, thou should'st little heed thine own measuring rods, though the Moor may give something more honest length of measure in his steel-headed yard than thou and thy craft art wont to dispense to thy customers. "But," added the young cavalier, riding a little forward, where an opening through the trees gave him a view of the walls, towering skyward, and of the road before him, after passing near them, making an abrupt turn up the valley, "the highway, as you say, cometh full nigh to yon battlements. By the red roof! But there is temptation for a maiden knight to win his spurs by a little bold venture. See the green turbans, and the serried spear-heads how they bristle above the rampart. They are watching us, Perico. I can see their glittering eyes even at this distance! "Heaven save us," said the pedlar; "if they should make a sally from yonder gate —"

"Thy rich goods then," said Count Alarcos, laughing, "would shortly deck the infidels' bodies; and thy head and those of thy comrades grace the iron pinnacles of yonder gate-head."

"Holy Saint Peter and his sword defend us," exclaimed the *bujonero* in alarm, which was equally shared by the promiscuous company with which he travelled; and laying his staff stoutly across his nag's back he took the lead of a general escapade that soon left the knight and his esquire sole occupants of the spot.

"There goes a brave company of christians," said the esquire, "first calling on Saint Peter's sword for aid, and then trusting to their beasts' legs for safety. We are well rid of them. Now, good master, how shall we get to the king's camp without being shot at like deer, from the walls?"

"I do confess, Perico, that I should have been better pleased had the road given wider space for the Moor's shafts to fly across. As it is we may not turn back like yon scampering horde of Jews, pedlars and other money-getting rogues. Let us keep the road at an easy trot, like cavaliers journeying unsuspecting of danger. It will be a far shot-bolt that reaches us, and we can so watch them as they fly, as to receive them in time upon our shields. Let us on, but not quicken our pace one jot beyond the ordinary gait of travellers."

"Our Lady guard you, my noble master," said the esquire. "It is a dangerous ride we have to take, but I would rather see thee perish, and lie myself by thy side, than have thee turn back for a Moorish lance."

"At my first outset in a knightly career, it might never be without infamy. Were an old and tried soldier here, he could choose his own way, without dishonor. My way lies in

the path before me. Let us on, good Perico, putting our trust in Heaven."

"Don your casque, my lord, and brace your shield," said the esquire, as they prepared to move forward.

"No, I will ride in unsuspecting guise. If danger come I will be soon ready."

Thus speaking, the fearless and adventurous young knight, true to the principles of chivalry, which enjoin its devotees to court rather than turn aside from danger that lay in the path, rode easily forward, followed a few paces behind by his faithful esquire. They soon came to the foot of the hill, and entered upon the level ground, over which the road wound, approaching in one of its angles very near the walls. They trotted forward some time in silence, intently watching the battlements lined with armed Moors, over whose heads floated the standard of the Prophet.

"I yet hope to live, my good Perico," said the young cavalier, as the shadow of a tower before them fell across their road, "to see the day, when yon green banner, with its haughty crescent, emblem of a false faith, shall no more flash back the setting sun's beams in all the fair land of Spain. How calmly the blue sky bends above it! Methinks over the standard of the infidel, the heavens should ever lower black and menacing. But God is good; and, as the priests tell us, hath wisdom in sending rain and sunshine, both upon Christian and infidel!

"He hath put their judgment into the Christians' hand," said the esquire, devoutly; "and he who slayeth an infidel doeth God service. Don your helm, my lord, I see them fitting shafts to their cross-bows. We are now within range."

"Nay," said the young Count, stoutly, "I will not, by taking precaution, show the Moor that I fear danger ere danger come." They had now arrived where the road made the nearest approach to the wall, and where blood upon the ground, and a broken arrow lying near, indicated the spot where the companion of the *bujonero* had fallen.

"These peddling varlets were full bold to come thus near a leaguered city with its walls bristling with steel points," said the knight; "but these men will, for a score or two of *bezants'* value of merchandise, peril life and limb. Shall not, then, forsooth, a cavalier, for his country, his faith and his knightly troth, put himself in jeopardy. How is this? They have suffered us to ride on, unmolested, for full three hundred paces. Do they mistake us for their own?"

"They have all yards for trading pedlers, and knight's weapons for knights," said the esquire; for see, my lord! Yonder gate, before us, is thrown open, and there ride forth two — nay five knights. Let us spur ere they place themselves across our path between us and the Christian camp."

"Nay, good esquire," said Count Alarcos, turning his looks quietly towards the sally port, whence a company of five Moorish knights had issued. "Neither let us press nor slacken speed. They have withheld their cross-bowmen's shafts to give us reception due to our degree. We will not refuse their hospitality, but meet them."

"T is too great peril, my good lord; and I did swear upon my sword's crosslet to thy lady mother as well not to advise thee to peril, as to defend thee from danger. Let us ride forward while the way is open. See! to the king's camp is not a third of a mile, and we can soon reach it in safety."

"Nay, I have never seen a Moor close at hand, and fain would gratify my curiosity. But I will not meet them without knightly covering to my head."

Thus saying, the young Count removed his woolen cap, and placing his helmet upon his head, closed the visor. He then braced his shield to his arm, received from his esquire his lance, and placing it in easy rest, rode on as before. In the meantime, the Moorish knights had left the gate, and galloping across the plain, drew rein, and stood in the path by which the Count and his esquire were approaching.

The advance of the knight and his esquire by the road beneath the walls, had been observed from the Christian camp, and much interest was awakened by their quiet and easy journeying in the face of such danger.

"By my halidom," said the king, as his attention was drawn to them by one near him while watching the jousts before his tent, "but yonder cavalier taketh it coolly. The Moors do not molest him. He hath a charm. See! the cross-bow-men are levelling their shafts, yet they do not launch them! Who knoweth yonder gallant knight?"

No one replied; when the princess Beatriz, his daughter, whose attention had also been drawn from the lists by the approach of the two horsemen, said, "He is youthful by his figure and carriage, sire, and doubtless hath come to offer service in our camp."

"He is a brave gallant. Look, caballeros! the gates are thrown open, and five knights come forth to withstand his journey. Now heaven favor his escape from the infidel."

"See, he flies not, sire!" said the beautiful Beatriz, who with her ladies, as well as all the knights present, had turned their attention from the now neglected lists, to watch the single knight's adventure.

"No, by the mass," cried Ferdinand, "he hath donned his casque and braced his shield; and now his esquire, fearless as his master, delivereth to him his lance. 'Fore God he doth mean to give them battle. He thinketh one christian knight an even match for five infidels. I would I knew him. But such a brave cavalier must not fall by such odds. Ho! what four knights will take stand by his

side and help him give good account of these Moors!"

The king had hardly spoken ere half a score of cavaliers were in the saddle, lance in rest.

"Hold!" cried the princess; "whoever he be, let him have, alone, the honor of the field he hath so bravely challenged. If he be unhorsed, then, brave knights, hie ye swift to his rescue."

"Ay," said the king; "if he wanted help he would make a signal. Let him have the achievement. If he fall he could never do so in a better fray. But, by my crown, if he do get worsted, yon infidel crew shall pay for his life, if I have to take stirrup in person."

In the meanwhile, the object of so great interest in the christian camp, all eyes in which were watching him, rode on, with his visor down and lance in rest, at the same quiet pace he held before the Moors appeared. He came within fifty paces of them, and seeing that they quite closed up the beaten path, he coolly turned his horse aside and took the sword, but neither quickening nor slackening his pace. Steadily he rode on, as unmoved as if turning out of his way to avoid a slough or mule drove that blocked the road. The Moors, all five tall and iron harnessed knights, had their visors raised and lances levelled. As he approached so coolly, and turned aside so quietly, they surveyed him with surprise, wondering, and expecting that each moment he should charge them or turn to flee. In this expectation, and deceived by such unwonted conduct, they had let him ride till he and his esquire were abreast of them; when seeing that he would escape, one of them raised the Moorish war cry and charged upon him.

"The villains have some courtesy," said the king as he beheld this. "If they set upon him but one at a time, I do not fear but he will make them bite the dust. He is but a slight person—but God wot! but he has a true soul. There rolls the Moor upon the ground, horse and rider! Brave lance! skilful knight!" and a shout rung the air from the christian camp.

Two more of the Moors, then furiously charged the victorious young Count Alarcos, one of whom his trusty esquire unhorsed and slew, the knight himself, after breaking his lance, and taking his sword, overthrowing the other.

"Alla-il-allah!" shouted the remaining two Moors, and both rode against the youth, who for a few moments was engaged with them ere his esquire could extricate his sword from a crevice in the mail of him he had slain, and come to his aid.

The contest was brief, but terrific, and fatal to the Moors; and Count Alarcos and his stout esquire, taking from the conquered infidels their swords and shields, as trophies of

their prowess, left them, two of them slain and three of them wounded, lying at length upon the path where they had drawn themselves up to oppose their progress.

"Now by the iron sword of EL CID," cried the king, with animation, having with his nobles and knights around him, witnessed with intense interest the issue of this contest, "Christian knighthood hath had honor this day! Ride forward, knights, and meet the victor, lest the Moors sally forth to avenge on him their foul dishonor. 'Fore Heaven! but he and his esquire ride on their way again at the same easy pace as if they had not rode over the bodies of five infidels! But see, he turns back!"

Count Alarcos had not proceeded far towards the camp when he discovered that in the contest he had lost his ivory riding switch, with the white silken ribbon appended to it. When he learned this, he stopped his horse and turning round, said to his esquire, "I must not purchase knightly honor at the expense of filial faith, good Perico. The scarf was given me by my noble mother as a guerdon and memento at parting from her not four days since. I could not lose it so soon, and did I not make the effort to recover it, I should be unworthy to replace it by a maiden's gift. I must go back. Halt thou here."

"Nay, I shall not leave thee, my noble master. But let us hasten and return at speed—for the Moors will be upon us."

"To please thee I will ride at thy own pace."

Count Alarcos and his esquire then galloped back, and notwithstanding, when the Moors on the walls saw them returning, they darkened the air with arrows, they kept on their course. The bolts, save two, fell far short of them; one of these piercing the neck of Perico's horse, inflicting a slight wound; the other striking against the Count's shield, and falling, its force being nearly spent, harmlessly to the ground. On reaching the spot, they saw that one of the Moors had raised himself up and was stanching with his mantle, a wound in his side. Near him, on the ground, stained with drops of blood, lay the white ribbon and switch, Count Alarcos ventured so much to recover. He dismounted, and taking it up, pressed it to his lips, breathing his mother's name.

"Now let us to horse and spur to preserve the glory won this day," said his esquire. "A troop of Moorish knights, seven in number, are galloping from the gates towards us."

Count Alarcos turned his head and seeing them approaching, mounted his horse, saying,

"Softly, good esquire, let us not hasten our pace, but ride at ease. Shall we one moment conquer, to flee the next! Those who come are but Moors, like those we have just overthrown. If there be two more, there

will be two more swords and two more shields to carry away as trophies."

"This is rash, my lord."

"It is cowardly to fly. I am just entering upon achievements of knighthood, and while I am a christian knight and Castilian gentleman, I will never save my life by turning my back. They shout and mock us! Let us turn and face them."

The party of Moors were galloping furiously towards the two horsemen, when, seeing them stop and turn towards them, they were surprised at their fearlessness; and suddenly reining up, seemed to hold a consultation. In the meanwhile, Count Alarcos and his esquire, with their faces towards their foes, backed their horses, and in this way, step by step backwards, moved in the direction of the royal camp. The king, seeing their bold procedure, recalled the knights that were going forth, and bade them wait the issue. "It were a pity," he said to his nobles, "so brave a knight should not have all the honor this propitious day chooses to bring him. By the rood! I look to see him charge and discomfit the whole seven infidels and despoil them of their armor; when he shall be called the knight of the Twelve shields."

The Moors, after a few moments' deliberation, turned their horses' heads and rode to the spot where their friends lay. A loud shout of triumph hereupon broke from the christian host, while the silence of the Moors crowding the battlements indicated their chagrin.

"Now, by my kingly faith, I will ride forth and meet this champion who hath done such honor this day to knighthood, and brought such glory to the christian arms," said Ferdinand.

"I will accompany thee, royal sire," said the princess Beatriz, and with my own hands reward his chivalry."

The king forthwith took horse and so did his daughter, and at the head of a troop of knights they rode forth the camp to meet and receive the unknown knight. When the Count Alarcos saw the approach of the king, whom he knew by his stately bearing and the fashion of his helmet, as well as by the rank and circumstance of power with which he was attended, his modesty would not let him harbor the thought that it was to do him honor that this royal procession advanced. He therefore said to his esquire,

"We will turn aside, good Perico, and so avoid this meeting with such royal and knightly company, in our present soiled and way-worn condition; for, what with travel and fighting, we are in unseemly plight. I would fain present myself with my mother's letter before the king in a more befitting fashion. So we will ride aside."

Ferdinand divining this intention by seeing them turn their horses to the left as if to gain

the camp by another direction, sent two gentlemen forward, who conveyed to him in courtly phrase, the king's command that he and his esquire should forthwith ride forward to his presence.

Blushing with embarrassment, the brave Count Alarcos, bidding his esquire keep close to him, rode forward between the two gentlemen, wondering what the king should want; for his humility would not let him believe that he had done aught beyond a true knight's duty, and had thus merited reward. The king, seeing him advance, rode forward to meet him; the princess riding on a milk-white palfrey by his side.

"I will reverse my shield, and the king shall not know me by its device," said the Count to himself; for as yet I know not the reception I shall have at his hands, as there hath been long coldness between him and my noble mother."

"Thou art welcome, stranger knight," said king Ferdinand. "Thou hast achieved deeds this day worthy of Rodrigo de Bivar, the Cid, of whose blood I will be sworn, thou hast something in thy veins. Thou art welcome to our camp, and to honor thy valor, which we have witnessed, we have come out to meet thee. Wilt thou lift thy visor that we may know what renowned knight we have with us."

"My noble liege," replied the youthful Count Alarcos, surprised yet pleased at this gracious reception from his sovereign, "I fear when thou shalt know my name, and that I have for the first time drawn a maiden sword to win my spurs, thou wilt repent the honor thou hast unwittingly done an unknown youth."

"Ne'er a bit! for if thou art young, so much more is thy credit. Lift thy visor."

The youthful warrior raised the bars of his visor, and showed the beholding king and admiring princess the modest and conscious face of a youth of scarce twenty summers. The king gave utterance to a round oath of surprise, and Beatriz, with the ladies attending her, uttered exclamations of delight; while the nobles and cavaliers around in various ways manifested their astonishment that such achievements as they had beheld, should have been performed by a beardless youth.

"Thy face, as well it may be, for its youth, is unknown to me," at length spoke Ferdinand. "What device bearest thou?"

Count Alarcos turned his shield and the king beheld the Black Eagle's crest and talons, the insignia of the royal house of Castille.

"By the holy rood!" he exclaimed, this device and thy deeds prove thee none else than the son of my royal cousin, that brave knight Perez Garci, Count of Alarcos. Art thou he?"

"I am, my liege," answered the Count,

with diffidence at being the centre of so many observing eyes. "I bear for your royal hands this packet from the Countess of Alarcos."

"Then hast this hour ennobled even thy proud lineage, noble and youthful Count. Thou art from this day a part of our royal household and near my person. Give him thy hand, daughter, for he is thy blood cousin. I will also honor him."

The princess, scarce nineteen, extended her hand to the young knight, who reverently pressed his lips to it; and then Ferdinand dismounting, unbuckled his own spurs, and placed them with his own royal hands upon the iron heel of the Count, who fain would have withheld him from conferring upon him so great an honor.

"Now, knight in deed as well as in courtesy and by birth; come thou to sup with us in our tent and tell me of my cousin, the fair Countess; who hath so many years absented herself from court, we had well nigh forgot her. But we forgive her, since she sends thee her representative. Pray thee, why didst thou return after thou and thy trusty esquire hadst overthrown the Moors? I would fain know, for mere bravado could not make so brave a man thrust himself back where he might endanger the laurels so nobly won?"

"To recover this silken scarf which I had missed, and which had fallen upon the ground in the fray."

"The gift of some true maiden — thou art loyal in love as well as brave in war," said the king, smiling.

"Nay, my liege," answered the youth, coloring, "I shall ne'er think of love till I achieve something worthy a maiden's regard. The scarf is my mother's parting gift, and I would not lightly lose it where a few paces return would restore it to me."

"Better still! By my knighthood thou art a good son, and filial honor is great knightly merit, for he who honoreth his mother is

worthy of a mistress. Beatriz, were it not a shame to thee and thy ladies that so true a knight should wear only a mother's gage!"

"Fair cousin," said Beatriz, with downcast eyes, as he rode by her side, the king being on the other hand, "you, who have so gallantly preserved a mother's memento, knowest how to defend that of a maiden princess. Receive this scarf and wear it in honor of her who bestows it. For never braver knight wore maiden's favor."

Thus speaking, the princess removed from her throbbing bosom her blue scarf, and with a blush of virgin shame and pride, cast it across his mailed breast.

"Gallantly and fairly done, daughter," said Ferdinand. "Behold! knights and gentlemen, the reward beauty bestows upon valor. Now let us enter our royal tent, fair cousin, and there we will listen to what thou mayst have to say touching this thine adventurous visit to us."

Thus speaking, the King and Beatriz escorted Count Alarcos into the royal tent, where a kingly entertainment was provided, at which, after taking a luxurious bath and changing his coat of mail for a velvet robe, he sat down on Ferdinand's right hand; the princess, whose stealing glances betrayed her deepening interest in him, being seated on the left.

Late at night he was conducted to a tent prepared near by for him, where his faithful and happy esquire Perico, waited to receive him and perform his duties as esquire to his person. Bewildered by the distinguished reception he had met with, the young knight threw himself upon a sumptuous couch; and while listening to the tales in his praise which Perico averred he had heard from every lip, he fell asleep dreaming that the princess Beatriz was carried off by seven Moorish knights, and that he and Perico had rescued her and brought her back to the camp, for which deed the king gave him her hand in marriage, she having beforehand, as he dreamed, given him her heart.

A PAGE OF CONCHOLOGY.

What god it was I cannot say,
But one there was, when Jove was king,
Who, wand'ring by some Grecian bay,
Picked up a vacant shell that lay
Bleached on the shore, a dry, unsav'ry thing.

Nor is my memory well informed,
 (No Lempriere's at hand, to blab)
 What tenant had this mansion warmed,
 Something with which th' Ægean swarmed,
 Some lobster, I suppose it was, or crab.

But he, the cunning brat of heaven,
 Trimmed it according to his wish,
 Crossed it with fibres — three, — or seven,
 Or as Pausanias thinks, — eleven.
 And gave a language to the poor, dead fish.

At once, the house, which c'en when filled
 By its old habitant, was dumb,
 Now, as th' immortal artist willed,
 A little sea-Œdion trilled,
 And trembled low to the celestial thumb.

Enraptured with his new invention,
 Up soared he to the blissful seat,
 And having caught even Jove's attention,
 And calmed a family dissension,
 Went serenading through the starry street.

With us, the story's the reverse —
 Our souls are born already strung,
 But, 'twixt the cradle and the hearse
 Creeps a change o'er us — for the worse!
 The heart hath music only when 't is young.

For soon there comes a sordid god,
 Who snaps the precious chords of sound,
 And leaves the soul an empty pod,
 A yellow husk — a dull, hard clod, —
 A faded shell, in which no voice is found.

Save when some bold, heroic hand,
 That dares to strike the tyrant Time,
 Tries its first impulse to command,
 And thrilling through the startled land,
 Wastes the last ebbings of his youth in rhyme.

P. P. P.

UNKNOWN ACQUAINTANCES.

BEING A CHAPTER FROM A HISTORY OF A LIFE. BY GEORGE OLDCASTLE, GENT.

I AM a hale man; pretty well advanced in years, and, as they say, bear my age well. I have been known as the "old gentleman," time out of mind, and the day has been when the children bowed or courtesied as I passed. I am an old bachelor by profession and principle, for I have never yet learnt why two persons come together to make each other miserable, as by "malice aforethought," when all the world knows there is quite misery enough when one is by oneself. I mind my own

business, which I suppose is understood to mean, doing nothing in kindness or crossness for any body else. I hate meddling in every form, and have never belonged to any sort of society, whether philanthropic so called, or religious, or political; — I am, in other words, a peace man; have never fished in troubled waters; given the time of day, when *asked*, but have never troubled others about such matters. Now do not say, "what a cross, crabbed, stunted, weather-beaten old codger

is this Mr. Oldcastle." I am none of these. There is a mild atmosphere of kindness all about me. Witness for this, that free-will offering of the children above-named. I would not hurt the meanest thing on the face of this sweet earth. I love the perpetual fly, as he comes to tell me of summer, the mosquito's hum "medecines me to my sweet sleep;" I hate to tread upon the green fresh grass; and a flower! it is to me a living, pure, temple of beauty, and of love, an angel's message to me, telling of the Infinite and the Good. I heard once, when I was a boy, of a philosopher of our own country, who almost believed that the vegetable world had sensibility, as well as beauty, and felt a pang when he saw a twig cut, or a leaf fall.

Did you ever, gentle reader, when sitting in the deep wood, when the soft south-west wind was blowing, listen to the varied sounds that came from the trees! There is a sighing murmur from the pines,—every tiny, wiry leaf, if such it can be called, of these "high admirals," like the strings of a harp, giving its own note, but so blended in the whole, that it came to you, melodious harmony,—and the rigid oak, how does its hollow, deep breath, come from the ages, and talk all of antiquity!

Did you never, fair lady,—I am a bachelor, and so not having my courtesy directed to one, may address any and all,—have, in the language of the German philosophy, the whole sex *objective*, being myself *subjective* to none. Fair lady, did you never, on one of those fever days of late Autumn, when almost the summer sun is abroad again,—walk on the roadside, or in the mall, and see the leaves on the ground! Some of them are just shut together, and remind you of their namesakes in a book,—whence was *leaf* derived! others are rolled up like a scroll; again, the book, the ancient one,—some are rolled the two sides of the leaf, like pages, on each other, meeting in the centre,—others again turning end to end, and so in all varieties, "each after his kind." Whence is all this, which you may have often passed by, lady, nay, trodden on! It is not accident which has done this, certainly. Oh no. It is the life of that beautiful thing, that green leaf, in all its forms and beauty; it is its life, which when it was just leaving it, decently and beautifully wrapt it up and round, for its own quiet sepulture. There is a lesson in this, if you would read it. It teaches how nature works for those of her creatures which can neither "toil nor spin," and forgets them not in their dying hour. Is it not, lady, a lesson of love to man, which, if men, and women too, had more of, the human life, and the human death, would have more of the beauty and peace, of that once living, now dead, and self-buried forest-child!

Pardon me, that I have so long forgotten

myself. I address myself to my history. I am very well to do in the world, as the phrase is. I have a clear rental of five hundred dollars a year, about a hundred and fifty pound currency. This comes of an old homestead at the north end of the town, in my earliest day, the court end. It is in fine preservation, that birth-place, and death-place, of a long line of Oldcastles. It is built of stone, small, rough grey stones, with coverings and gutters, showing my ancestors were no *caves-droppers*. Inside it is all of oak, I call it English oak, for it was built when we were English. Happy days! some of them used to think and say within my remembrance. You may wonder I should have left the native and the time-honored. But I was all alone, as they say. I had some personal property once, but was rather fanciful in the use I made of it; not exactly that I was fool enough to be bitten by *fancy* stocks either, for such things were even in my day. But it took to itself wings, and left me nothing but the heavy stone place which came to me with its lighter associates. So I was obliged to leave, and to let the place, and I went to board. I chanced upon three very reputable single women. If Burke meant to convey the idea, that by the distinction he somewhere institutes between *reputable* and *respectable*, there is much moral or social difference between the words, or the things signified, I shall certainly quarrel with him whenever or wherever I may meet with him, or with any body about town who agrees with him. These ladies were, two older, and one younger than myself, had seen better days, but were now obliged to get some little addition to their income to support the old appearance, a very important thing in both women and men at the time when our acquaintance began. We have lived together now about a quarter of a century. I paid at first what was thought a fair board, and though I have always kept a servant, he has always been on board wages, a common thing at the time, and might now and then be convenient now. Especially would it be so, I think, to rather a sensitive friend of mine, who is so troubled about his *help*, the word since the revolution, or *rebellion* as my worthy and honored grandfather used to call it, that he once said to me that he should infinitely prefer to have a pair of oxen in the house than certain awkward, unmannerly, untractable cotenants of his. My board has never been altered, and though my house would command a larger rent, I have never raised it a penny. The only change I have made in the lease has been to require of the tenant to pay the *taxes*, since the good old town has been changed into a city. Some people may know my reason for this.

I have always been an economist. In other words, I have never suffered myself to be led astray by anything around me. I have never

yielded for a moment to *FASHION*. Do not, dear editor, quarrel with me, for I see you have this odious word to me, on your title-page. My clothes are of the same cut, and of the same quality as they were ages ago. I wear my silver shoe-buckles, my sharp-toed shoes, my silk stockings and breeches, my white stock with the paste buckle, and my coat and vest are just as they used to be. I have an old tailor friend at the North End, who has long supplied my wardrobe, and though he sometimes looks out of the tail of his eye and asks if the "squire" would not like a *lettie*, a very *lettie* change; my "No!" soon brings him to his ancient senses. I see young men in the street begin to borrow from me somewhat. This is most striking in the coat collar. They are getting it to be narrower and narrower, and I have no doubt will soon come down to mine, which is hardly wider than a finishing binding at the top of my coat. Now this is the true secret of economy. Always have your dress exactly alike, and you will never want, or very rarely want, new clothes. The tailor's bill gets its whole character from fashion; never from actual use. My man John gently brushes away the dust from my dress, and so never wears it out. My movements are regular, and slow, and so there is no strain. One other word about economy. I am never in *debt*. I am proud, too proud to allow any man the liberty of writing my name in his account book. I have too much respect for my family cognomen ever to disgrace it so much as to have it placed in any connection with that ominous, and to me insulting, "Dr." which figures so largely in the *daily* literature of this age. No, I am never indebted to anybody, and I shall never lose that admixture of reverence with love, which I bear to my mother, whose law and whose gospel too, was to "owe no man anything." Do I not deserve praise for all this? If I have not built almshouses, or hospitals, or monuments, I have cost the town nothing for my maintenance. I am neither *pauper* nor *poor*, for they make a difference between these, now-a-days; and while the old house stands, and nothing but an earthquake can move it, and it is well insured against fire, I think the city will never have reason to complain of me.

I am a perfect fixture. For years I have never travelled so far from home, that I could not sleep at my boarding place at night. I once heard a person make pretty much the same avowal concerning himself; and you cannot tell how, in a sort, I grew to him. I thought him at once a very great man, and deserving my profoundest respect. He was a little struck when I spoke to him about it, but we soon became fast friends. I abhor the very name of a *railroad*, and a *locomotive* is my deepest aversion. We have agreed at home never to mention either of these words,

and I sometimes think this is the secret of our noiseless, quiet happiness. No. I love to walk. Whether it be the silk stockings, the silver shoe-buckle, and well-fitting shoe; which, or all, or neither it is, I do not say; but I do say this, that I walk about with infinite ease and pleasure. I owe the horse nothing, save sympathy, and enough he wants of that, poor fellow! since the cursed and cursing invention of cabs and cab-boys. Thankful am I that I never had part nor lot in such inventions! I never was on a horse in my life, and never fired a gun; abundant proof of my quiet habits. I love to walk. I once had a friend who loved walking too. I may love it because all true Englishmen love it, and my friend got the premium in England. He was sent to the Court of St. James as minister plenipotentiary, and made himself a friend thero of the greatest and the best. When he returned he went to his country seat, a noble one was it, about ten miles from town, and thence he would daily walk to his office in town. Towards evening you might always meet him on his way home, with his umbrella for shade, and his nice silk hat for lightness. My honored friend is dead. He was a *gentleman*, for he was generous, of noble principles, and most courteous manner. When I met him I knew better than to interrupt such a mind and such a form in the midst of their wonted exercise, and with my best bow passed on. I wish I could give to the young of this town and age, such a description of that man that they could make of him their example.

From this hasty, and I hope, good reader, you will in the spirit add this brief sketch of my habits and of myself, you may infer that I am pretty well known about town. This is true. I am known most extensively, and to this I ascribe all the real trouble I know in life. There may be another, and a somewhat contrasting reason for my sufferings, but which may have been produced by the first. I scarcely know any body. I walk with my eyes upon the pavement—not because it is "trodden gold," have I this habit; but because the *pavé* has nothing in or upon it to disturb my street thoughts. Walking ministers directly to thinking. This attempt to form your acquaintance, is the fruit of a town ramble before breakfast, and you see just what has been the ministry of self-locomotion, in this instance of its products.

My perpetual annoyance is my UNKNOWN ACQUAINTANCE. They are ever in my way. I love retirement, I mean *city* retirement, and this means a great deal. You are often much more likely to be *alone* in a crowd, than when all by yourself. Said an old friend to me once, "I have been solitary in the midst and pressure of London. The crowded strand has been lonelier to me than the deserts of Arabia." Yes, I love retirement, and were

it not for the kind folk just named, I should find what I want in my native city. These annoyances remind me of a grievance which an old black man used to suffer, and tell me of when I was a boy. He was poor, as other colored people sometimes are, and a decayed gentleman about town, who could not well pay his small scores, used to give Scipio, (we called him Sip) his old clothes. Mr. L. was very tall, Scipio short, and it was a caution to see him with his coat-tail dragging the streets. But S. cared not for this. There was something, however, he did care for. Almost as soon as S. came forth with the new old coat, persons were constantly stopping him, — Unknown Acquaintances, were they indeed to him; with an earnest request, that Mr. L. would pay them that small trifle. Now the poor negro hated debt as I do, and, to beg was not ashamed. To be thus annoyed year after year by these demands, supposed by him in earnest made, determined him to refuse Mr. L.'s old clothes, and to conclude to go ragged in dress rather than to be so dreadfully out at elbow in repute. Now I do not suffer precisely in the same way, but quite as severely, considering my sensitiveness, and our comparative positions. I will give you a few examples, for facts are sometimes much better than arguments, or theories. I am in the streets on my customary beats.

"Good morning, Mr. Oldcastle."

"Good morning," (sotto voce.)

"Is Mr. Oldcastle well to-day?"

"Yes." (ditto.)

"Is the Squire looking for any thing?"
(No answer.)

The other day, a very warm day at noon, I was trudging through — street, which is always crowded at such times, when my progress was suddenly impeded by the side, or rather the *edge* of a female just before me. I looked up, and saw a "woman in the way," sometimes a *lion* to me. She was looking at a shop window very earnestly, but as I approached she looked round, and a queer looking body was she. She was for a woman, very tall, and as thin and as flat before and behind, as two perpendicular and parallel clapboards separated a little from each other. She wore a black silk bonnet as large as, and the shape of a two-dollar coal scuttle, and which, in her earnest speculations on signboards, and shop-window attractions, had got thrown somewhat backwards. She wore also large spectacles with very broad black bows. Her face was quite thin, and being about sixty-six, say seventy, in appearance, and having probably forgotten the dentist, or the brush, (the former is the best forgotten, if you would keep your *own* teeth,) what was principally designed to separate the jaws had dropped out, and her nose and chin were in most striking juxtaposition. Now what a

figure of a woman was this! Who in these days, when our belles, (*bells*, as a satirical neighbor sometimes calls them) have adopted such strange metamorphoses as meet our eye every day, and who in their whole guise, or disguise, run so counter to my street *antagonism*, — who could be stopped by such a personage, and not be alarmed. She had an "unruly member," and its existence was declared after a manner which could leave no doubt on this matter.

"Now you don't!" she began bawling. "I believe in my soul it must be! Why it must be! How *do* you *do*, Mr. Oldcastle? Its forty year since I see you, and you look just as you did. Bless me, the same silver buckles and all! I raly believe you've forgotten me. I am Miss Holdeen, that lived on the corner of Frog lane. You knew my husband, Jonathan Holdeen. We went to the West, and there he died of the shakes and fever, and his Doctor said his liver was as big as himself, but I never see it. How is the girls?"

This question attracted me. Miss Holden, as she styled herself, had known the three spinsters with whom I board, when she and they were girls. After an early marriage, she had gone to Kentucky, (I should have said, she knew me *when a boy*), and though so far away, she contrived to keep the run of things at home. She did so by means of an old crony, who about twice a year filled a sheet about home, quite as large as that which my Uncle Toby ordered the Corporal to get to contain the catalogue of the widow Wadman's virtues. She had known those three only as girls, and now that forty and more years had gone by since she last saw them, they came back to her memory, and so did I, as children still. She took me for a boy, and saw in me the appearance, the *apparition* only of my blooming, happy youth. The boys then dressed very much like men, and this helped the deception. She had no present, no future, when the long past came so freshly back; and though I was never before so wholly, utterly, annoyed by an *Unknown*, — she screamed so loud, attracted the attention of every body, and by her sharp figure more stopped the way, than half a dozen of the rounder and larger but infinitely more yielding forms of her *sex's* youth and beauty on the sidewalk, — I confess with all this double distilled annoyance, my kinder nature began to move, and I became, under the kindly influences brought into action by this hard-looking woman, as gentle as a dove. What is it, what is it, that in this same truth has such power over us? Why is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" of our early days, so powerful with us on every page, and in every movement of the coming, the remoter years? Is it that then there is more truth, more love, more

goodness in us,—more of that which is from above, “of Heaven heavenly,”—and which by the stir and hard conflicts of life is made to be of the “earth earthy?” Why it is I cannot tell; but whenever, and as by this same Prudence Holden, I am for the moment carried far back into the past, or rather that remote time is brought back to me, I feel as if, a boy again, I was finding infinite felicity in the smallest occasions,—a satisfaction with the present so entire, that I craved no future. It was then always *present*. I asked then for no more, would it not have been happy for me then to have died?

The street *dialogue*, which had been sustained wholly by *one*, and which may remind you of the *monologue*, so called by Mad. de Staël, which she once had with Mr. Coleridge, the same Mr. C. having talked the whole time,—this street talk was now brought to an abrupt close, by my desiring *Mrs.* Holden, (I could not trifle with her own appellation of herself,) to call and spend the next day, which would be Sunday, with us, to go to church with the Misses Fox, with whom I board, and about whom I doubted not she felt most kindly.

How easily might I not add instances to the above! I am in the habit of walking on the common before breakfast. The hour I pass there, I appropriate especially to myself, and how I use it, is the business of no *man*. Washington, I have heard said, had an hour of the early morning of every day, which nothing was allowed to disturb, except the public business imperatively called for its disturbance. In my morning hour, and in that quiet place in the early day, I am alone. The birds whistle and sing, and the insects fill the air with their universal voice,—the trees utter their various language, and the still clouds speak from their deep bosoms. I sometimes see there clouds of a resplendent whiteness which the yet unrisen sun pours upon them in their vast altitudes, arching towards each other, like angels’ wings, brooding over the infant day. All these never disturb me. What treasures of beauty are around us, and would, nay, press to be, of and within us,—our souls’ inalienable wealth,—did we but give them an “open entrance,”—did we not contrariwise; shut ourselves up, keeping the poor, the often sinful, and the never-satisfying, and laboriously excluding what could only make us blest!

It was the finest morning in June, which found me in my daily haunt. I was deeply buried in my early thoughts. Suddenly, somebody stepped briskly towards me, and with a “good morning,—good morning, Mr. Oldcastle! I am glad to see you, very glad!” and suiting the action to the word, seized my somewhat reluctant hand. “Up early, sir,—up very early,—is it common, common,

sir!” I was greatly troubled, my whole mind seemed filled with bruised, broken thoughts,—whether I was in the body or no, I could not tell. The word *common*, brought me to my entire senses. “Yes,” I replied, “it is the common. Are you a stranger in these parts?” (affecting a little innocent ignorance) “for we who ‘are native here,’ very soon know what it is. In our boyhood we slide and skate on Frog Pond there, in winter; and sail our boats in the summer. In manhood, we seek the shady malls for idle saunter, and pleasant chat, and in our old age, lie down in peace in that graveyard, yonder.”

My disturbing companion looked, in his turn, greatly disturbed. He knew me, it seems, perfectly well. I *knew* him not. He was an unknown acquaintance. I knew his form, and face, to be sure; but never before had exchanged a word with him. *Society* is of all things the most *unsocial*. We pass daily by hundreds, and thousands, it may be, and for a long life, too, and in the same place, and grow as familiar with their looks as with the paving stones; but know nothing more of them intellectually, or morally, than we do mineralogically of the stones beneath our feet. I had often seen this person, and as he approached me somewhat rapidly, the thought passed me that he might have news to tell. It soon came out that I was right.

“Mr. Oldcastle, I am sorry to hear that Miss Pollifax is dead.”

Bonaparte was alive at the time, and of course was fighting, and I had often seen in the paper the name of a General, which sounded so nearly like that just given, that I supposed it was *Palafox*, whom also I had just heard was dead. I answered carelessly,—“very well, if people will be such fools as voluntarily to put themselves in the way to be shot, I do not see any good cause for sorrow on our part.” My companion looked utterly non-*plussed*; but soon finding his voice, showed he had more to say.

“Mr. Oldcastle, I said I was sorry that Miss Polly Fox, one of the ladies with whom you board,”—(dwelling with some emphasis on this same word *board*, as if it was not quite the same thing as to *keep house*), “was dead.”

I had got to be as cool as a June cucumber, and nothing fluttered at so abrupt and unexpected an announcement, said quietly,—

“When did you hear that?”

“Last evening.”

“And may I ask from whom?” (still very cool.)

“From Dr. Oxenswivell,—not indeed directly, but from colonel John Jedson, who got it from Miss Olive Wiltenberg, whom you know he is addressing, and who I am informed has a good plantation in Georgia,—who got the melancholy tidings from one of

your neighbors, a military friend of the Colonel's."

"Do you know anything of the doctor you just named?" asked I.

"Nothing special. He wrote a book, which was so well thought of that it was first translated into French, then into English, in which last dress I have read it. It is rather German, but Bell says in his last gazette, that it is very well received in England, and I hear we are to have a notice of it in the Anthology. I have heard who reviews it, but am not authorized to name him. *And, and,*"—

I saw there would be no end to this, and knew that it was near my breakfast time. The Old South struck six, and I drew forth my old gold repeater, as big as a small warming-pan, as if to compare my time with that "regulator of the sun," as some call the old clock. He took the hint, said "good morning," and was off, no doubt regarding me as the most unfeeling man in the world, seeing that I could hear of the sudden death of one of my own household, and who had been so, so long, and so kindly too, without a thank for his sympathy, or a sigh for the loss. The truth is, I had by a strange chance anticipated him in getting the news; I knew,

and he did not, that the General was dead, and that Miss Polly was alive, and live long to be.

But I will no longer trespass on your patience. Let me add, that I sometimes walk the streets with head and form erect, standing good five feet eight; and at such times take a small boy with me, a neighbor's son, who shall have the old stone house, if he turn out as well as he promises. It may be I walk erect because of the beauty, and childly innocence of my companion. "These little ones," said to me one day an older man than I am, who was also leading a child by the hand, "bring love with them; otherwise God only knows what would become of them in this hard world." Yes, old man, they do bring love, and if I ever know of a man, or woman, who does not love them, and their smiles, I will keep him farther from me than Lavater proposes in his well-known aphorism. My boy, as I call him, as we walk, is constantly exclaiming, "Mr. Oldeastle, everybody we meet, knows you. Everybody bows or speaks to you. How *could* you find out so many folks?" With a sigh, almost a groan, I answer, "Ah, dear William, these all are UNKNOWN ACQUAINTANCES."

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

I.

There came a youth upon the earth
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth
Either to plough or reap or sow.

II.

He made a lyre, and drew therefrom
Music so deep and rich,
That all men loved to hear, and some
Muttered of faggots for a witch.

III.

But king Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine.

IV.

And so, well-pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed
And made him viceroy of his sheep.

V.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths seemed rough
In his was musical and low.

VI.

Men called him but a shiftless youth
In whom no good they saw,
And yet, unwittingly in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

VII.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For hour after hour,
He sate and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

VIII.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
And in mere weeds and stones and springs
He found a healing power profuse.

IX.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
Yet when a sight they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyea,
They laughed and called him good-for-naught.

X.

But after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

XI.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
And after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

JUNE 25, 1842.

VIEW OF THE ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK,

AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

We give, as one of the embellishments of this number, a fine engraving of this beautiful and well-known building. We exhibit to the reader its outside, and we do not propose by any attempt at history or description to go with him within it. The hotels of such a travelling people as our own, soon become to a large part of the community familiar dwellings, and for us to enlarge upon the peculiarities, conveniences and delights of any of our city caravanserais, might be, to the majority of our readers, as if we were describing the precincts of their own homes. We may say, however, for the benefit of those who, like our venerable correspondent of the present number, have preferred to pass their lives under the shade of their own roof-trees, and eschew the growing conveniences of cars and steamboats, and cabs and omnibusses, (we know no authority for that most irregular plural "*omnibui*," used recently by a lady, an esteemed correspondent of one of our contemporaries,) that the Astor House stands on the west side of Broadway, facing the lower part of the Park, and that our engraving is an accurate representation of it. The building of which a corner is seen in the distance is the American House.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE UNITED IRISHMEN, THEIR LIVES AND TIMES.
By Dr. R. R. Madden. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.

WE have been disappointed in this book. Dr. Madden has a reputation as an author, which had led us to suppose that his book would be a well-digested history of the very interesting movement of which he wrote. The virulence of party has heretofore rendered the history of the Irish rebellion more obscure even than recent history usually is. Its events too, were of such a character, that it was always difficult to take any connected view of them. There was no reason to suppose, however, that it was impossible to do so, and there seemed reason to hope, that at this distance from the time of their occurrence, a gentleman of Dr. Madden's acknowledged literary skill might have given us an interesting and instructive view of the whole course of those transactions.

He seems to have been successful in collecting his materials; but there his labors ceased, and we find these materials heaped together without any distinct arrangement, as if edited by some one who knew nothing of the subject and took no interest in it. There is the material, of which the reader may make for himself the history of the United Irishmen,—the history itself is not there. It is pleasanter to read Dr. Madden's book than to search for the same facts in Annual Registers and files of old newspapers, because it is easier, not because we find them presented with any skill or force of illustration.

He has had, however, apparently, access to some sources of information not open to the public. The era and the movements of which he writes were in the highest degree interesting, and we do not mean to say that his book is not entertaining; although it is not what the reader has a right to expect in a book which professes to be a history. A book on such a subject could not be dull; whatever the negligence of the author. The Irish patriots of the close of the last century, have not, perhaps, been fairly estimated, the movements in which they were engaged have not been understood; at the present time they have an interest, from their bearing on contemporary affairs. Much of the feeling which gives rise to the movements of different parties in Ireland at the present time, had its origin in the unsuccessful Irish rebellion.

We understand that the edition which we have named at the head of these remarks, is published under Dr. Madden's direction, and that he receives a share of the proceeds arising from its sale.

POEMS, BY ALFRED TENNYSON, 2 vols. Boston: W. D. Ticknor, 1842.

THESE volumes, published without preface or introductory note, form a new collection of Tennyson's works reprinted from a recent London edition, including nearly all the pieces formerly published at different times in two volumes, and a considerable number printed in that edition for the first time. The admirers of Tennyson will regret a few of the omissions which he has made, in forming this collection, but the places of their old favorites are well supplied by some of the new poems.

We are aware, that, in some quarters, the title of "poet" is not allowed at all to our author, and we can easily see in some, especially of his earlier productions, the causes which have led to this prejudice against him. We have no room for extracts, to bring against this wholesale condemnation, which, we are confident, is supported only by an ignorance of Tennyson's finer poems, on the part of his critics; we are sure that no one who reads these volumes with candor, will be willing to allow any other cause to exist for the sneers with which our author's poems have sometimes been alluded to. In many of the poems, especially those which are built upon a narration, there is too much prolixity, and the reader is apt to feel sometimes the affectation of an over-simplicity of language, but there are very few in which these faults are not entirely overshadowed by the beauties which lie between them. "Æneid," "The Miller's Daughter," "Margaret," "Mariana," among the older poems, find rivals in "Ulysses," "The Talking Oak," and the little ballad of "Lady Clare," among the new; and, as we recall these names, many others come to our mind, for leaving which unmentioned, we fear that the reader, who is already familiar with the volumes, will not pardon us.

We cannot refrain from noticing the very handsome mechanical execution of the reprint before us. It is the most beautiful of the elegant series of volumes which its enterprising publisher has of late brought forward, and may fairly compete with its English original.

A MANUAL OF GOLD AND SILVER COINS OF ALL NATIONS, STRUCK WITHIN THE PAST CENTURY. By J. R. ECKFELDT, and W. E. DUBOIS, Assayers of the Mint of the United States. Philadelphia: Published at the Assay Office. 1842. 4to. pp. 240.

A NEW book of coins, as we learn from the introduction to this very interesting and valuable

work, seems to be required by the commercial world, about once in twenty years. The different publications of the present century, which have been sufficiently correct and complete to attain a rank as standards, were issued at about that distance from each other. It is now twenty years since the publication of the second edition of Dr. Kelly's Improved Cambist.

This work is one of which we are proud as a national contribution, to this department of economy and inquiry. It required great research; one who has not examined the subject can hardly conceive of the extent to which the inquirer into the assays of different nations is obliged to carry his investigations. Hardly two of the coins of different countries are of the same fineness of metal, and frequently the coins of the same country differ from each other. The authors of this book, from their official situation, have had great advantages, which they have fully improved. They have conveyed the result of their labors in an interesting and beautiful form.

The book is not a mere catalogue of coins, and description of their composition. The greater part of it is taken up with descriptions of the different processes of the real money-maker, (what a magnificent profession is his,) of the material on which he works, and the means of detecting the manufactures of his imitators. Messrs. Eckfeldt and Dubois have evidently studied the history of their profession with zeal and interest; we find embodied in the book a variety of anecdotes and information respecting "real money," which was to us, and will be to most readers, as amusing as it is new.

The great ornament of the book is the series of beautiful copies from almost all the gold and silver coins of this century. These copies are executed by the recent invention of the "medal ruling machine," in the style of the head of Washington in our last number. This machine, which has been extensively employed in making copies of medals in this country and abroad, was invented twenty-five years ago, by Mr. Gobrecht, a Pennsylvanian, now engraver of the mint. In 1829 it was materially improved by Mr. Saxton, who is also attached to the mint. Mr. Saxton has recently, for the use of this work, adapted the steam engine to it, as a motive power. The process of copying a coin in this beautiful, and absolutely correct style of engraving, is this;—by the action of the electrotype, (invented about three years since, by M. Jacobi,) a precise inverse copy of the coin is taken, without any intervention of manual labor. This copy is placed under the tracer of the *medal-ruling machine*, which is then set in motion by steam power. "By this arrangement, manual labor, and even personal attendance is dispensed with, the machine once set in motion will do all its work, and stop when it is done, though its master should be at other business, or abroad." This is the per-

fection of art; by this ingenious, this *sublime* process, the most beautiful and most correct picture of a coin is taken, with great rapidity, in a manner so independent of manual skill, that it would be impossible to falsify the copy, even if one wished to. Of these elegant engravings, more than two hundred illustrate the work.

HISTORY OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. 2 vols. Philadelphia. 1842.

THESE volumes, comprising the narrative of the English acquisitions in France, made in the early part of the fourteenth century, by Edward III. and his son, form an interesting chapter in the romance of history. Mr. James appears to have gone very thoroughly into the investigation of his subject, and the work is a history in detail. Such a work, at a period so long after that to which it refers, of necessity, frequently deals with matter of conjecture, and will frequently leave an important point matter of doubt. Such points Mr. James has treated with modesty and candor, but also with decision; and where he has been finally led to differ from preceding writers of repute, he has given the reader the benefit of a citation of all the authorities. Indeed, throughout the work, the accurate student will find constant references to the sources from which the information has been drawn.

This edition is badly printed, on thin paper, from the second London edition.

RANDOM SHOTS AND SOUTHERN BREEZES, by LOUIS FITZGERALD TANISTRO. 2 vols. New York: Harper and Brother. 1842.

THIS is a rambling work, made up of a somewhat egotistical travelling narrative, combined with opinions on art, literary and dramatic criticisms, some "remarks on the Southern States and Southern institutions," observations of men and manners," and theories upon "matters and things in general." The whole is rather loosely thrown together, and deals with facts and opinions, which have been, or may be easily acquired from other sources. The interest of such a book will depend a great deal, with each individual, upon the extent of his want of and wish for the information it affords, and his sympathy with the writer's line and style of observation. For gossip of any sort it is impossible to lay down any precise rules of taste; but these volumes are full of variety and spirit, and will doubtless find gratified readers.

LIBRARY OF SELECT NOVELS.

THE Messrs. Harper have commenced with Bulwer's "Pelham," the publication of a series of novels, in a cheap pamphlet edition. These are one step in advance, and a decided one, as legible and durable books, of the newspaper editions.

THE VISIT TO THE DREAMER.

WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

TODAY, I went to seek my love ;
 She, foolish child, had locked the door ;
 But see it softly open move,
 For locks need no obstruction prove
 To him who 's gained a key before !

But in the hall I found her not,
 Nor in her parlor was the maid :
 At last, " I will," o'ercame " I ought,"
 And bade me to her chamber creep :
 And there I found her, fall'n asleep,
 Full dressed, and on her sofa laid.

Sleep had come o'er her unaware ;
 Her head lay gently on her hand ;
 And by her side I took my stand,
 Gazing in doubt if I might dare
 To scatter her sweet dreams to air.

I saw that tranquil peace had come
 Upon her eyelids in their rest ;
 Upon her lips was gentle Truth ;
 Beauty lay on her cheeks, at home ;
 On the still motion of her breast
 I saw the guilelessness of youth ; —
 Her form, relaxed by sleep's soft touch,
 In grace fell lightly on the couch.
 And as I gazed, the enchanting scene
 Subdued the wish that erst had been
 To wake her from her sleep serene.

" O Love ! the traitor sleep," I thought
 " That each expression false uncovers,
 No doubt, no shadow here has brought,
 No movement with suspicion fraught,
 Though the eyes watching are your lover's.

" Your beauteous eyes are hidden now,
 Which from myself, themselves, can charm me ;
 On your sweet lips no tempting vow,
 Or kiss more tempting, breathes to harm me :
 Your arm falls loose from its embrace,
 Which oft so fondly clings around me,
 Nor does your hand, smooth flatterer, raise
 Its gentle fingers, to confound me. —
 Oh ! if I erred, — to think you true —
 If I were cheated — to adore you —
 'T were now revealed, for in full view
 Love stands, unblindfolded, before me."

But while I watched in joy, above
 Her, worthy proved of my true love,
 Sleeping she grew so dear, to wake her
 Would have been worse than to forsake her.
 So with light hand I placed some flowers,
 A token each of happy hours,
 In a small goblet near her set ;
 Then from the room I softly crept,
 That they might watch her as she slept ; —
 And when she opens those dear eyes,
 They first shall greet her, all surprise
 That though with doors fast-locked she lies,
 Love's gift will enter to her yet.

SONG.—"FAREWELL TO NORTHMAVEN."

COMPOSED BY G. HOGARTH, ESQ.

THE POETRY BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Andantino.

Voice.

Piano

Forte.

1. Fare - well to North - ma - ven, Grey Hillswicke, fare -
 2. Fare - well the wild fer - ry, Which Ha - con could
 3. The vows thou hast broke, On the wild cur - rents fling
 4. O were there an is - land, Though ev - er so

- well! To the calms of thy ha - ven, The storms on thy fell! To each
 brave, When the peaks of the Sker - ry Were white in the wave. There's a
 them; On the quick - sand and rock Let the mer - maidens sing them. New
 wild, Where wo - man could smile, and No man be be - guiled— Too

breeze that can va-ry The mood of thy main, To each breeze that can
maid may look o-ver These wild waves in vain—There's a maid may look
sweet-ness they'll give her Be-wil-der-ing strain; New sweet-ness they'll
tempt-ing a snare To poor mor-tals were given, Too tempt-ing a

va-ry The mood of thy main; And to thee, bon-ny Ma-ry! We
o-ver These wild waves in vain—For the skiff of her lov-er—He
give her Be-wil-der-ing strain; But there's one who will nev-er Be
snare To poor mortals were given, And the hope would fix there, That should

meet not a-gain!
comes not a-gain.
- - lieve them a-gain.
an-chor on heav'n!

BOSTON MISCELLANY.

TALES OF THE KNIGHTS OF SEVEN LANDS;

A SERIES OF ROMANCEROS OF CHIVALRY, BY J. H. INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE,"
"KYD," "BURTON," ETC.

THE STORY OF THE SIEUR LOUIS DE LINANT.

"She was a comely maiden, she was surpassing fair,
All loose upon her shoulders hung down her golden hair;
From head to foot her garments were white as white could be,
Oh, ne'er to fairer ladye hath knight e'er bent the knee."

Old Spanish Ballad.

WHEN Don Fernando de Valor, the Spanish knight, had ended his tale, there arose a general murmur of approbation, not only from the six knights, but also from their esquires, who had listened with no little pride and satisfaction to the account given of the doughty deeds of the faithful and brave Perico, and which they took most account of, he being of their degree. When the knights had each of them spoken his opinion of the achievement of Don Alarcos, and greatly admired his valor and modesty, and his honorable reception of the king and the princess, and were in their hearts ready to give the palm of honor to Spain for excellence in knighthood, up rose the French knight, who had not yet spoken, and said:

"The tale of our knightly brother of Spain hath been listened to with that attention its entertainment, and the heroic deeds it recounted, demanded; and all have been full ready to bestow on Don Alarcos the praise due to gallant deeds. But he, alone, is a true knight, who is one not only in arms but in honor; who not only can do achievements of renown, but maintain the purity of his name

and fame till death. One blot can deface an escutcheon, though emblazoned in gold with the deeds of a long life of knightly valor. This Don Alarcos were well worthy to represent Spanish chivalry, and give it the palm by this deed of his, over that of other lands, did his life not furnish an act that should not only set aside what he hath herein done, but blot his name from the roll of chivalry."

The knights heard with surprise this address of Sieur Louis de Linant, and wondered much what dishonor a young knight with so brave a beginning, could have been guilty of, that should degrade his fair fame; and all eyes were turned towards Don Fernando. This cavalier was not a little hurt at Sieur de Linant's words, and looking haughtily around, at length said:

"If the Sieur de Linant can lay aught to the charge of Don Alarcos, whose deeds I have just narrated, in proof of the superior prowess of the knights of Spain, disparaging his knighthood, I will withdraw my challenge for the laurels of chivalry for Spain, and let that country take them, which shall, in the

issue, better prove its title thereto. Let the *Sieur de Linant* tell this tale of his, that shall render *Don Alarcos's* claim unworthy of your countenance."

After some little debate, it was agreed that *Sieur de Linant* should, the next evening, when they were encamped, give them the story, on hearing which, they were to decide whether *Don Ferdinando* should or no, give up his claim in *Don Alarcos's* behalf. The knights then retired to rest within the tent, for the story of *Don Alarcos*, and their subsequent discourse thereupon, had consumed much of the space between sunset and midnight.

The following evening, after having quartered within the walls of a ruined and roofless castle, once belonging to the Moors, they seated themselves, after supper, beneath a broken arch, through which the moonlight streamed in broad beams of silvery fulgence, bringing into bright light the knights, but leaving in black shadow the esquires, horses, and armor. A dark forest stood around the castle; and through the arch in the distance could be discerned an oval lake, lying like a gigantic shield of silver, at the foot of a dark mountain; and with this fair scene before them, the *Sieur de Linant* thus began his story, which he called

"THE KNIGHT OF TWO BETROTHALS, OR THE FAIR GERTRUDIS DE ROQUEBETYN."

"As the tale I have to relate," said the French knight, courteously looking around, and speaking in an agreeable voice, "has for its hero this *Garcí Perez*, Count of *Alarcos*, I shall take up the story but a few months subsequent to his achievement with the five Moors; and as the lady of the tale was related to one of my remote ancestors, I have reason to know the particulars of the incidents I am about to narrate.

It was a dark and tempestuous night, about five months after the reception of Count *Alarcos* by the king and princess, as hath been faithfully related by *Don Ferdinando de Valor*, that *Gertrudis*, the fair, blue-eyed daughter of the *Vicomte de Roquebetyn*, was awakened from sleep by the bursting in of her lattice. At first she was greatly alarmed, for fear of mischief; but hearing the tempest howl about the castle, and seeing the lightning and hearing the thunder roll, she knew it was the wind which had made such violent entry into her chamber. She rose, and casting a white dressing robe about her, sat on the bed-side, too much agitated at the terrific tempest raging without, to sleep. Not wishing to call her attendant, who slept in the adjoining closet, she sat alone watching the sublime spectacle of a midnight storm among the passes of the *Pyrennes*, for near them was situated the castle of the Count *Roque-*

betyn. A faint lamp that hung near her bed's head, cast upon her person its soft light. She was not more than eighteen summers old, a sweet bud just blooming into flower. Her eyes were blue like the sky in a June afternoon, when no wind is stirring. Her hair, escaped from her cap, fell upon her ivory shoulders in abundant tresses, a river of gold flowing over a bank of lilies. Her complexion was like the snow of the *Sierras*, when warmed and glowing into life by the rosy sunshine of a *Florentine* autumn. Her mouth was the model of *Love's* bow, and two dimples on either cheek were filled with his arrows. Her figure was slight and spirited, reminding the beholder of a gazelle or an antelope, ready to fly on discovering the hunter. Her hand, as she folded together the front of her robe over her virgin bosom, was like pearl moulded into a hand; and so delicately veined was it, so rosy the nails, that you would have sworn a master's cunning pencil had been drawing and tinting the finished workmanship; for ne'er in woman was ought before seen so sweetly perfect. Her foot, which was now thrust into a brodered slipper, was the peer to her hand, and both were the standard of the divine shape which her envious robes hid from mortal eyes. Such was the outward seeming of the Lady *Gertrudis de Roquebetyn*. Her mind was finished by the graces of maidenly scholarship, such as befitted her birth and sex, while her heart was the throne of all that is gentle, and noble, and good. She was spirited and fearless, like her noble father, and patient, religious, and full of affection, like her deceased mother. No Arabian *bulbul* e'er sang with sweeter strain than she, no troubadour but composed songs in her praise.

As yet she had appeared neither at court nor tournament; a few weeks only having elapsed since her sire withdrew her from the convent of *Nuestra Señora de la Peña*, where she had been placed from early girlhood. Her heart—nay, she hardly knew she had one, save for happiness, as the birds have—was free and untouched by love's sweet and painful emotion. Yes, there was one object she loved—her singing-bird, *Froilan*. She was a bright, pure flower of the mountain cliff, which had budded and blown unseen."

"Happy the good knight who should be so blessed, as to find it and wear it on his own bosom," said Sir *Henry Percie*, the English knight. "I do know in England a *Grace Plantaganet*, who answereth thy description of *Gertrudis de Roquebetyn*. But I interrupt thy tale, and so crave thy pardon, fair knight."

"While the maiden sat upon her bed-side, listening to the wild voices of the sweeping blast, as it went shrieking by, she thought she distinctly heard a man's shout, mingling

with the tempest. She bent her ear, shrinking within herself the whilst, and again heard it, as if calling for aid from without the gate that led to the pass of the mountains. Knowing no fear, she left her bed-side, and hastened to the fallen casement and looked forth. All was dark, and she waited for a flash of lightning to reveal objects; in the meanwhile the voice rose distinctly to her ear, and she could hear the words,

"Shelter, for the sake of the Virgin, for a knight and his retinue."

At the same instant, a bright flash revealed to her, standing beyond the draw-bridge, which her window commanded, a small party of horsemen in armor, upon which the red glare of the lightning vividly gleamed. Obeying the generous impulse of her feelings, the fearless maiden waved her hand, and shouted back that they should be admitted; but finding the wind bore her voice away ere it reached them, she bethought herself of her lamp, and getting it, she hung it high in her window, as a token of their having been heard. The signal was answered by a glad shout from the storm-beset party. Gertrudis, then waking her maids, bade them call up her father, while she hastened to the porter's lodge to rouse him to unbar the castle gates and raise the draw-bridge. It was not long before the party were admitted, and refreshments having been set before them by order of the hospitable master of the castle, they, being four in number, a knight, his esquire, and two men-at-arms, were lodged as became their degree.

The lady Gertrudis did not delay, after waking the porter, to see the entrance of the travellers, but happy at having been instrumental in affording shelter from such a fearful tempest, amid so wild a country, to those in need of it, she hastened back to her chamber, and was not long in going to sleep.

It was late the next morning when she awoke, and as she opened her eyes, she was conscious of having been awaked by a song, which some one was still singing in a rich but careless voice, upon the terrace below her casement. A single reflection brought the events of the past night to her recollection, and with a conscious emotion of she knew not what feeling, she rose and stole, with a fluttering heart, to the window. The storm had passed away, and the sun shone with dazzling splendor. Did the maiden hope — did she believe she should see the strange knight for whom she had obtained shelter? The deep rich voice thrilled to her soul as she listened, arresting her timid steps at a little distance from the casement, as the singer seemed to be pacing to and fro, directly beneath it. Thus he sang:

"My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp you star.

"My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

"I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea;
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee! —" *

The voice was sweet, and the *cancionero* was idly sung; but the words told Gertrudis that the voice was not sweet for her, e'en if he was, as she believed while she listened, young and handsome. Softly she approached the casement and leaned over. Beneath her, about twelve feet, stood a young cavalier, without helm or bonnet, his dark brown hair falling in ringlets over the jewelled collar of his cuirass, which was of Milan steel. He was tall and elegant in person, but his face she could not discern, as it was turned from her as well as beneath her. He was leaning against the casement of his sleeping apartment, which opened upon the terrace that overlooked the mountain passes, and commanded a far prospect of a valley dotted with hamlets, and snow-white *casas*. He was gazing musingly upon the scene, and watching the foaming torrents raised by the rains, rushing downward from the hills. The air which he had just sung was yet lingering on his lips, in a scarce audible humming of the notes.

The curiosity of the maiden was excited, and she became interested to learn who was this stranger guest; for she knew full well that he must be the knight who had been driven to the castle by the storm. In the casement hung a cage containing a favorite *ruiseñor*, who, at her presence, trilled his voice in a few glad notes, which drew the attention of the knight, who, looking up, whistled a gay air, as if inviting the songster to imitate it. He at the same time stepped back to get a better view of the bird, when he caught sight of the skirt of the maiden's white robe, who had lingered to throw a few seeds to her favorite. He now stepped farther along the terrace to get sight of the wearer, when the lady Gertrudis looking down, beheld him gazing upward. Blushing at being discovered, she hastily fled into her room, with the image of the handsomest youth impressed upon her mind she had ever looked upon or dreamed of. Her little heart seemed too large for her bosom, it throbbed so, between shame, pleasure, and the novelty of the new and undefined feelings the sight of a handsome young knight is likely to awaken in the breast of a susceptible young maiden, who has been all her life buried in a convent.

She had hardly retreated to her toilet-table to arrange her hair and person, consciously with greater care than ever before, ere she

* *Cancionero* — Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

heard a rushing sound past her window, and turning with alarm, she saw her bird shrinking terrified upon the balustrade of her casement, from the swoop of a hawk which had just swept by. Flying to the relief of the bird, whose door she had left open in her hurried retreat from the window, she had nearly placed her hand upon the little trembler, when the hawk returned, and with an unerring flight pounced upon him, and seizing him in his talons, bore him screaming through the air towards the cliffs. In her anxiety and distress she quite forgot herself and her exposure in her robe du chambre, to the gaze of the knight. He, however, having been the witness of the scene, and divining that the bird was the pet of the maiden whom he had discovered, had, after the first swoop of the hawk, begun to climb the stone abutments of the window, to rescue the bird, when it was borne off. Surprised, as well he might be, at the surpassing beauty of the lady, as she now appeared at the casement, with her snowy arms outstretched towards her lost bird, he felt too much sympathy for her distress, and too deep an interest, on her account, in the fate of the bird, to regard her, at such a moment, with more than a hasty glance, which was, however, sufficient to inflame his bosom with love.

"My bird — my poor Froilan!" cried Gertrudis, standing in her balcony with tears in her eyes, and her hair dishevelled over her bosom.

"Fear not. I will rescue him, unhurt, lady," said the knight, and instantly disappeared within his casement. The poor maiden beheld the hawk soar higher and higher in wheeling circles, with Froilan in his talons, and then uttering a fierce cry, shoot off towards the cliff, in the top of a scathed pine, upon which was visible his eyrie, distant a third of a mile from the castle. In a few moments, ere the hawk had reached half way to his destination, the distressed Gertrudis beheld the young knight galloping from beneath the archway of the castle, followed by two cross-bow-men afoot. He pursued the direction taken by the halcon, whom his quick eye had discovered making for his lofty perch. Waving his hand to lady Gertrudis, and then lightly bringing it to his lips, he dashed forward in chase. The eyes of the maiden followed his wild course, with intense interest. Now he disappeared in a ravine, now his snowy plume waved above the ridge of a low hill; now he was fording a torrent — her prayers for his safety following him — now he was climbing the precipice beyond. As she watched him, her anxiety for Froilan was lost in her fears for his safety.

"The Virgin protect the noble youth," she cried, clasping her hands together, as she saw his horse twice fall with her rider! "Oh I would rather lose Froilan, than so brave a

knight should come to harm, in his generous efforts to rescue him! Poor bird! he is dead by this time, from fright, even if the sharp talons of the halcon have not pierced him. The bird hath nearly reached his eyrie! The bowman-shoots! The halcon is unharmed, and soars higher. Now he settles upon his eyrie! Poor Froilan! thy delicate breast will be torn by his voracious brood! I could die to save thee from thy terrible fate. See! he dismounts, and ascends the cliff! He is at the summit! now he mounts the tree! God speed him! He ascends higher and higher, lightly he mounts from limb to limb, and branch to branch! He is near the top, three score feet from the earth. He will reach it! Froilan *may* be saved! Oh how can I be enough grateful! Holy Virgin, two fierce halcons attack him! He battles with them! He has struck one with his steel, and he tumbles headlong over the cliff. The other assails him more fiercely, and he fights him, still ascending. He pauses — he is wounded or wearied — oh that ruisenor had perished, ere he should have put such life in jeopardy. Ha! the other bird shrieks, and falls down to the foot of the tree, the glittering steel flashing in his side as he flutters and plunges. The bow-men shout! He has reached the nest! He places something in his bosom, and rapidly descends! He remounts his steed and returns to the castle on the wings of the wind."

She fell upon her knees, and with a grateful heart, thanked Heaven for his preservation. She thought not of Froilan — a deeper feeling than ever a favorite bird could awaken had, in that last half hour of anxiety and peril, taken possession of her bosom. She rose from her knees, a sense of maidenly propriety bid her to arrange her person, and not meet the knight in her morning robe, though she could have worn nothing so becoming. So she delayed to learn if Froilan was safe, to prepare her toilet to meet the young knight. This was a great change to be brought about in so short a time in a maiden's heart; but maidens love singing birds well enough, till young cavaliers come in their way, and then the poor birds, like Froilan, have a powerful rival.

Ere she had quite completed her toilet, her father entered with her bird safe, and the compliments of Garci Perez, the Count of Alarcos.

"Was he hurt, dear father?" she said, blushing at her own earnestness.

"Yes, in the wing, with a scratch of the hawk's talons."

"I — I meant the knight, sir."

"Oh, the knight," repeated her father, smiling; "ah, poor Froilan, thou mightest as well have been eaten by the halcon's brood."

Gertrudis dropped her eyes, while her

whole face was suffused with a soft, rich glow, like sunset mingling with moonlight in the sky. She took her bird from his hand, and smoothing its plumage, kissed it, and laid it upon her bosom with many a tender word of endearment, but she could not disguise from her heart that she had now a deeper emotion in regarding it—that it had been lying near the heart of the youth who had so gallantly rescued it.

At the breakfast-hour she was presented to the knight by her father, and thanked him so sweetly for his brave rescue of her bird, that the youth's first admiration of her beauty was deepened into love, which he did not forbid his eyes out-speaking; and though she, for modesty, did not let him see the tale her own eyes would have told about her heart, had she dared to lift the fringed lids, she could not quiet the agitated undulations of that sea of love beneath her vesture, which caused the heart to speak for itself its own emotion at his presence.

Day after day the Knight of Alarcos lingered in the castle, unable to tear himself away from the lady Gertrudis; and, I wot the two met often upon the terrace, when the mellow moon shone, and the winds whispered, and the stars watched, and the murmur of waters came fitfully to the ear; and so Gertrudis gave her heart to Count Alarcos, and he laid his at her feet in return. The third week of the Count's sojourn, poor Froilan died in his cage—for sadly had his mistress neglected him of late! The lady Gertrudis sighed once, but shed not a tear, and, bidding her maid cast him into the moat, gave Count Alarcos her hand to lift her to the saddle;—for, when it was told to her Froilan was dead, she was preparing to ride a hawking. Thus the young Knight, in the end, caused the death of the favorite he had risked his life to save; but poor Froilan was his rival, and he felt no grief that Gertrudis could not soothe; and she for Froilan had got a loving knight—which she thought far better than a singing-bird.

As the Vicompte de Roquebetyn well knew the rank and family of Count Alarcos and his relationship to the royal House of Castille, the alliance between him and his daughter was in every way desirable; and as he was waxing in years, he was solicitous to have his child well married ere his death should leave her an orphan. He, therefore, gave his consent to their union, when it was asked by the devoted knight, and that it should take place on his return from Paris, whither he was going, on a private embassy from the king, when the storm and love withal stayed his journey. He then took leave of his betrothed wife and proceeded on his way towards France."

"So brave a knight as Count Alarcos hath thrice shown himself to be, was well worthy

to pluck the flower of the cliffs and wear it in his bosom," said the Roman knight.

"He was, nevertheless, a false and craven knight, as thou shalt hear," said the Sieur Linant.

"The day on which he had achieved so gallant a deed against the moors, the Princess Beatriz, as Don Fernando in his tale hath well told, witnessing his bravery and seeing afterwards that it was matched by the beauty and manliness of his person, became enamored of him. As he was afterwards stationed near the person of the king, she often saw him; and he being young and having no lacy-love, whose name could give suitable lustre and incentive to his achievements, he easily fell into admiration of her in return; though, if left to himself, there was nothing in her that would have greatly captivated, beyond mere outward gallantry, a person like the young Count Alarcos. Though beautiful to look at, with dark expressive eyes and hair like a raven's plumage, and a queenly figure, she was haughty, and had little softness of manner. Nevertheless, Count Alarcos, flattered by her attention before the whole court, and fancying himself in love, when his heart was not touched, it being only his vanity, he was led, on one unhappy occasion, to make a vow of betrothal to her; she having artfully brought him to the point to do this, being desirous of securing him before he should see other maidens; for she knew there was not in Castille, save her cousin, another knight her equal in lineage—and that, unless she wedded him she might never wed.

Thus was Count Alarcos artfully bound to a designing woman, whom he loved not; but yet, knew not that he was a stranger to true love, until he beheld, a few weeks afterwards, in her father's castle, the lovely Gertrudis de Roquebetyn. When he saw her face from the terrace, he, for the first time, felt that he had a heart. He seemed to awaken to a new existence! A torrent of novel and tumultuous emotions filled his soul! It remained for her to break up the deep fountains of his feelings, unlock the wealth of his affections, and discover to him powers of his being he was ignorant that he was possessed of. From that day he looked back to his betrothal with the haughty Princess Beatriz with grief and contempt, felt that in the presence of Gertrude, she was nothing to him, and he wondered that she should ever have succeeded in binding him in such delusive chains. As the power of his love grew, it swallowed up all other feeling with it; and obeying its influence, he resolved, after a brief but severe struggle between his vow and his love for Gertrudis, to commit himself to the current of his deep and irresistible, but pure and holy passion, and forgetting the Princess Beatriz, offer himself with all his heart and soul to the shrine of his heart's idolatry.

He spoke not to Gertrudis of his betrothal to the princess, which was known only to themselves; and he trusted on his return from France, to be able to release himself with her consent, failing to obtain which, he determined to break his vow of betrothal, which was drawn from him rather than given, by the insidious princess, and when he was ignorant of the true state of his own heart."

Here several of the knights spoke, and delivered their opinions upon the conduct of Count Alarcos in this instance; the English and German knights, as well as the *Sieur Linant*, censuring and condemning it, while the Roman, Venetian and Spanish knights were for excusing him, on the two-fold ground of the artfulness of the princess, and his inexperience. The Scottish knight, whose name was *Sir Roy Bruce*, being silent, was asked for his opinion, when he replied, that as he was at that present in the same dilemma with regard to two maidens, as Count Alarcos, he could not give his opinion till he himself had decided how to act, as his love went not with his vow. The English knight therefore said haughtily, that a gentleman would keep his oath, let what betide — that a knight's vow is a knight's life!"

Sir Roy Bruce rose angrily at these words, which he took to himself, and a hot quarrel had well nigh come of it, but for the interference of the other knights; and *Sir Henry Percie* having disclaimed allusion in his speech to the Scottish knight, peace was restored again, and the matter passed. *Sieur Linant* then continued his story of Count Alarcos, as follows:

"Not many weeks passed, ere this knight of two betrothals, having fulfilled his mission into France, returned, spending a day at the castle of his lady-love, and fixing upon the day for the bridal, for which ceremony he was to return immediately after seeing the king and surrendering his mission. On his arrival at court, king *Ferdinand* graciously received him. The princess was present, and instead of receiving from him a smile of love and lealty of troth, he seemed not to notice her presence, being, as it were, so much absorbed with his business with the king. After the audience, she privately sent for him, but he excused himself with the plea of fatigue, and she became alarmed for the fate of her love.

"This comes of riding to Paris," she said, with mingled grief and anger. "He hath there seen some maiden who hath made him play me false, I fear."

For three days he came not near her, fearing to see her. The third day he had private audience of the king, and told him of his love for the lady *Gertrudis*, and his wish to take her to wife. The king listened well pleased, and not suspecting how the matter stood between the Count and his daughter, the princess, he gave his consent, congratulating him

upon his good fortune, and inviting him and his bride to court. Having obtained the royal permission, Count Alarcos sent a page, and solicited an interview with the princess, with the design of asking a release from his engagement. Angry at his marked neglect of her for three days, the princess refused to see him, thinking that his message implied repentance and a desire of atonement, and so determining to punish him. But soon she rued that refusal, for the same evening she was told that Count Alarcos had left the court for the castle of the *Vicompte de Roquebetyn*. The king entered her boudoir, and found her pacing it, her cheeks bathed in tears of grief and anger.

"How is this, daughter *Beatriz*!" he asked with surprise.

Too proud to confess her love for one who cared not for it, the princess was silent.

"Well, whate'er hath made thee weep, I have news will make thee merry," said the king. "We are to have a brave bridal."

"A bridal, sire?"

"A brave knight and a sweet maiden are to be soon mated, and are to grace our court. I'faith, when he getteth his fair wife, he will break less Moors' heads for a twelvemonth, I'll warrant me," said king *Ferdinand*, laughing.

"Who meanest thou, father?" gasped the princess, half-suspecting, yet not daring to believe all her fears suggested.

"Our cousin, the gallant Count of Alarcos, who, it seems, on his way *Franceward*, was driven for shelter to the castle of *Vicompte de Roquebetyn*, whose lovely daughter, not satisfied with the protection her father's roof gave his person, took herself charge of his heart, and I'faith, it seems would not surrender it when he left, and so he journeyed to France without it. He hath to day asked my assent to his marriage, and I have —"

"Not given it — by the cross!" exclaimed the princess *Beatriz*, with eyes of fire.

"I have, and he hath ridden away with a brave company of knights, and a gallant retinue, to bring his bride."

The princess was for a few minutes paralyzed with this intelligence of the false faith of her treacherous cousin. Her first impulse was to confess all to the king, and despatch horse in pursuit of the recreant knight. But her woman's pride came to her aid. The thought of her degradation was madness; yet she felt she must not make known the dishonor done her, unless she would experience the scorn of all the ladies of her court. She would not have it known that the proud princess *Beatriz*, with all her royal rank and beauty, could not keep the heart she had chosen, but had been deserted for another, inferior in rank. The idea, too, of having it whispered, that she gave her love where it was not requited, was acutely mortifying to her.

These considerations, which flashed across her mind in an instant, at once governed her conduct, and without betraying her feelings further, she complained of being ill, and desired to be left alone. That night the deserted and slighted princess slept not for her rage, grief and shame. She had truly loved Count Alarcos, and to lose even the object of her affection was to her sufficiently painful. But to lose him under such humiliating circumstances, was not patiently to be borne. After a night of alternate suffering and plans of vengeance, she finally calmed herself, for she had come to her determination.

"Yes, let him marry—I will wait—let him marry! Then my revenge will be double-barbed, and the wound deeper. He shall marry, and then, if he love *her*, will I have his punishment in my hands; and, by our lady, he shall be the instrument of his own misery and of my vengeance!"

Count Alarcos married. But fearing the vengeance of the princess, he delayed bringing his bride to court; and so for several months kept her close at her father's castle, where he lived with her perfectly happy. The princess at length artfully prevailed on the king to command the count to leave his castle with his wife, and take up his abode for the ensuing winter near the court. Count Alarcos obeyed. The beauty of his bride

was the theme of all tongues. None gave her so gracious a reception as the princess Beatriz, who, beneath an outside of forgiveness towards him, and attachment for his bride, concealed the most dangerous intentions. Wondering at her free forgiveness, the thoughtless count was, nevertheless, well pleased, and she managed to lull asleep in his bosom all suspicion. But, my idle romance hath consumed the evening, gentle knights, without coming to an end," said the *Sieur de Linant*; "if it hath sufficient interest, and you would fain learn the issue of the Count Alarcos's treachery to the princess Beatriz, and her revenge therefor, I will, with your consent, conclude the tale to-morrow night. I thank you for the courtesy and grace with which you have listened to me, fair sirs!"

The knights, one and all, expressed themselves greatly entertained with the story, and unanimously signified to *Sieur de Linant* their wish that he should, when next they pitched their camp, go on with it. They then retired within their spacious tent, the esquires laying themselves down by the outside; and soon all was still, save the *ruiseñor* singing to his mate on a neighboring tree; the sighing of the night breezes through the arches of the old Moorish tower, and the liquid gurgle of a brook that crept among the ruins.

TO THE RIVER SACO.

WRITTEN AT THE FALLS.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

Thou—mountain-born! that, gushing from the height,
Widening, and deepening in thine onward flow,
Here hurlest thy waters headlong in thy might—
Down dashing 'mong the jagged rocks below,
As leaps the maddened war-horse on the foe;
And, rushing on to the Atlantic sea,
Strong as thou wert a thousand years ago;
'Neath the same stars that erst companioned thee—
Exhaustless through all time—type of eternity!

How, in all age, hath earth with change been rife,
Since dawned the light on thy primeval day,—
Whole hecatombs have bled amid the strife—
Empires have risen—flourished—passed away,
And new-born states sprung full-armed into day:
Centuries that saw thy tireless waters roll,
Adown thy vigorous tide have swept for aye—
But thou still urgest onward to the goal,
As He who being gave, had dowered thee with a soul.

Where now the tinkling herd-bell smites the air,
 High o'er thy murmurs rang the war-whoop dire,
 When, the red Indian's hunting grounds to share,
 The pale-face came — and rose the chiefs in ire —
 They struggled long, and perished son and sire.
 Where late the crouching panther made his lair,
 Gleams in the sunlight many a village spire :
 The settler's axe hath laid the forest bare —
 The Indian's council-fire is quenched forever there.

But thou remain'st ! — thou, and the throned hills,
 And crowned with morning, ere yet night opaque,
 Lifts her dun mantle from the swelling rills.
 Here roamed of old the gaunt wolf through the brake,
 And on his charmed prey leapt the glistening snake.
 Erewhiles the deer to thy cool wave below,
 At hot noon panting hid, his thirst to slake ;
 Unmindful all, where, swift above thy flow
 The stealthy shaft, well-aimed, sped from the hunter's bow.

The traveller tracks thee from thy mountain source,
 Shaping thy way in many a curious dent ;
 Now, rushing on, resistless in thy course —
 And in thy flow of strength and beauty blent,
 Sees the bold hand of the Omnipotent :
 Here pausing, where, in thine infinity
 Thou pour'st forever forth thy flood unspent,
 He cries " change ne'er may turn or fetter thee
 'Till yonder skies wax dim, and there be no more sea ! "

LATER SONNETS.

BY W. A. JONES.

SINCE the time of Milton, sonnet-writing has been little in vogue, until the commencement of the present century. The wits of Charles's days were too much occupied with libertine songs or political epigrams, to pen thoughtful and elaborate poetry. The wits of Queen Anne were too courtly and artificial to relish musings on nature, or philosophical meditations, or amorous conceits, after the old fashion. And though it may seem paradoxical to remark it, the sonnet was too artificial a form of writing, even for the most artificial of English Poets, Dryden and Pope. But its art evinced higher principles of harmony than the polished couplet required. We do not recollect a single sonnet of the first, or even second class of excellence, from Milton to Thomas Warton. Butler, Rochester, Denham, Waller, Roscommon, wrote none ; neither did any of the religious poets of that age, Quarles, Herbert, Donne, or Crashaw. Cowley, in his fine-spun reveries, comes nearest to the matter of the best son-

net-writers, but his manner is different. If we come to the next epoch of English verse, we find not a single sonnet in the writings of Dryden, Pope, Swift, Gay, Addison, Steele, &c. It is only in a thoughtful and tasteful character, by a lover of meditative leisure, an admirer of nature, that the sonnet is ever likely to be cultivated. It presents no brilliant points for the man of wit ; it is tedious and diffuse for the gay man of lively talent. It is a form of poetry that would never strike the lovers of satire or pictures of artificial manners, agreeably ; unless, as the pastoral struck the Queen Anne poets, as a subject for burlesque. A true reader of the sonnet loves not the glare of what passes for *strong lines*, brilliant passages. This may be readily seen in the difference of taste, and in conception of the poetical character, that distinguishes the followers of Wordsworth and of Byron.

Before the time of the Lake Poets and their followers ; both together, including the

finest poets this century has produced, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Lamb and Leigh Hunt, we can point to but one true poet, who wrote good sonnets, almost worthy of Drummmond — Thomas Warton. Warton was a man of elegant fancy and fine sensibility, but without any vigorous imagination or peculiar individuality. Yet Hazlitt, much to the surprise of his readers, says, that he cannot help preferring his sonnets to any in the language. Now, paralleled by Milton or Wordsworth, Warton is feeble; though he is forcible in comparison with Bowles. We annex his very best sonnet, as it reads to us; so much superior to the remainder, that it appears to have been the work of another hand.

Written in a blank leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.

Deem not devoid of elegance, the sage,
By fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful pedantry the poring child,
Who turns, of these proud domes, th' historic page,
Now sunk by time and Henry's fiercer rage,
Thinks't thou the warbling muses never smil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely styl'd,
Intent. While cloister'd piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores.
Nor rough, nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strown with flowers.

During what may be called the Hayley rage, when the author of the *Triumphs of Temper* was esteemed a great poet, (so barren was the vineyard of genial laborers,) a band of sonneteers arose, who have deservedly been forgotten. For of all imbecilities, to use a Carlyleism, that of writing weak poetry, is at once the most pitiable and the most reprehensible. The poetic offspring worthily begotten, thrives even amid the bleak freezings of Neglect: but a puny poem, like a puny child, rarely lives long, and only usurps the place of something better. We may speak thus, at the present time, of the attempts of Miss Seward and Charlotte Smith, since we have been treated to more delicate cates and fed on heavenly food. Later still, and nearer to our own time, we have instances of men of poetic taste, though utterly devoid of all poetic genius, who have failed signally in the sonnet, and who are only known from their general connection with literature. The Rev. W. Lisle Bowles is better known from Coleridge's early admiration of his sonnets, and from his stake in the Pope controversy, than from any one other reason. In the latter he failed to gain his cause, though he had the right side, and though Coleridge is said to have transcribed his sonnets forty times in the course of eighteen months, in order to make presents of them to his school-fellows: we can only account for it, by the fact that very inferior

authors have, sometimes, been more suggestive than their masters, and it may have been a mere vagary of a boy of genius. Coleridge's own sonnet, addressed to Bowles, is richly worth the whole of Bowles's sonnets put together. George Dyer, the friend of Lamb the antiquary, (whose character Lamb has so admirably depicted,) the historian of Cambridge, the scholar and gentle companion, will be known to posterity solely through the medium of his friend's original humor and delicious irony, which he so widely mistook. Leigh Hunt, though a graceful narrator, a charming essayist, and a lively critic; a friend of poets, and in other walks a pleasing poet himself, has yet been unable to do justice to his fine genius in the sonnet. His friend, C. Lamb, too, has done his best things in prose. But among the few sonnets left by the inimitable Elia, occur three perfect specimens — that on Cambridge, and those on Work, and Leisure.

Lamb's latest publisher, Moxon, has written some very tolerable sonnets — for a book-seller; though they are tainted with the general defect of feebleness. The Hon. R. Monckton Milnes, the parliamentary poet, may be ranked in the same category. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats are the writers of the genuine sonnet, in this nineteenth century, and by far the best poets. The majestic tone and deep feeling of the first, the learned invention and universality of talent of the second, and the exuberant fancy of the third, can fitly be measured by none but the same standards that we apply to the old Elizabethan poets and to Milton.

Wordsworth is now confessedly the finest sonnet writer in the world, equalling in many sonnets, even the majesty, the tenderness and Attic grace of Milton in a few. Wordsworth's copiousness is remarkable, and at the same time his richness of thought and expression. A mechanical writer might turn out sonnets by the dozen, but of what sort of value, we would inquire. Wordsworth's are admirable, perfectly appropriate, and harmonious as the breathings of Apollo's flute. Occasionally, he blows a noble blast, as from a silver trumpet of surpassing power; but his favorite style may be likened to the music of a chamber-organ, though he can also make the massive pealing organ of the cathedral blow. His range is universal; moral, patriotic, tender, domestic. He is meditative, playful, familiar. We should be ashamed to quote specimens of Wordsworth, were he not really still a poet unknown to the mass, even of educated readers. There are ten times the copies of Byron, Moore, or Scott sold (at least) to where there is one of Wordsworth, who is worth all three.

Of the different series, we prefer the *Miscellaneous Sonnets*, and next to them, the sonnets dedicated to *Liberty*; the *Ecclesiastical*

tical sonnets are less interesting to the general reader, and written with less power, but they add a new and peculiar grace to the history of the British Church, and ought to be enshrined in the hearts of its members.

The following should form the guiding maxims of the patriot, and evince a noble sympathy with political liberty and individual greatness.

XIV.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wreath of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

XV.

Great men have been among us: hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none:
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendor: what strength was, that would not
bend
But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis
strange,
Had brought forth no such souls as we had then.
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men!

Of the Miscellaneous Sonnets, two-thirds
of which are pure gold, we quote only the
beautiful sonnet on the departure of Sir
Walter Scott from Abbotsford, for Naples.

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engender'd, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of power, assembled there, complain
For kindred power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe
strain,

Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous potentate. Be true
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!

Coleridge wrote but few sonnets, but they are among the most admirable of the fragments of his poetic genius. Most of them are political, celebrating some one of his favorite heroes, Burke, Priestley, Erskine, Sheridan, Kosciusko, Lafayette. The remainder are of a wholly personal nature, full either of early aspiration, or maturer despondency; cheerful and ardent, or instinct with a mild yet manly melancholy. The

two, we extract, are typical of the different traits we have mentioned.

Here is that noble address,

To the Author of the Robbers.

Schiller! that hour I would have wished to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent,
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent,
That fearful voice, a famished father's cry—
Lest in some after moment, aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black horror dreamed, and all her goblin rout
Diminished shrunk from the more withering scene!
Ah, bard! tremendous in simplicity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood
Wandering at eve with finely-frenzied eye
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood:
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy.

This in a different vein. It is in reply
"to a friend who asked, how I felt when the
nurse first presented my infant to me."

Charles! my slow heart was only sad, when first
I scanned that face of feeble infancy:
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my child might be!
But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile,)
Then I was thrilled, and melted, and most warm
Impressed a father's kiss: and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,
I seemed to see an angel form appear—
'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild!
*So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child.*

With Keats we close our very slight
sketch of writers of the sonnet. A late article in *Arcturus Magazine* (Dec. 1841,) has done him true poetic justice. To this delicate appreciation of the young English Poet, as Hunt affectionately calls him, we can add nothing, but only contribute a hearty assent. The hour has come at last for Keats, that always comes to the true poet. A brother bard, (J. R. Lowell,) whose first volume contains passages and poems Keats would have been willing to acknowledge, and whose own delicate genius enables him to appreciate a cognate talent, has done honor to the English bard in stanzas, that put to the blush all prose criticisms. Poets should criticise each other, or rather be the most intelligent admirers of their respective talents. A critic is "of understanding all compact," and wants imagination, to relish the finest touches. "The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo."

Mr. Lowell is further to be mentioned, as the only American poet (we know of,) who has written a number of good sonnets. Others have written single sonnets, or a few. Our finest poets, Bryant and Dana, have written none, so far as we remember. We will not so disparage Mr. Lowell, as to tell him his sonnets are first-rate of their kind. They are not; but they are good, and much beyond the average excellence of the majority of similar attempts.

TO THE DAUGHTER OF A FRIEND.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

I WILL not praise thy many virtues, Mary,
Nor all that sparkles in thy fair young face ;
Of themes like these a poet should be wary,
Who lacks the skill to give such themes a grace.

But I will wish thee to be like thy mother,
Like her to sail life's calm or ruffled sea,—
She loves thee, Mary, and there breathes no other
With purer heart, more closely bound to thee.

Through every scene, a mother's holy blessing,
Unchanged, still lingers, though the world assail,—
Without that boon life were not worth possessing,—
Trust that friend, Mary, though all else should fail.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD, OR WHO WAS THE VICTIM!

[The writer of an interesting tale, now in the course of publication in one of our sister monthlies, in the chapter of his work published in May last, made use of an incident, apparently founded upon an actual occurrence at one of our universities many years since. As this is the latest, and perhaps the last of the grand roll of old-fashioned college traditions, we have induced an eye-witness to give our readers a full account of the real incidents, which we introduce to them with his remark, to which we give full faith, that the story, as it here stands, although some parts of it are necessarily involved in doubt, "is a great deal nearer the truth than most of the pages of history."—*Ed. Misc.*]

THE amiable reader will, I am sure, oblige me so far as to *imagine for himself* a company of travellers, of the usual variety of character and external advantage, just escaped from the usual number of accidents, and surrounded by the usual collection of comfortable appliances consequent upon temporary domestication at a respectable tavern, and I will, in return, as is usual in this grateful world, trespass still further upon his tried good-nature ; and ask him also to imagine a young man, just about to join the company of the middle-aged, clothed in rather indifferent attire, which, coupled with its noticeable odor of tobacco, at once subjects him to the suspicion of belonging to some learned profession : to depict to himself. I say, such a youth taking the most eligible chair in the room, at the earnest solicitation of the whole party, and, in further compliance with their *expressed* wishes, proceeding to recount a tale of other days, much after the following fashion.

I should premise, however, that the narrator was apparently highly engaged listening to his own conversation, and that he had previously gained from the ladies of the party a reluctant permission to *smoke* as much as he pleased, of which he availed himself without scruple, and with the air of a man who conceived himself to be doing his companions a great favor.

He commenced without clearing his throat, a remarkable peculiarity seldom observed in this, our day. Hear him :—

Something less than ten years ago, when I, with some sixty others, "took infinite pride out of" the fact of membership of the senior class of Harvard, there came to our studious haunts the most remarkable specimen of the rural pedagogue, that ever exhibited itself so near a literary institution. It was clear that Nature had shockingly neglected him in his inception, and, alas ! no less evident, that Education had not thought it an

object to supply this sad deficiency. Mr. Plum, however, was saved the mortification of knowing this, his unpleasant idiosyncrasy, by the extreme predominance of his faculty (I do not know how it was with the corresponding phrenological organ,) of self-esteem, which, like Aaron's rod, had absorbed all its neighbors, and which was in the act of vigorously extending its conquests, when its proprietor, or subject, as you please, ladies, presented himself among us, and for some portentous sin of his own, or his progenitors, consigned himself to Lem——, perhaps the wickedest wag that ever flourished, even in Cambridge. Their acquaintance had commenced in the schoolmaster's native village of Tadpole, of which he had ever deemed himself the pride and glory, while our classmate had been rusticated there to revive, by analogous pursuits, his scholastic purse, from its painful state of inanition.

Lem had certainly not anticipated any visit from his uncouth friend, on the score of their very slight intimacy, but he received him with decent politeness, enquired after their mutual acquaintances with great apparent interest, and to say sooth, did his best to exhaust all the materials of conversation before the swelling notes of the supper-bell should make it incumbent upon him to invite the dominie to tea. But his antagonist's conversational resources were not so easily exhausted, nor was his intended visit to be so quickly nipped in the bud by Lem's backwardness at taking a hint. Mr. Plum not only stayed to tea, but even consented to occupy the softer moiety of his host's couch during the night-watches. In fact, he evinced the most decided and unremorseful intention to try the hospitality of Cambridge for several days, at the very least. Now this *being* victimized was not exactly Lem's forte. His part, to which, moreover, he was much attached, had generally been of a far more active description, and he was not disposed to change it at the pleasure of any man, unless that man should happen to be himself, which was not at all probable. So he determined to repay himself for his forced hospitality, by making a show of his guest, and accordingly, the next evening Mr. Plum was invited to lecture before the highly honorable I. O. H. Society. He complied with this invitation with the most gratifying alacrity, and a set of performers having been hastily collected in L.'s room, to personate the association,* our innocent friend girded up his loins and ascended the rostrum, bent upon immortalizing himself. He favored us with a sort of Fourth of July oration, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing;" and this having been applauded to

* I trust the members of the "I. O. H." will not deem it an insult that I should be so "superfluous" as to mention, that a society by that name actually existed in college at the time referred to.

the echo, he consented, upon slight entreaty, to take part in a debate, upon the vital question "whether anticipation or *participation* is the more delightful." I forget the side which had the good fortune to meet with his support, but I cannot so easily forget how enthusiastically and obstreperously his speech was cheered, nor how unanimously he was elected a member of the society we represented. When the assembly had adjourned, the successful orator was regaled with a series of the most marvellous tales ever disseminated, and he gorged them all with the greatest apparent enjoyment, not unmixed with open-eyed wonder. He was also led into a literary and critical discussion, in the course of which he professed the most unbounded admiration for Shakspeare, though upon being respectfully asked his opinion of Hamlet, he declared that "he had never read many of *his* works." He was at last allowed to retire, at a late hour of the night, upon his solemn promise, (not unwillingly granted), to deliver another lecture before another society on the ensuing evening. What his dreams may have been, I have never had the pleasure of hearing, though I have anxiously sought for accurate information on the subject; and I was further so unfortunate, as to have been absent from the next evening's lecture, which was as imposingly delivered and as boisterously admired as its predecessor. But on the day following the achievement of this last bound towards the pinnacle of Fame's proud temple, I happened to meet the orator and his friend Lem, on their way to visit Dr. Metternich of Austria, the nephew of the prince of that name, who it seems was then residing in Cambridge, for the purpose of perfecting himself in our language. I joined the party, and we at once proceeded to the room of Amos——, who had taken upon himself, for that time, to play the German physician. We found our host not only equipped with a most noticeable meerschaum, but also arrayed in a costume rather more outlandish in appearance than any of us were prepared for, though its materials were not at all out of the common way, being in fact nothing more nor less than a fanciful nightcap "predominating" over a plain frock coat and a pair of white linen drawers, with boots drawn over them, the pantaloons having been pretermitted for that occasion only.

The Doctor received us with the most courtly politeness, and, after expressing, in an unaccountable mixture of all languages, his delight at the honor of our visit, he displayed, for our amusement, his library and collection of curiosities, and presented our friend with several rare and valuable works, among which were Tytler's History, the *Graeca Majora*, and other volumes generally found upon the same dusty shelves; and he was even so munificent as to bestow upon him "an image of the Apostle Paul, which

had been found in the twelfth century, under Charlemagne's chapel, upon mount Athos." The image, so remarkably preserved, was not graven nor even molten, but formed of clay and colored with a motley variety of pigments, among which red and yellow were clearly the favorites—its length was about three inches, and its general appearance was decidedly unclerical, if not ridiculous. But Amos's generosity did not stop here, he lavished upon the curious traveller "a bottle which had been thrown by Mirabeau at the head of Robespierre, in the convention of La Jeune France," and many other no less remarkable articles, with equally miraculous legends appendant—all which were received with a gratitude as lively as if the donee had actually intended to prolong his valuable life by keeping a museum. But, alas! such is the condition of our being that the most refined enjoyments cannot always amuse, and accordingly we found, to our consternation, that not even the felicitous discourse of Mr. Plum, nor even his ingenuous wonderment could suffice for our entertainment beyond a certain limit, when we had arrived at which, it was suggested that our guest should be allowed to display upon the field of Mars that same brilliancy and force of character which had carried him so triumphantly over that of Minerva. So while the orator was on his knees, cracking almonds upon the hearth, and filling his eloquent mouth with their toothsome contents, and simultaneously our admiring minds with his somewhat vigorous sentiments, in regard to the sanguinary practice of duelling—the Doctor suddenly broke up the various repast by vehemently pronouncing the utterance of such opinions a direct and pointed insult to himself—his own long practice to the contrary thereof being matter of common fame: Mr. Plum looked up aghast from his nourishing occupation—his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth—(which remained open that we might witness this scriptural and most remarkable phenomenon) the half-eaten almonds escaped the fate, which had so recently "filled their imaginations with horror," and Lem and myself looked upon each other as if our beloved associate was in the very article of death. After a few mutual glances of agony, however, we bent our united energies to the pacification of the infuriated foreigner: but the more we explained and remonstrated, the hotter grew his "waked wrath," and the more unintelligible his angry attempts to vent his emotion in our vernacular. At last I felt it my duty to put out of the way every article which might possibly be construed into a dangerous weapon. Lem looked out of the window in utter despair, and the orator stood stammering out protestations of all possible innocence of death, and looking alternately from one to the other for an explanation of

this, to him, most mysterious behavior of our host. The latter strutted about the room, swelling with rage, and, with a most terrible voice, declared that he would accept no apology less humble than that he had received from the Duc De Broglie, four years before; and it seemed that the noble Duke had knelt upon the earth, and not only begged our host's forgiveness, in the most humble manner, but had also thrice made the sign of the cross upon his princely bosom, to remind his terrible antagonist of the religion of his mother. We explained to Mr. Plum that this course alone could save him from the dire necessity of fighting the sanguinary doctor—but he indignantly averred that he would never submit to such an indignity, much less would he compromise his principles by engaging in a duel—he could die, but he could not dishonor himself. Upon this declaration, the Doctor rushed to his bureau, and dragged out "the persecuted remnant" of a small screw-pistol, once the pride of his boyish heart—but then, alas! grievously dilapidated by arduous experiences of all sorts. I hastened to prevent the bloody outrage upon which he was apparently so furiously bent, and a violent struggle at once commenced for the possession of the pistol. While this was going on, however, I could not help looking over my shoulder to see its effects upon our man of genius. And, Great Jerusalem! then he was upon his trembling knees, crossing himself with the devout air of a Catholic, before the blessed Virgin, and looking his very most eloquent, to pacify the fire-eating Meternich. Such a look! It was altogether "too many" for all of us.

The doctor, however, by superhuman exertions, contrived to maintain his portentous loftiness of demeanor, and Lem, with his usual dexterity, found a window to put his head through, that he might laugh at his case, but as for poor me, I could only sob and choke, and hold my sides and weep, till nature absolutely insisted upon a change of behavior, and I was then obliged to apologize, lamely enough, to the instructor of youth, by telling him that the scene had accidentally reminded me of a most ludicrous one which I had witnessed during my residence in Germany. He received the apology with a good grace, having been previously prepared to believe, that Germany was a kind of fairy-land, in which things kept continually happening of the most extraordinary and miraculous description. Thus his simple heart was entirely satisfied: but Lem was determined to do something ferocious, and to that end, after expressing, in most emphatic language, his unfaltering opinion of my demeanor towards our friend, he demanded instant satisfaction therefor. I assented to this demand with infinite cheerfulness, and then as obligingly consented to allow the irascible Doctor to take

my place, he declaring in a most lachrymose manner, that he feared he was losing all his skill in arms, from want of the necessary practice in our detestably peaceful country. The new arrangement appeared perfectly satisfactory to all parties, and it was further agreed Mr. Plum should be Lem's friend in need, and I the doctor's. The orator did not altogether "cotton" to the notion of participating in a duel, but his friendly heart could not resist Lem's eloquent appeals, and he at last yielded a reluctant consent.

The next great obstacle to be surmounted, was the scarcity of pistols in our halcyon haunts, for very few of our acquaintances had ever rejoiced in any such bloodthirsty property, and those who had once gone so far as to own them, were unfortunately the very persons who were most likely to have loaned them to their "uncles" for the sake of present supplies of coin. But by dint of diligent inquiry, we finally lit upon a pair of small brazen popguns, which, though they were by no means calculated to strike terror to the beholder's heart, would, we fondly hoped, make a *rather* imposing noise, when aided by the explosive force of villanous saltpetre, and the *vis inertiae* of a wad.

Armed with these terrible weapons, and full of high emprise, we doughtily marched at high noon to a shady grove, a little eastward of the "Delta," (in which famed enclosure our young contemporaries were vigorously kicking a football and each other's tender shins, in happy unconsciousness of the work of carnage about to be perpetrated so near them,) and there, while the rival champions soothed their warlike feelings by pacing moodily to and fro, and bestowing the most dreadful looks upon each other, I instructed the rustic scholar in the mystic laws of the duello, as well as my limited acquaintance with the abstruse nonsense would permit. I found him dull enough of comprehension, but gradually got him to understand that he ought to see me load the weapons, and that when our devoted friends were stuck up opposite each other, he should say ONE! TWO! THREE! and then drop a handkerchief, this mode being adopted lest his untried nerves should not prove strong enough to enable him to utter the fatal word FIRE. He witnessed the loading, but in such a bewildered way, that I found no difficulty in doing the work as I thought proper, and I of course neglected to put in the balls. The combatants took their stations in breathless silence, our surgeon, (for we had neglected no precaution), taking his stand by Mr. Plum, to see that he did not fail to give the signal. The stirring note of preparation was sounded, the handkerchief fell from the trembling grasp of the pedagogue, the belligerents pulled the triggers in admirable time, but no sound ensued. We had expected *vox et præterea nihil*, but we

did not get even *vox*. The duellists, however, despising all such trifling matters as the rules of the game, continued to pull and snap away for about a minute, with no sort of success, when lo! Lem's pistol went off, and *he* fell to the earth, writhing in mortal agony, to the excessive astonishment of us all. We crowded eagerly round him to ascertain the occasion of such an unlooked-for result, and heard him complain in accents broken by the most intense suffering, that his wretched pistol had burst, and several fragments had lodged in his side. It would not do of course to have his last moments too closely watched by our hero, so having first procured the doctor's yet loaded weapon, and provided it with a new cap, I took Mr. Plum mysteriously aside, and announced my fixed determination to die by my own hand, as the only feasible mode of escaping a more public death. He looked decidedly puzzled, but still appeared to think it would be as well for me to carry out my previous design of going to Philadelphia. He was satisfied, however, of the entire wisdom of the later scheme, when I explained to him that since my return from Germany, my reputation as a duellist had spread so very widely, that in a community where such animals were rare, I should be immediately arrested as a participator in any gentlemanly murder that transpired. I then shook hands with him as impressingly as I could manage to, and advised him, as he wished to avoid an ignominious death, to make all possible speed to Boston, and then *out of it*, without stopping so much as to see whether I made an edifying death. He acted upon this recommendation with delightful alacrity, and incontinently "took the longest kind of steps" out of our dangerous neighborhood, having taken the precaution to bring with him to the field his entire luggage. I stopped for a moment to gaze at his remarkably eccentric figure, as he ran, the picture of consternation, with his green plaid cloak streaming out behind him, fitfully disclosing the load of books, and the remarkable bottle clasped lovingly to his bosom, as he leaped the stone walls with beautiful agility, pitched through bush and brier, leaped morasses, and finally stood leaning towards Boston, but looking earnestly to see how the companions of his danger were faring. I then seized this felicitous moment to turn the deadly weapon against my own cruel heart, and being successful in discharging it at the first attempt, fell to the green earth, and instantly expired, without a groan.

But I did not die so inconveniently dead, that I failed to see the orator return after a few minutes, as if to make himself perfectly sure of our fate. He came confidently on, as if sure of a co-conspirator's welcome, but he met a most unexpected reception, which came much nearer killing me, than the deadly pistol had done, for Amos met him at the wall with

a short and stern remonstrance, demanding why he returned to add to embarrassments already sufficiently alarming.

"My dear doctor," said the pedagogue, "I want to see how poor Lem and — are now."

"But, I tell you we cannot have you now; for — is dead, and poor Lem at his last gasp."

The orator, however, pertinaciously advanced, and then was heard the angry voice of the German, saying, sharply enough —

"I have no time to discuss the point with you; but if you stir another step this way, I'll stone you as long as I can stand."

This struck the orator as quite too strong a hint to be disregarded; so he turned his inquisitive face towards Boston, and at last gratified our impatient eyes by disappearing at an angle of the road. We then picked up our mangled bodies, and quietly returned to college, thinking, that on the whole, the fun had been as good as was to be expected, though we could not but regret having been compelled to substitute, in part, physical force for the moral suasion, which we had hoped would suffice to save us any further visits from our unwelcome guest.

Here Mr. Plum might reasonably have expected to see the end of this adventure, but Fate had destined for him a longer and more brilliant career. On the evening of that very day, our friend was detected in the act of solacing himself, in the pit of the theatre, after the excitement and fatigue of perhaps the most eventful day of his life, by the indefatigable Lem and George —, who had gone in disguised as constables, and armed with a formal warrant, skilfully forged, for the express purpose of apprehending him. They seized him at once, and brought him in triumph back to Cambridge, (though they considerably waited till the end of the play, before tearing him from his amusement,) and then they detained him in durance vile till the next day, sternly disregarding his mental agony, which was so intense, as to bring his persecutors into infinite disrepute among the more correct and virtuous portion of our juvenile community. Among other marks of his extreme affliction, the one most remarked upon at the time, was the inditing of a mournful letter to his mother, wherein the wretched prisoner eloquently described his melancholy situation, and even launched into a beautiful essay in the Rambler vein, (as nearly as he could hit it,) upon the sin and folly of the practice to which he owed his ruin.

In the meantime, the prisoner had been informed that the college government had exclusive jurisdiction of all crimes committed within the precincts of Harvard, and that its mode of proceeding was of the most summary description.

So the next day, which fortunately happened to be Saturday, he was arraigned as formally, as our joint knowledge of law would permit, in one of the large dining rooms of University Hall, and was forthwith set to the bar to be tried upon his plea of "not guilty." The gravest looking youth in the class donned a black silk gown, and a grey wig, and took his seat on the bench as the judge. The most lawyer-like acted as prosecuting attorney, and the stoutest as the sheriff, armed with a gigantic club, the "intonitans bolus" of Med. Fac. celebrity. Nor were there wanting counsel learned in the law, to undertake the defence of the accomplished prisoner, nor good men and true, to sit as his jurors, nor a cloud of witnesses of every character, veracious and otherwise, to throw all possible light upon the facts of the case. It is natural enough, however, that my memory should retain the testimony of two only out of this *luminous cloud*. The surgeon who testified to the dangerous character of Lem's wounds, and to my own sudden and bloody death by suicide, and myself, for my spirit had transmigrated into the body of a swart dealer in charcoal, and I was summoned to describe the sanguinary scene, which I had witnessed from the perch of my cart. There was nothing peculiarly remarkable about the evidence, except that we did *not* disclose *all* the circumstances attendant upon Mr. Plum's final adieu to the battle field. The material facts, however, were very sufficiently made out, and in quite as glowing colors as truth would warrant, and the result of the whole, was a verdict of *GUILTY*, accompanied by a strong and affecting recommendation to mercy. The trembling culprit prepared himself at once for the awful sentence of the law, but this was in mercy postponed till the ensuing Monday. He was then led off, but immediately upon reaching the yard he was rescued from the nervous grasp of the sheriff, and after a vigorous foot race, found himself crammed into a chaise, and on his way at a perilous gallop down the Charlestown road.

Here the active part of the affair ended, so far as most of us were concerned. But soon "after these things," poor Lem received a call from the collegiate Azrael* one fine morning, while he was recruiting his exhausted energies with his usual nap, and was invited to the President's study. Thither he accordingly took his reluctant way, and on his arrival, discovered that his presence had been required for no neglect of his ordinary secular or religious duties, but for the deeper and blacker crime of breaking the laws of hospi-

* The youth who summons delinquents to the President's study.

talities, and outrageously imposing upon an innocent stranger.

Lem found that, under the peculiar circumstances of his case, the truth would be better for him than a falsehood, and so, with immense ingenuoussness, he freely confessed that he had rather humbugged his poor visitor up to the end of the duel, but there *that* offence had ended. For when he and his illustrious coadjutor had arrested Plum in the theatre, they had been immediately recognised — the scales having, in a great measure, fallen from the dim eyes of the pedagogue — and to save themselves the mortification of returning without their game, they had frankly admitted him to their confidence, and wickedly conspired with him to *gammon* the whole college; so that in fact, while we *thought* we were so nicely hoaxing the rustic, he *knew* that he was hoaxing us to the very last degree.

This novel development astonished the President mightily, and saved Lem from the wrath of the government, though not from the deserved reproof of its organ; but, as the truth gradually leaked out, it brought an

abundance of the above warm commodity upon the sinner's devoted head, from his juvenile intimates, many of whom had suspected the true state of the case, and had propounded a variety of questions, which nothing but great native dexterity, and immense practise at humbug, could have enabled him to parry. It was a long day before they forgave him.

You may be sure I said but very little about *charcoal* for some days. But I have rarely derived greater satisfaction from the prevalence of any particular error, than I did from the beautiful tenacity with which the great majority of the students, with noble *esprit du corps*, adhered to the belief that MR. PLUM was the VICTIM. Perhaps the error was greatly aided by the desire of the best story-tellers to tell the tale in the pleasantest way for their hearers; but from whatever cause it arose, I believe that in fact very few of them ever learned the real state of affairs, and I am sure nothing but the liveliest concern for the interests of truth and innocence would have induced *me* ever to divulge it.

TO A FLYING SWAN AT MIDNIGHT IN THE VALE OF THE HURON.*

BY LEWIS L. NOBLE.

O, what a still, bright night! It is the sleep
Of beauteous Nature in her bridal hall.
See, while the groves shadow the shining lake,
How the full-moon does bathe their melting green! —
I hear the dew-drop twang upon the pool.
Hark, hark, what music! — from the rampart hills,
How like a far off bugle, sweet and clear,
It searches through the list'ning wilderness! —
A Swan — I know it by the trumpet-tone:
Winging her pathless way in the cool heavens,
Piping her midnight melody, she comes.

Beautiful bird! upon the dusk still world
Thouallest like an angel — like a lone
Sweet angel from some sphere of harmony.
Where art thou, where? — no speck upon the blue
My vision marks from whence thy music ranges.
And why this hour — this voiceless hour is thine —
And thine alone, I cannot tell. Perchance,
While all is hush and silent but the heart,
E'en *thou* hast human sympathies for heaven,

Huron rises in the interior of Michigan, and flows into Lake Erie. Its clear waters gave its more mighty kinsman, Lake Huron.

TO A FLYING SWAN.

And singest yonder in the holy deep
Because thou hast a pinion. If it be,
O, for a wing, upon the aerial tide
To sail with thee a minstrel mariner!

When to a rarer height thou wheelest up,
Hast thou that awful thrill of an ascension —
The lone, lost feeling in the vasty vault? —
O, for thine ear, to hear the ascending tones
Range the ethereal chambers! — then to *feel*
A harmony, while from the eternal depth
Steals naught but the pure star-light evermore! —
And then to list the echoes, faint and mellow,
Far, far below, breathe from the hollow earth
For thee, soft, sweet petition, to return.

And hither, haply, thou wilt shape thy neck;
And settle, like a silvery cloud, to rest,
If thy wild image, flaring in the abyss,
Startle thee not aloft. Lone aeronaut,
That catchest, on thine airy looking-out,
Glassing the hollow darkness, many a lake,
Lay, for the night, thy lily bosom here.
There is the deep unsounded for thy bath,
The shallow for the shaking of thy quills,
The dreamy cove, or cedar-wooded isle,
With galaxy of water-lilies, where,
Like mild Diana 'mong the quiet stars,
'Neath over-bending branches thou wilt move,
Till early warblers shake the crystal shower,
And whistling pinions warn thee to thy voyage.

But where art thou! — lost, — spirited away
To bowers of light by thy own dying whispers!
Or does some billow of the ocean-air,
In its still roll around from zone to zone,
All breathless to the empyrean heave thee? —

There is a panting in the zenith — hush! —
The *Swan* — How strong her great wing times the silence! —
She passes over high and quietly.

Now peals the living clarion anew:
One vocal shower falls in and fills the vale.
What witchery in the wilderness it plays! —
Shrill snort the affrighted deer; across the lake
The loon, sole sentinel, screams loud alarm; —
The shy fox barks; — tingling in every vein
I feel the wild enchantment; — hark! they come,
The dulcet echoes from the distant hills,
Like fainter horns responsive; all the while,
From misty isles, soft-stealing symphonies.

Thou bright, swift river of the bark canoe,
Threading the prairie-ponds of Washtenung,
Thy day of romance wanes. Few summers more,
And the long night will pass away unwaked,
Save by the house-dog, or the village bell;
And she, thy minstrel queen, her ermine dip
In lonelier waters.

Ah! thou wilt not stoop:
Old Huron, haply, glistens on thy sky.
The chasing moon-beams, glancing on thy plumes,
Reveal thee now, a little beating blot,
Into the pale Aurora fading.

There! —

Sinks gently back upon her flowery couch
The startled Night; — tinkle the damp wood-vaults
While slip the dew-pearls from her leafy curtains.
That last soft whispering note, how spirit-like! —
While vainly yet mine ear another waits,
A sad, sweet longing lingers in my heart.

THE NUREMBERG BANNER.

TRANSLATED FOR THE MISCELLANY FROM THE GERMAN OF FREDERIC, BARON DE LA MOTTE
FOUQUÉ.

NOT far from the world-famed free Imperial city of Nuremberg, one fine summer morning, two young men met, both of them natives of its noble enclosure, the walls of which, at a little distance, they saw gleaming in the bright rosy dawn.

One of them was named Leutwalt. He was sitting under the boughs of a gently waving tree, meditating, as was his custom, on music and poetry. The other, named Reginald, had reached the same spot on a fine prancing horse. When the eyes of the young people met, and they recognized each other, they were most heartily glad. The rider sprang from his horse, the poet rose from his seat, and they kissed and embraced each other tenderly. They had much to tell, for they had been a long time separated. Leutwalt had been domesticated in the fair city, and had been studying the divine arts under the most celebrated masters. Reginald had been the companion of the glorious Margrave Albert Von Bayruth, who, on account of his beauty and his remarkably knightly virtues, was called Albert Achilles. With him the young war-loving soldier had lived after his own heart, and had also become very dear to the German Achilles, first by his skill in the tournament, and afterwards by the many proofs he had given in real battle of his death-despising love of glory.

"It must have been very hard for you to have parted from him," said Leutwalt to his friend.

"Indeed it was," replied Reginald, "but what was to be done. When the Master assembled his army to fight against our dear mother, the holy, free Imperial city of Nuremberg, I buckled up my knapsack, fastened my saddled horse to the ring of the door, guided on my sword, and in God's name mounted the stairs to my dear master, saying, you have been a good master to me, but notwithstanding, I must use, even against

you, the art you have yourself taught me.

"I had expected the mighty Achilles would have been somewhat angry, as his custom is sometimes; but he smiled gently, looked down and said, 'You are a brave young man.' He was then again silent, touched the great sword, adorned with gold, which is always at his side, and said, 'with this sword I would gladly have made you a knight in due time. Now, when it meets you, let your bearing be such, that you may with honor come under its stroke, it will then be for your good, whether it touch you with its flat side or its sharp point, whether for life or death.'

"He then saluted me solemnly, after his own agreeable manner, and my heart was deeply moved when I left his presence. But now that I am within our borders, and still more since I have met you, my heart is as light again as ever. Are you all ready here? It is high time you were."

"That we well know," said Leutwalt. "Come even this day to the house of the old counsellor Scharf. There is a gay dinner there. You will become better acquainted with things, and will find it very pleasant." The friends again embraced each other in great glee, and leading the horse, they entered the city, singing from full hearts and in deep tones their warlike lays.

At the house of the honorable counsellor, Adam Scharf, there was an assembly of brave men of the Imperial city, of all ages. Some with white heads bowed down, looking back upon their past noble deeds, and forward from these to a glorious grave; others, again, in the noon-tide of life, high and resolute of heart, and very many others with sprouting beards and springing hopes, with roses on their cheeks and roses in their hearts. Among these, the two young men, Reginald and Leutwalt, were heartily welcomed, and if the one

was saluted kindly on account of his noble verse, yet the guests greeted not less gladly the knightly trained pupil of their brave enemy, the German Achilles.

They were seated at the feast. The cup passed briskly round, nothing was spoken of but the exhilarating dangers of the approaching war. Reginald had much to say, and they all listened willingly, because he could tell of their glorious enemy; and as the great Achilles appeared in the eyes of Reginald as a glorious, a consecrated Sword of Princes, his speech constantly turned upon the sword set in gold, of the great Achilles, so that he created, not only in his own heart, but in those of all present, a longing after this highly famed, chivalrous weapon. Many of the young men of the Imperial city, made a vow silently in their hearts, either to win it or fall beneath it; and only the more grave manners of the older men prevented them from joining aloud in the vow. At last old Adam Scharf asked Leutwalt for the song of the banner, and as the latter replied that it was ready, they all besought him to sing it, and he began in the following manner:

Fair maidens' hands have wrought it,
Stout soldiers' hands have brought it,
For our holiest rights we lift it high.
They have given it their blessings, the grave and the old,
And proud Nuremberg's banner floats to the sky,
Pure, fair, and free, in every fold,
And beneath it we fight, we conquer, or die.

The three last lines were repeated by the whole company, and now arose such impatience to see the banner, which had not yet been exhibited to any, and in presence of the holy ensign to sing the other words of the song, that Adam Scharf said, "I think the young women must have completed the embroidery and the trimming," and invited his guests to follow him, while he explained to Reginald, that his daughter and other honorable maidens, had been preparing a new city banner for this campaign, and were now employed in the apartment of the women, in completing it.

It was a charming sight to behold, when they entered the spacious, well-ordered apartment, and perceived the delicate young ladies seated around the large white drapery, and busily employed, some of them in sewing on the golden fringe, some of them in completing the border, for the banner itself was all finished, and the grave imperial eagle looked up from the silken ground work, with the golden rays surrounding his two heads, and the sword and Imperial apple in his talons, of gigantic size, and of deepest black. Directing the whole work, and at the same time diligently furthering it with her own tender hands, sat at the head of it, Elizabeth Scharf, the only child of the counsellor, one of those forms which the pencils of our old

artists were so fond of sketching, and which foreigners of all nations would sorely envy us, if they were able to appreciate their beauty.

As the men with old Adam Scharf at their head entered the apartment, the maidens arose from their work, and retreated a few steps, to give room to those who were to defend the banner with their blood, and might color it, perhaps, with that purple dye, to examine it. The men stood earnestly and silently gazing upon it, and meditating upon future events, and internally wondering whether the Achilles, by whom they were now threatened, would play the same game with their good native city, which the one of old did with Troy. Each resolved with himself never to survive such a fate, and young and old joined hands, like a chain through which shot an electric spark, and surrounded the sacred tissue. The girls stood behind them, with their delicate white little hands all modestly folded in the same position, so that all around, between two glowing masculine faces, with sparkling eyes appeared a quiet, softly-praying maiden's countenance, with its long sunken eyelashes. Behind Reginald and Leutwalt, who were not unwilling to be so separated, stood Elizabeth Scharf, and the two young soldiers could not help sometimes looking back from the inspiring texture, upon the still more inspiring fair one.

The old counsellor now made a signal to the singer, saying, "Now go on with the song, my dear friend; God knows this is the right time." And Leutwalt raised his voice and sang —

Amid sweet flowers an eagle grew,
And in their fragrance drew his breath;
The storm of war he now must know,
Must hear the sounds of war and death.
For proud Nuremberg's banner floats to the sky,
Pure, fair and free, it waves on high;
And beneath it we fight, we conquer, or die.

And all repeated the three last lines with sparkling eyes. Then Leutwalt sung farther.

This eagle, comrades brave and dear,
In battle's front must lift his head,
With its fair fold your hearts to cheer,
Or see, perhaps, your life-blood shed.
For proud Nuremberg's banner floats to the sky,
Pure, fair and free, it waves on high,
And beneath it we fight, we conquer, or die.

The men repeated again the three last lines, and then embraced each other, with glowing cheeks and weeping eyes, and silently returned to their homes. But the maidens again resumed their labors, and while the tears fell from their eyes, they sang the following hymn to the Virgin.

Virgin Mother, pity take
On our native city fair,
For thy son, our Saviour,
Make this favored spot
'Tis thy garden, from
Lovelier spot thou

Sweeter flowers, nor purer air,
Through the empire's mighty round.
Mary, Mother, turn away
Hostile sword, and battle cry;
Grant us still our peaceful day,
Underneath thy gentle eye.

While they thus sung, the work was entirely finished, and the maidens separated. With many gentle wishes and hearty amens upon their trembling lips, they went to prepare for the festival of the consecration of the banner, which was to take place the next day.

The next morning early, men and women of every rank were assembled in the cathedral for the consecration of the banner. All hearts were lifted to the God of princes, and the noble drapery came from the consecrating hand of the priests, as from a sanctuary. Nine young men of acknowledged worth, taken from the most respectable families, came before the altar, and drew lots from the priests, to decide to whom this ensign of the honor of the army was to be entrusted. Reginald and Leutwalt were of this number. How high beat the hearts of the young, the honorable, the virtuous, with the desire to be the bearers of the holy eagle which was now threatened with glorious danger. Leutwalt, the poet, had the most quiet and gentle bearing of all; for sweet poetry cherishes in the hearts of her pupils, her fairest flowers; even humility and divine gentleness. Reginald's soul, on the contrary, swelled with impatience and desire; for in the school of the German Achilles, he had learned other lessons than those his friend had studied, at the feet of the poet. Moreover, he glowed with the most mighty love towards the fair mistress who had wrought the banner, Elizabeth Scharf; and he thought that he only, who stood in the first place, might win and deserve the first beauty of the city. But the lots rolled, and the banner sunk from the hand of the priest into the right hand of the blushing poet. Reginald was almost angry, and yet could not but feel shame at his own bitter emotion, when he saw how quietly and sweetly, with what holy gentleness his friend advanced under the wings of the floating eagle; so that one was tempted to think of the Lamb with the standard of heaven, as it appears in holy mystical paintings, and on ancient coins.

The seriousness of the festival was changed toward evening, and a dancing party took place in the council hall. Then came the young damsels of the city, clad in their most tasteful and richest dresses, and the young men also, attired in their best, and made a graceful circuit round the hall, to the glorious music of various instruments. There were also the honorable elders and matrons, and after these had placed themselves as spectators about the hall, the young people were permitted to form themselves

into dancing parties. While they for a time moved about the hall in couples, Leutwalt had been the partner of the fair Elizabeth Scharf, an honor which was bestowed on him to-day, from his sacred office of standard bearer. Reginald remained sad and solitary in a corner. But no sooner had the more active dancing began, than Leutwalt bowed modestly to his fair companion, and said, "It would be unfair to restrain your delicate lightness by my awkwardness: may I conduct you to a noble friend, who better understands the dance? I will go where I belong, to join the musicians. Then I may hope to improve what I should only spoil by my presence here." And when they reached the spot where Reginald was standing, he placed, with a kind and delicate gesture, the hand of the fair one in that of his friend, and went up to the orchestra, where he adapted the music so perfectly to the dance, and looked down so graciously upon the whirl below, particularly when Reginald and Elizabeth passed before him, that he might have been taken for one of the angelic choir.

The friend and the fair one, meantime, fell into a light animated conversation, or rather Reginald spoke, and Elizabeth listened, with her lovely eyes cast down, and her fair, glowing cheeks, and such an angelic smile playing about her lovely mouth, that Reginald forgot even the banner in far sweeter hopes. Thus the evening passed away, and one look of Elizabeth, at parting, threw a whole garland of blooming roses of joy about the heart of the young man.

But the fair girl had a sensible and loving mother, and in such faithful eyes she saw clearly mirrored what was passing in the pure heart of the maiden. All had gone to rest in the house of the counsellor, when the matron arose, and threw around her a cloak and coif, and stepped gently to the little chamber where her blooming daughter reposed; that she was not yet asleep, she knew full well. She saluted the dear child kindly, put down her lamp, and seated herself on the foot of the bed. They then entered into a confidential conversation, in a low tone, and as the fair Elizabeth, with blushes more than words, but yet honestly and heartily, acknowledged that the youthful Reginald was not indifferent to her, her mother told her, as unreservedly, that she was already a betrothed bride, with her father's will and word — and that it was to her first partner on the previous evening, the noble poet Leutwalt, the loved and honored friend of their house. "My father's word is sacred as my honor," said Elizabeth; and though she was now as pale as she had before been red, yet a heavenly cheerfulness shone from her large blue eyes. She gratefully kissed her mother's hand, and when the good lady had left the

chamber, two warm tears made their way down the cheeks of the maiden. But a silent, fervent prayer was not without avail—the pure heart again beat tranquilly, quickly and almost joyfully; the pious child fell asleep, and angels did their blessed office in her dreams.

The night passed differently with the brave Reginald. He slept hardly at all, or if he at times slept and dreamed, Elizabeth's heavenly figure rose ever before him, and he started up to embrace her. In such sleepings and wakings the morning dawned upon him.

The trumpets sounded through the streets, the oboes sent out their piercing tones. The army assembled in order on the plain without the walls; and that the day might be distinguished, the city gave a great parting feast, at which the daughters of the most noble families were to prepare and offer to the young warriors the parting cup. Reginald had never so gaily assisted in the ordering of the troops, never so willingly arranged the weapons; for he can only understand and heartily enjoy the pleasures of war, and the tones of martial music, who bears in his heart an adored charmer, or the recollection of one.

How high beat the heart of the proud youth, when, seated at the table, he saw Elizabeth Scharf approach him to fill his cup. At this moment the German Achilles seemed to him too weak, and his golden knightly sword too small to deserve such a saint. But when Elizabeth bent over him with her earnest look, saying, "You receive your draught from a betrothed bride, dear sir," and when he read in her features the immeasurable change which had come over it since the preceding evening, and when he saw how she turned from him and walked away to a distance, his courage failed him, he dared not approach her to say even one little word, and the joy in which, since last night, he had lived, was changed into the most bitter, the most lasting sorrow.

When all the joy and splendor of the feast had passed away, dark and unmeaning to Reginald, and every one had taken his place in the army, the young man resolved to make one more struggle for a better fortune. He went to the honorable Adam Scharf, and addressed to him the following words:

"My worthy sir, you have, as I know, betrothed your fair daughter to a young man"—

"Yes, that have I done," replied Adam Scharf, "and who has a right to question the act?"

"One who would fain win her for himself," said Reginald. "I think the condition should be that, for the sake of his love, he should conquer the charmed dragon."

"The dragon, yes," said Adam Scharf. "But the father who has once promised his

child to a brave man, may not break his word even to the German Achilles. That is the old rule."

"And if one should bring home the sword of the German Achilles?"

"The city must reward him for it, and certainly it would do so. But the father's child remains the property of her betrothed; and therefore, my young master, good night. There is no use in talking longer about matters which cannot be changed—and now, with great friendship and consideration, and with reference to to-morrow's march, farewell."

And then the old man very politely opened the door before his guest, and Reginald, half angry, half obediently, and all despairingly, took his departure.

Far differently, than early the day before he had anticipated, did he join the gigantic army in the field. To be sure he now knew nothing better than combat and battle, partly because it was his element, and the wounded fish desires the water as much as the sound one, but partly because for the first time in his young existence, death smiled upon him, as something desirable and agreeable.

As soon as they were at such a distance from the city as no longer to hear the sound of parting well-wishers and escorting friends, Reginald rode up to his friend Leutwalt, desiring, under the shade of the banner which Elizabeth's hands had embroidered, to bewail to him his passion for that fair maiden, and his longing for death. But he could not find words sad enough for his sorrow in the presence of the young poet, whose eyes were sparkling with silent bliss, and at last Leutwalt said to him in childlike simplicity, "There is no cavalier in this army more happy than I am, dear Reginald, for she who fashioned this banner, is my bride. Her father has promised her to me, and I trust, by my warlike courage, and poetic gifts, to win the favor of my inspiring Elizabeth. Do I not fight and sing for a noble prize? If we return from the war, and I have done any thing, which God grant I may, that will give me courage to tell her how dear she is to my heart." Reginald now for the first time felt his whole misery, for he dared not indulge another wish. He said only, "So then, Elizabeth is your bride, — mine shall be the stroke of the Margrave Albert's knightly sword." And he rode on in silence to meet the enemy.

But the war did not take so sudden and fearfully decisive character as Reginald had wished. The knightly sword of the great Achilles did not light them immediately to victory or death, but, sparkling at a distance, it described an almost magical circle, threatening rather than striking, so that for a long time it was impossible to discover what was the intention of the dreaded warlike prince.

There was little fighting done at this time, and these contests were far too unimportant for an honor-seeking bridegroom, or an unhappy, death-desiring lover.

It happened, after long marches in different directions, that a messenger came suddenly from the city of Nuremberg, who reported that the Achilles might immediately be expected at their gates, and that he was approaching by strong and rapid marches. Orders were brought to the army to return immediately home, to maintain and protect the hearths of their fathers. Without rest or repose, they hastened directly back to the protection of their dear mother city; and though it seemed incredible that the Margrave could have made so much advance toward the city, yet the object was too dear to every one to allow them to omit any effort in returning as soon as possible, desiring much rather to do too much, than by delay, to fall short of the desired end.

In the evening, when the shades of night had already fallen, they reentered the walls of the free Imperial city. Fatigue of horses and men called all to immediate and deep repose, and because the brave warriors felt strength and courage for the defence of their homes, the feeling of security in the lap of their well guarded mother city, lulled them gently to sleep.

But scarcely had the morning dawned in the east, when riders came hastening from the outposts, with crowds rushing after them. "The enemy, the enemy," cried all—and horns sounded from the towers, and trumpets from the streets, and the red standards floated from the wards and roofs, and displayed their colors in the uncertain morning light. The Achilles was not far from the city, and those who till now had thought little of Troy and destruction, felt in the fearful hour of morning, some alarm at being waked from their slumbers by these words of terror, which sent such fearful thoughts through their souls. Every thing hummed and heaved in the city, up and down; women wept, children screamed, commanders were shouting, boys and men were swearing, no army could be organised and no one left the gates. Leutwalt stood meantime with the city banner, bright and pure as ever, on the marketplace, not far from the house of Adam Scharf, and the Imperial Eagle floated gaily above his head in the morning breeze.

Then sprung Adam Scharf from his doorway, and said to him, "Go out with the standard, son-in-law, the enemy is not so near as our people think, and we must maintain the plain without, we are too much confined within the walls. If the banner is without, the others will soon follow. Out with Leutwalt, all who are young and of good courage. We must here for once go out of the common course!" And Leut-

walt made his gallant horse spring like thunder over the stones, while he joyfully cried out, "Here is the banner! Here is Nuremberg!" The young men who were near, followed him under Reginald, and thus they left the gates, passed over the bridge, through cornfields and meadows, to the plain which had been designated, where they stopped and gazed upon the approaching enemy with warlike ardor.

The young knights might have ridden too fast, for there were only sixteen, including Reginald, who had kept up with the banner. Opposite to them, lay the squadrons of knights and footsoldiers, still at a distance, but in great numbers, and forming themselves rapidly into battle array, with their long lances stretching up like a forest, and amid threatening clouds of dust. But those who were to join the banner from the city, were still but a little way from the gates, and hardly visible across the fields. Leutwalt said to his companions, who were measuring with uncertain glances the space before and behind them, "We will remain here till our friends arrive. If we have ridden too fast we may have to bleed for it, but if the banner of the city should turn in flight, it would rob all who follow us of courage, and their warlike ardor would be extinguished at a blow." To this all agreed, and remained firm while Reginald ascended a hillock to see whether they could be here cut off.

He reached the height, and perceived not a threatening army, but a single cavalier, who advanced slowly on a high spirited horse, he himself being of large stature, and splendidly attired in a complete suit of burnished armor, with an ample crest of plumes on his head; and as he turned his neck like an eagle with proud bearing, now on one side and then on the other, to take into his sharp glance the situation of the battle field, and again slowly advanced, all alone, entirely careless of himself, thinking only of the position of the army, he exhibited so much of the character of a Prince of Hohenzollern, that Reginald could no longer doubt that the German Achilles was before him, his great, his terrible master. "Oh welcome morning, a glorious death, or an unexpected victory," cried the ardent youth mentally, while he drew closer his helmet, seized his weapon with spasmodic strength, and though his youthful heart beat at the near approach, and he was awed by the fully harnessed, gigantic, heroic knight, yet honor and the despair of love rejoiced within him. He pressed the left spur into his horse, and sprung forward in good order upon the Hohenzollern.

But the latter suddenly spurred on, as if in mighty inspiration, his snow white steed, and like lightning shot forward, not to meet the expecting youth, but directly toward the floating banner in the midst of the fifteen

who were surrounding it. Reginald gazed a moment like a man when he sees a sudden leap made over ditches or rocks. There sat the Hohenzollern in the midst of the group, many weapons rung and rattled over his harness and helmet, but his immense sword struck here and there like lightning. Here fell a cavalier, there hung another upon his saddle, stunned, there rolled an unriden horse on his side, there sprang another, bleeding and frightened, and bearing his rider back into the city. The followers of the Margrave shouted from afar after their master, and hastened after the solitary hero. Reginald sprang to the banner. He reached the place of combat, the Achilles with his powerful steed had pressed the horse of Leutwalt to the earth, those of the fifteen who were not slain, stood gazing as if under a charm. But Leutwalt held the staff of the banner fast with the strength of despair. Reginald sprang to him on the left side, and dealt the Margrave a blow on his left arm, with which he had seized the staff, and cried in wild inspiration, "Now death, or thy sword, Achilles." The powerful weapon was already brandished over the head of Reginald, but the rich plumes of his helmet checked the stroke, it snapped back, and Reginald remained untouched. Then a cry arose from the prostrate Leutwalt, "Lord Jesus, he is riding away with the banner; help who help may." "Elizabeth's banner," cried Reginald, and seized, regardless of any other danger, the staff. "Young men," shouted the Margrave, "give way." Twice fell like lightning the angry sword, and the two rolled bleeding on the ground, and the hand of the conqueror raised the two-headed eagle high above his crest. The troops of the Margrave came up, and followed their Achilles with shouts to meet the advancing Nurembergers.

The skirmish had long been over, when the two young men raised their wounded heads. "Have you the banner?" each at the same moment, asked the other, and then sunk fainting back upon the dewy flowers of the meadow. After a time, Leutwalt again raised himself, saying, "Art thou sleeping, Reginald? I fear it is the last sleep." "No," said Reginald; "but it is not far off; my wounded head pains me sorely." "I have no pain," said Leutwalt; "but am tired as after a night of dancing; a pleasant fatigue. What dost thou think? are we not dying a beautiful death? It seems to me, that here is almost the very spot where we met when you came here from your Achilles; now the Achilles has sent us both home." "If the banner were not lost!" sighed Reginald; "Elizabeth's banner!" "We kept it as long as we could," said Leutwalt. "The good God will give us each a better one in Paradise, woven of the rosy dawn,

and the blue of midnight, with the sun's brightness, and the moon's fair beams, embroidered with many, many starry flowers; O, ye fair flowers."

The voice of the young man ceased. Reginald raised himself, and perceived by the sweet smile which played about his lips, that his loving, child-like spirit, was even then leaving his pure body. In grief at the death of his friend, and the loss of the banner, and burning with the fever of his wounds, Reginald sank back, fainting and motionless, upon his bloody couch.

The skirmish was meantime, over; Margrave Albert, seeing that the city was too strong, and the garrison too courageous to be taken by a sudden storm, contented himself with driving his antagonists within the gates, and then went, with the vanquished banner, and the glory of a day of victory, to perform other deeds of valor. The citizens and peasants came out to look for the dead and wounded, and bore the two friends, one already dead, and the other hardly alive, back into the city.

When, at intervals, Reginald awoke from the delirium of fever, caused by the wounds in his head, it seemed to him that he was lying in a spacious apartment; often, even, he thought that Elizabeth was sitting at the head of his couch, smoothing his pillow with her fair hands, or reaching him his medicine, or binding his wounded head. He smiled with transport, and returned thanks to God, that such charming images were sent him in his delirium. "Why am I better than others?" said he aloud; "who, when they are wounded, see evil spirits about their beds, while angels appear to me."

But more and more did he arouse from his stupor, and clearer and clearer dawned upon the eyes of Reginald, the large chamber at the Counsellor's, and at last, really, and without doubt, appeared the celestial, blushing figure of the young lady.

But happy as the young man felt in his restoration, yet his warlike honor first claimed its right. He asked of his beloved the fate of the banner. Deeper grew the blushes of the honorable lady of Nuremberg, and a gentle "lost," came unwillingly from her fair lips, quivering with grief.

"I dare not ask for Leutwalt," sighed Reginald; and the patient and his nurse shed bitter tears over the grave of long-enduring friendship. In the tenderness of his grief, the young man took the hand of the maiden, hid his glowing face in it, and felt with astonishment, that Elizabeth made no effort to withdraw her hand. In amazement, he looked up into her beloved, angelic face. He seemed to read there, that he might hope every thing; yet he did not dare to risk a single word. But the question hovered so beseechingly in his eyes and about his lips,

that Elizabeth at last said, with downcast eyes, and her face half averted — "could a young girl nurse a young man in this manner, Reginald, if she were not his bride? My father has made the vow, that it should be thus, in case of your recovery."

Then was the heart of the young man filled, as with the realization of a youthful dream. Now he retained the fair left hand, and covered it with kisses, while with her right Elizabeth timidly pressed his forehead and his cheek, over which the glow of returning health was just beginning to spread itself.

The ringing of spurs, and a man's step was heard upon the stair. The door opened, and Albert Achilles entered, with old Adam Scharf. "O, God, then I have again been dreaming," sighed Reginald, and strove to hide his face in the pillows. "Why dreaming?" asked the Margrave. "I have made peace with your native city, young man, and have come here to be present at your betrothal. I will come again to your marriage feast, when you have entirely recovered from the wound of my sword."

The glorious sword rattled at the side of the knight, and Elizabeth timidly drew back from it; but Reginald joyfully raised himself at the well-known sound. Then said

Albert Achilles, "give me your hands, young, lovely pair; I would place on them the ring of betrothal." But Elizabeth stepped back, and said softly in the ear of her honored mother, who had meantime entered, "Shall I be betrothed by the hand, which seized the banner of our free Imperial city?"

The Achilles heard the words, and answered, "That I took the banner, fair maiden, was the work of a brave soldier; that I return it, is that of a free-hearted prince. Because your bridegroom defended it so bravely, I, to-morrow, send it back to your cathedral."

Adam Scharf heartily embraced his son-in-law, and his manly tears fell at the sight of his wounds; but Elizabeth, with a grateful and humble reverence, reached her fair hand to the Margrave, and while the latter exchanged the rings of betrothal, he said,

"Young knight, I well know that you and another have desired to win my sword. This time, the sword you would have seized, has come to you for good. It has helped the one to heaven, the other to his bride. But, remember in future, the gifts of the swords of princes are solemn, and their burden is heavy."

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLES T. CONGDON.

I.

Another long and weary day
Of heavy hours, and hardening sin,
Of plodding on life's thorny way,
Of ceaseless strife, and deafening din,
Has passed, and now my spirit may
One hour of grateful quiet win.

II.

'T is hard to join the jostling throng,
The crowds, that ever onward press;
'T is hard as I am borne along,
To suit their whim, my face to dress;
'T is hard to bear their biting wrong,
And harder yet their false caress.

III.

O, it is misery far above
The smiting of Death's icy hand,
To live with men one cannot love,

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

With men who cannot understand
That aught the human heart should move,
Save lust of power, or gold, or land.

IV.

Alone! alone! and e'er alone,
With many men on either side!
How jars the world's complacent tone
Upon the sad heart's sceptred pride,
That hides the woe it dare not own,
Lest janglers scoff, and fools deride.

V.

And so each morn disturbs our rest
And calls us from oblivious joy;
Dissolveth dreams that made us blest,
And gives the doleful world's annoy,
And we must steel the aching breast
For servile shame, and base employ.

VI.

But now, when on the slumbering earth
Looks down the sky with stars besprent,
I will not sleep; — great thoughts have birth
Through vigils, at such hour, intent;
When passed is toil and idle mirth,
And wisdom from yon worlds is sent.

VII.

The shepherds once on dew-wet green
Reclined, and read your mighty lore,
Ye glistening stars, while space between
Books and the readers seemed nigh o'er,
And earth became a heavenly scene,
And Heaven seemed far away no more.

VIII.

And if I sit and watch your fires,
Though far away their light may burn,
Perhaps good thoughts, and great desires
May to this empty breast return,
And lessons, hymned on heavenly wires,
This vexed and wayward heart may learn.

IX.

Then sacred be this teacher — Night,
More sacred than the sunniest day;
I'll quaff the gentle stars' delight,
Until they pale in morning's ray,
And chide the dawn's unwelcome sight,
That calls me to Life's wordly way.

THE MANIAC MAID.

A TALE OF THE TYROL.

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

EARLY in the rosy month of June we reached Innsbruck. I had been strongly advised not to visit the Tyrol; but an unfortunate attachment to my own way led me to disregard the counsel, and, for once, my own way was right. Alas, gentle reader, it has not been always so. On the threshold of life we are ever disposed to assume the reins of our own conduct, especially in travelling through foreign lands; we do not like to traverse them in leading strings. It was this feeling of self-will that induced me to separate from our party, which consisted of nine, four of whom accompanied me, while the other four were left to wander where they chose, and seek pleasure in their own way.

Though the Tyrol may be called the next door neighbor to Switzerland, it is seldom visited by the traveller; while Switzerland is annually traversed by hundreds of our tourists. The reason of this may be, that a good portion of Switzerland lies on the great high road into Italy, and is easy of access on the side of France and Germany; while the Tyrol lies off the great road, and leads to no place; is not easy of access, and must be sought for itself or remain unseen. It is not reached without toil and inconvenience; as the traveller must either go round a part of Bavaria and cross the Bavarian Alps, or through the Grison valleys of the Engadine, and be content with the most miserable accommodation. But he is richly rewarded for his toil and privation on reaching Innsbruck; to say nothing of the serpentine river Inn and its beautiful valleys, which are entirely shut out by a lofty chain of mountains from the lower, or Italian Tyrol, the only road to which is over Mount Brenner, said to be elevated six thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Tyrol much resembles Switzerland. There is the same sublime scenery, and lofty mountains covered with perpetual snows and ice; the same contrast of the terrific and the beautiful; and nothing can be more romantic than the road over Mount Brenner, along the Adige.

Innsbruck, though small, is a beautiful town, and possesses many objects of interest. The tomb of Maximilian I. in the cathedral church of the Holy Cross, is alone worth a pilgrimage on foot to see. This monument

occupies a considerable portion of the nave of the church. It consists of a sarcophagus of black and white marble, some six or seven feet high, and ten or twelve in length, surmounted by a bronze statue of the Emperor kneeling, with his face towards the altar; and around this magnificent tomb stand twenty-eight statues in bronze, somewhat larger than life, of kings and princes in their royal robes, queens in state attire, and warriors in coats of mail. It is impossible to describe the effect produced on the mind by a visit to this spot in the gloom and stillness of evening. A holy calm steals over the senses; our thoughts are imperceptibly led to that bright world where no monument records our deeds of fame, where the prince and the beggar stand alike in His presence, who asks not if a marble tomb or a sod of the valley covers their mortal remains. All seems to convey this uncarved truth: Stranger, what the great Maximilian is, thou soon shalt be.

As I turned from the imperial mausoleum to view the statues of the Catholic saints, of which the church contains twenty-three, and one, in pure silver, of the Holy Virgin, I saw, kneeling before the latter, a female fantastically dressed. On her arm hung a basket filled with flowers; on her head she wore a coronet woven tastefully of green rushes, or the long grass peculiar to the country. The dress of the Tyrolese is beautiful in its simplicity at all times; but she was dressed, as it seemed, with peculiar care and neatness. She was, perhaps, five and twenty; majestic in her appearance, and, I could see, had been exceedingly beautiful. "It is poor Amina," said the son of our host, an intelligent boy who had accompanied us, as I turned to him. "She comes every evening to strew flowers on the grave of her lover. He rests under yon blue flag, close by the tomb of Andrew Hofer; and fell fighting by his side. She is perfectly harmless, and, at times, you would scarcely think that she is mad." As he spoke, she turned and saw us. After gazing some time, like a timid fawn, she advanced. Peering cautiously into the faces of my companions, and giving a smile of recognition to our boy-guide, she laid her hand gently on my arm, and, turning on me her eyes, in which the wild glance of a wandering mind might be seen blent with the subdued look that ever

accompanies one who has known sorrow's dark sovereignty, led me towards the spot the boy had mentioned. "Hush!" she whispered, "hush! he sleeps. Tell your friends to tread lightly, or they will disturb his rest, and chase away the angels who guard his slumbers. I come every day to strew here the flowers he used to love, and pray the Virgin that good spirits may guard and love him—but they can never love him with a love like mine!—Oh, my poor brain," she said, as she pressed her hands upon her temples, "my poor brain has never been right since they murdered him. Have you ever worshipped an idol?" she asked, as she fixed her wild eyes upon me, "made it your world! the spring of your existence! your sun that gilded every scene? and had it snatched forever from your sight? If you have, you can feel for poor Amina. This stone covers her world. The tyrants slew him,—slew him in all his manly beauty, and left me to loneliness and sorrow. Do you weep for me? for poor Amina? Oh, there are kind hearts in the world now! But what avail kind hearts when he is gone? I often wish I could weep. My eye-balls burn, but I can shed no tear." Then, gazing in my face, with a look I shall never forget, she sung:

"Sweet Inn! thy green valleys
Were blooming and fair,
And all nature wore smiles
When my Henry was there;
But the trumpet's shrill sound
Called my own one to war,
And soon mid the slain lay
My heart's guiding star.

"Now often I think,
As the pale lamp of night
Sheds o'er me its radiance
Of calm mellow light,
That in some bower of bliss,
In that planet afar,
Will Amina again meet
Her heart's guiding star."

"Do you not think," she said, after she had finished her song, "that those who have loved here will meet again in the bright bowers above, where all is love and peace?"

"I do not doubt it," I replied.

"You are good and kind," she said, "and Amina thanks you and wishes you happy; but your heart is too light, and your eye too bright, to escape the whirlwind of feeling and the tear of sorrow. Amina has become wise since she became foolish; and she has marked that Providence ever deals to the light heart its portion of sorrow, and to the bright eye its portion of tears." Reader, Amina prophesied truly. Thinking to lure her from the spot, I asked her if she would not walk with us. She pointed to the basket on her arm, and said, "Amina's task is not done. He would not sleep were his cold bed not

strewn with fresh flowers. Amina always gathers those he used to love. Once," she added, while the deep gloom of sorrow overshadowed her countenance, "once he used to gather them and weave garlands for Amina's hair. Those garlands are long since withered, like Amina's heart; and all she can now do is to weave garlands for his grave. No,—not his grave,—Stranger, I cannot bear to call it his grave. The grave shuts out the light of heaven; I call it his bed, his bed of rest. Oh," she added, gazing in my eyes, from which the tears fell fast at the sight of her heart-stricken wretchedness, "may it never be your lot to lose all you love, when your hopes are brightest. You have wept for poor Amina—Amina will remember you." "And I, Amina," I replied, "will remember you; and pray that God, in his infinite mercy, may lighten your darkness, and give you peace."

"Yes, there;" she replied, pointing to the grave of her lover; "there, I shall soon be at peace. And when you pass the spot, kind stranger, pause, and give one sigh to the memory of poor Amina. Now go; and the blessed Virgin guard you." I turned away and left her to pursue her task.

I took the first opportunity of inquiring of our host the story of poor Amina.

"She is," he replied, "a poor harmless creature; and, at times, seems to have more sense than many who think her mad. Her story is a sad one. I can tell it to you with some truth; for I have in my employ a servant of her father's; he lived with them at the time the circumstance took place that made her a maniac, if such she may be called. The father of Amina," he continued, "was a gentleman of considerable wealth. She was an only child, and had the misfortune to lose her mother while yet an infant. When Amina had numbered five summers, a youth was added to their family, about five years her senior. It was understood he was an orphan boy; nothing more was known of him, than that his name was Henry Reisbeck. He was a bold and daring youth, and many said he was of noble birth; be that as it may, his parentage was never known. He was treated by Amina's father like a son; educated with the same care as his own child, and treated with the same tenderness. The youthful pair loved, and their love was sanctioned by the father. A day was appointed for their nuptials. The old gentleman hoped to spend the remainder of his life in peace with his children; but vain are human hopes and human plans! In 1809, when the brave Tyrolese rose in defence of their liberty and their homes, Henry Reisbeck joined the band, and, under the banner of the patriotic Andrew Hofer, performed prodigies of valor. Hofer was but an inn-keeper, like myself," said our host, drawing

himself up to his full height ; " he was a native of Passeyer, and, though but the keeper of an inn, was a man of great spirit and good sense ; and nobly he fought the fight of liberty. Poor Henry fell by his side, covered with wounds gloriously won ; and the blow that deprived him of life, deprived Amina of reason. The hero of the Tyrol, poor Andrew Hofer, died by treachery ; betrayed by one whose sacred office it was to guard him, one who professed to teach the doctrines of the gospel. I have never," said the man, wiping away a tear, " liked the sight of a priest since. The father of Amina lived some years to witness his child's sorrow, and mourn the fate of the brave Henry. Death at last called him away, and poor Amina was left in loneliness. True, she is rich in the world's wealth, and is watched over by one who had the care of her childhood, and who guards her as a mother would a child. But Amina will not remain at her childhood's home. Innsbruck holds all that is dear to her. None offer her rudeness ; she passes harmless to her daily task—that of strewing fresh flowers on poor Henry's tomb ; and the peasants, as they kneel in reverence at the grave of Andrew Hofer, the hero of the Tyrol, give a sigh to the memory of the young hero who sleeps by his side, and drop a tear for the sorrows of poor Amina." Thus ended the tale of our host.

At day-break, next morning, we left Innsbruck ; and, as I gave a last look at the church of the Holy Cross, I whispered a prayer for poor Amina.

Three years passed—to me, three eventful years—and again I visited the Tyrol. Again, I was an inmate of the same inn. Our host was little changed ; but the boy had sprung up, almost to manhood. My first inquiry was for Amina. I learnt she had been, of late, exceedingly wild and unmanageable ; that she would leave her home and remain away for several days. Her health, they told me, was much impaired, owing to exposure and want of rest ; but that she never failed to strew flowers each evening on her lover's grave. I counted the hours anxiously, till the time I expected to see her. I felt a double sympathy for her now ; for I had held companionship with sorrow. Death, the dark tyrant that tramples on all, had snatched for ever from me the heart that loved me ; and I took a melancholy delight in visiting again each spot where the waywardness of my fancy had led me to rove under the kind glance of the eye that could never beam on me more. As sunset approached, I took my way to the church of the Holy Cross, hoping to meet Amina. All within was still as death ; and the sound of my own steps, as they reverberated through the deserted aisles, gave to my heart a feeling of awe I had never before known. I felt

that, like poor Amina, I was alone in the world—in the cold, uncharitable world—that too often judges our feelings, and our acts by its own standard ; as an unskilful miner blasts the rocks in search of wealth, and passes, as worthless, the small vein that contains the rich ore. I leant against a tomb, and wept in bitterness of sorrow. I know not how long I had remained in this state, when I became sensible that a hand was pressed on mine. I turned, not without fear ; it was Amina, the maniac maid. I pronounced her name. She looked earnestly at me ; then gave a shriek that re-echoed through the aisles ; and, clapping her hands, broke into a wild laugh that ill accorded with the solemn stillness reigning around. " Amina," I said, " do you remember me ? " " O, yes, yes," she replied, as she eagerly kissed my hand ; " you are the kind stranger who wept for poor Amina, many summers ago. Did I not say I would remember you ? Amina never forgets those who treat her kindly. But," she added, gazing mournfully on me, " you are changed—much changed. You have wept for your own sorrows since you wept for poor Amina. Did I not tell you the heavy hour would overtake the light heart, and the bright eye be dimmed with sorrow's tear ! It is ever so—it is ever so. Come," she said, gently taking my hand and leading me towards the statue of the Virgin ; " Amina will show you the way to peace. Oft when Amina's heart is too big for her bosom, and her brain on fire, she kneels here, and angels whisper peace."

Though not of her faith, I kneeled with the poor maniac ; and, as I uttered " Lord, thy will be done," felt prayer to be a balm for every ill. Often since that time, in my sojourn through the world, when friends have proved false, and foes unkind, I have, in fancy, felt the hand of the poor maniac lead me where no eye could see, and, after bending meekly before Him, who knows each secret spring of the heart, have risen from my knees, strengthened and soothed.

" Come," said Amina, as she rose ; " I have not yet performed my task. Come with me to his narrow bed, and see me strew the flowers. I always wish to be alone with him at this hour ; but my heart feels cold and chill, and the light of your kindness will cheer me."

As she went to her basket, which stood a short distance from the spot where she first joined me, I had an opportunity of seeing how much she was changed. Her eye looked more wild and sunken ; she was dressed with less care than when I saw her last ; her face was pale and thin ; and the broad death-seal, that plainly says " thou art mine," was set on every feature. I stood by with reverence, while she performed her

task — to her always a pleasant one — and wept as I thought that no kind hand might strew flowers around my grave; perchance, no eye hallow it with a tear. I left the church with Amina, as the thick shades of twilight were curtaining the lofty mountains. We parted at the door of the inn, with the promise of meeting on the morrow.

As I sat at breakfast, the following morning, a servant informed me that Margerette, the faithful attendant of Amina, wished to see me. I desired him to admit her, and a woman of about fifty years of age entered. After many apologies for troubling me, she informed me that Amina had passed a very bad night; that the frenzy had left her in a quiet state about day-dawn; since which time she had called incessantly on the stranger who had pitied and promised to meet her. "I was unwilling to intrude," said she, "but she has asked me so often to seek and bring you to her, that I at last consented to bear her message."

"I will accompany you instantly," I said, as I threw on my hat; and in fifteen minutes I stood by the bedside of Amina. She seemed in a calm slumber. I noticed that the room was strewn with the fragments of garments which had been torn by the poor sufferer while in an unmanageable state. Her features were pinched and her lips colorless. She looked like a passing spirit, about to throw off her earthly load, and ascend to realms of bliss. "Margerette," she seemed to whisper in her sleep, "Margerette, did you find the stranger?"

"The stranger is here, my child," said the kind nurse.

"Ah!" she said, starting, and half raising herself in the bed, as she extended her hand to me, and sank again on the pillow, "I knew you would come; for you are kind, and have pitied me. Time was when pity fell like burning coals on my brain, and I could have crushed any one who would say 'poor Amina.' But your pity came like the zephyr's breath distilled into a tear; I will bear it with me whither I go, and welcome you with it at the gates of paradise."

I knew from her language and manner,

that her senses were perfect, and believed it to be the light of reason, that ever dawns on a benighted mind before it throws off mortality. Suddenly calling Margerette, she asked, "Where does my father rest?"

"In your native village, in the valley of Passeyer," Margerette replied.

"It is true, then, he is dead," sighed Amina. "My father! my poor father! sorrow has made me forgetful even of thee!" Turning her eyes on me, and motioning for my hand, which I placed in hers, she said, "Stranger, have you a father?" I sobbed aloud. She had touched the chord that awoke me to a sense of my loneliness; for, alas, I had lost mine since I first met her. "Pardon me," she said, faintly, "pardon me. You have lost him. And I, I whom you pitied, have given you pain. But, promise me, and I will know, if you give your promise, you will keep it; promise me, when I pass from hence, which will be soon, very soon, that you will see me laid in the grave with my murdered Henry, and have the remains of my father placed by my side."

"I promise, Amina," I said; "your wishes shall be obeyed."

"The Virgin bless you!" she faintly replied; "the Virgin bless you! — I suppose I leave enough for Margerette's wants. All I have is hers. Poor Margerette," she said, "I have caused her much sorrow. Now raise me, and let me look, for the last time, on the church wherein I shall soon rest." We raised her, and, unclosing the curtains, we could see the rays of the sun fall upon the spires of the church of the Holy Cross. She gazed long and anxiously upon it. "I shall never again," she murmured, "strew flowers around his cold bed. I shall never again see that bright sun; but, I shall be with him — with him — my destiny's star, that set, and left me in darkness and sorrow. It is dark now. The sun shines no longer. I am cold — cold — and dark — all is dark. Angels beckon me. Father! — Henry — I am with you." Her head dropped on my shoulder; a slight tremor shook her frame, and Amina, the maniac maid, was at rest.

THE HERMITAGE OF CANDOO.

AN EASTERN TALE.

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

THE following Poem may be considered, so far as the substance is concerned, as a sort of literary curiosity. The fable on which it is founded, is an episode in a Sanscrit work, entitled the *Brahma Purana*, supposed to be, at least, as ancient as the period of the Trojan war. The tale is, therefore, the oldest specimen of comic poetry known to be extant. The translation from the original Sanscrit was made by the late M. de Chézy, one of the greatest oriental scholars of his time in France, and read by him at a public meeting of the French Academy. The manuscript was afterwards communicated to the Baron Augustus W. von Schlegel, Professor of Oriental Literature at the University of Bonn, on the Rhine, by whom it was translated into German, and published in a periodical work called the *Indian Library*. The French translation of M. de Chézy has, we believe, never been published; the German one of Schlegel has been used for the present purpose. We are not aware that the tale has appeared in any form in England.

The plot turns upon the well-known principle of the Indian mythology, which supposed, that by a sufficiently long and severe course of penance and sacrifice, a man might acquire superhuman powers, and even obtain, in time, a right to a seat in the Celestial Synod, in

which case some one of the previous tenants was under the necessity of vacating his place in order to make room for the new comer. The gods could not, of course, look with much satisfaction upon the efforts of these candidates for admission into the sacred college, and were in the habit of throwing in their way such temptations as they thought most likely to interrupt the course of their devout exercises, and thus frustrate their plans. These ideas, as the reader will recollect, are employed by Southey as the basis of the machinery of the *Curse of Kehama*. In the following tale they are ridiculed by the native author in a tone of pleasantry, not less pointed, but more graceful and chastened than that of the similar efforts of the Lucians, Aristos, Voltaires and Wielands of later periods. It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at, that specimens of this kind of writing, — which is one of the natural products of certain periods in the progress of opinion in all communities, — should be found among the copious remains of Sanscrit literature. It is rather more singular that a lively and pointed satire on the then prevailing superstitions should be imbedded, — so to speak, — in a bulky commentary on the sacred books; for such is the nature of the work from which the tale is extracted.*

PROLOGUE.

I.

The Grecian gods possessed their heavenly state,
(If rightly ancient bards the story tell,)
On solid tenures, fore-ordained by fate,
In modern language, indefeasible.
In order first the great Triumvirate,
That ruled the realms of ocean, earth and hell,
And under these the immortal House of Peers,
But all secure from change, by force, or lapse of years.

II.

If Jove, provoked, not without cause, (at times
The gods, God knows, were worse than indiscreet.)
Compelled some one, in penance for his crimes,
To vacate for a while his golden seat;
Tossed Vulcan headlong down to earthly climes,
Or hung out Juno, dangling by the feet;

* We regret to be obliged to omit a *literal translation* of the poem that follows, which should have formed part of this article; but the closeness of the imitation in this poem of the original Sanscrit, reconciles us in part to this course, to which we are compelled by want of space. — *Ed. Misc.*

The offender still returned, — his penance o'er, —
And all went on as smoothly as before.

III.

And when some lucky wight by special grace
Or high desert a seat among them won ;
Like that young Trojan by his blooming face,
Or by his valiant deeds Alcmena's glorious son,
The God Elect assumed an equal place,
But trenched not on the rights of any one ;
Each eye grew brighter, — every tongue ran glibber, —
To welcome the new fellow-nectar-bibber.

IV.

But customs change with climes. The Hindoo gods
Acquired and held their thrones in different guise :
Mere mortals there might reach the blest abodes
By constant penance, pain and sacrifice.
To starve, — to freeze, — to scourge one's self with rods, —
Were deeds of such esteem in Brahma's eyes,
That they would change, — if kept up long enough, —
Poor human nature to celestial stuff.

V.

But mark the rest. The Hindoo destinies,
Lest over-population should encumber
The heavens, had ordered that their deities
Should never rise above a certain number ;
And that whene'er a mortal reached the skies
By dint of pain, and loss of food and slumber,
Some former occupant, — a serious case, —
Should forthwith quit the field, and give him up his place.

VI.

In short, the Hindoo heavenly constitutions,
Although divine, were somewhat democratic,
Resembling much our modern institutions
Of Congresses or Diets diplomatic, —
Whose members, still in constant revolutions,
Pursue each other's steps in course erratic ;
As sovereigns order, or the people chooses :
And what one gains another always loses.

VII.

So stood the law. To me, I freely own,
The Grecian system seems by far the better ;
Fitted to introduce a friendly tone,
And sentiments of kindness and good-nature
'Twixt gods and men : for there each god looked down
Encouragingly on the human creature,
Who sought by noble deeds an apotheosis,
And, if he won it, felt as great a glee as his,

VIII.

Whereas the Hindoo deities beheld
With jealous eyes these lofty aspirations,
Knowing that they could never be fulfilled,
Without dislodging them from their high stations ;
And when they were reluctantly compelled
To own that men deserved such elevations,
Instead of cheering them and giving them assistance,
They left no stone unturned to keep them at a distance.

IX.

In such a case, 't was still their treacherous course
 To tempt the candidate to mirth and pleasure ;
 And could they bring him by some bright *amorce*,
 To give himself though but a moment's leisure ;
 Such was the statute's unrelenting force,
 That he was cheated of his long-sought treasure ;
 And was obliged, though after years of pain,
 To forfeit all their fruits and to start afresh again.

X.

A policy like this may seem below
 A god of honor : but 't were wrong to blame
 The Hindoo deities : the case, we know,
 Was no child's play, but life and death to them.
 What means they used to entrap a dangerous foe ; —
 What baits and snares to lure him to his shame ; —
 And how sometimes their treacherous arts prevail, —
 Is set forth briefly in the following tale :

THE HERMITAGE OF CANDOO.

I.

In Eastern climes, some thousand years ago,
 About the time when Ilion's glory fell,
 Where smooth Gomati's limpid waters flow,
 A certain CANDOO fixed his domicile.
 His food the plants that on its margin grow,
 His drink the simple elemental well,
 His holy heart untouched by carnal passion, —
 In short, a hermit after Parnell's fashion.

II.

Fair was the spot, and Candoo might have passed
 A happy life in such a hermitage,
 And felt, in sweet composure, to the last,
 The quiet of a philosophic sage ;
 For Nature all her gifts around him cast,
 To suit the taste of each succeeding age,
 And make them all serenely glide away,
 Like the calm hours of an unclouded day.

III.

What broke the charm of Candoo's residence ?
 Ambition. Candoo could not be content
 To taste the joys that courted every sense,
 And be the happy man that nature meant :
 His soul was ardent,—his desires immense,—
 And all his views on high achievements bent,—
 And Candoo thought that mere felicity
 For one like him was mortal *ennui*.

IV.

Ah Candoo ! you'll repent, perhaps too late,
 These idle dreams,—'tis labor spent in vain : —
 The man, says Horace, who can regulate
 His own desires,—whate'er his outward train,—
 Is, after all, a mightier potentate
 And one that governs a more vast domain,
 Than if the subject universe obeyed his
 Imperial sway from Mexico to Cadiz.

V.

The real goods of life are in your reach, —
 Improve them, Candoo ! ere the sense be gone ; —
 Pluck the fresh blossom,—taste the blushing peach, —
 And though a hermit, do not dwell alone !
 Invite some beauteous nymph of honied speech
 To make your little Paradise her own,
 And laugh with her in your sequestered bower
 At all the mummery of wealth and power.

VI.

To do him justice, Candoo's thoughts *did* soar
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire ;
 He did not care a straw for wealth or power,
 Titles, high rank, and all that fools admire : —
 He aimed at other objects, and far more
 Sublime : — his wishes modestly aspire
 To nothing lower than the blest abode ;
 And Candoo could not rest until he was a god.

VII.

'T is said that one may reach the Hindoo skies
 With ease, by making earth a purgatory :
 The fact, perhaps, is true, — I trust it is,
 Because it makes the basis of my story :
 But for myself, — to speak without disguise, —
 I doubt that it must be a very sorry
 Sort of divinity, that one might gain
 By suffering in the flesh a little transient pain.

VIII.

But be that as it may, his priests had said
 To Candoo, that the achievement could be done :
 And from that time he could not rest in bed
 Until the preparation was begun :
 And such a life as the poor fellow led, —
 Such scorching in the hottest noon-day sun : —
 Such fasting, — flagellating, — sacrificing : —
 Freezing and thawing : — 't was indeed surprising.

IX.

And really 't is a melancholy sight,
 To see a hearty and a healthy man,
 Striving to make himself, as if in spite
 Of fate, as miserable as he can :
 To eat and drink at meals ; — to sleep at night :
 Of course were quite forbidden by his plan :
 Such abstinence is far from gratifying ;
 But there were other matters much more trying.

X.

Sometimes, just in the hottest of the weather,
 He set at once four large wood-fires to burning,
 And stood where he could feel them all together,
 And roast himself completely without turning.
 At other times, when storms began to gather,
 And all the world for warm, dry clothes was yearning :
 Candoo would put him on a cold, wet shirt,
 And roll for hours together in the dirt.

XI.

To mention how he sate upon a spike,
 Trod on hot irons without shoe or stocking,
 Tore pieces from his live flesh, and the like,
 Were needless, and to many might be shocking.
 In short, although his enterprise will strike
 Most readers as a piece of senseless mocking,
 The zeal with which he undertook it, was,
 As men say, worthy of a better cause.

XII.

The gods at first took little note of this,
 And only sneered at such gross mummery :
 They thought it comic that a pate like his
 Should think itself marked out to rule the sky.
 But finding his achievements still increase,
 And that the thing was looking seriously,
 Indra, (1) a god more knowing than his fellows,
 Began at length to grow a little jealous.

XIII.

"Pramnocha!" (2) quoth the god with anxious mien,
 Unto the prettiest of the Hindoo graces, —
 "Pramnocha!" — I could wish her name had been
 As pretty as the poets say her face is.
 But still the two last syllables are seen,
 As Schlegel truly says, — in other places,
 And it were hypercritic to reproach a
 Sound, which is just the pure Italian *occia*.

XIV.

"Pramnocha!" — good or bad, since that's her name,
 And must be so in spite of all we can do, —
 "I don't quite like the doings of this same
 Half-crazy, self-tormenting creature Candoo.
 He'll cheat one of us of his diadem,
 There's nothing like him since the time of Pandoo; (3)
 And I must beg of you, my little beauty!
 To visit him, and bring him to his duty."

XV.

Pramnocha had a spice of coquetry,
 Like other beauties, in her composition,
 And probably was pleased at heart to be
 Despatched upon this sort of expedition :
 But then she had the graceful modesty,
 That suits a lady of such high condition,
 And thought it due to fashionable uses,
 To preface her acceptance by excuses.

XVI.

"Indeed! good Indra!" quoth the blushing fair,
 "I could obey you with the greatest pleasure,
 But really, I must say, I hardly dare
 To venture on so delicate a measure :
 The world is critical, and does not spare
 The greatest, — reputation is a treasure ;
 And common usage does not grant its permit,
 For a young maid to call upon a hermit.

XVII.

Besides ; " — and as she spoke, she cast a glance
 Bashfully down upon her well-cut boddice, —
 " I'm such a fright to-day, that complaisance
 Itself would hardly take me for a goddess : —
 And looking as I do, I stand no chance,
 Upon my word, to attract the sage's notice :
 Do, Indra, send my cousin Urvasee ;
 You know that she 's much prettier than me."

XVIII.

" Nay ! nay ! no idle talking ! " — quoth the god, —
 " 'T is thou must undertake the task, my dove !
 But take for company upon the road,
 The Spring, the Western Wind, and little Love.
 Their prattle will amuse you, and 't is odd
 If all of you are not enough to move
 The constancy of one old anchorite :
 So haste, my dear, and mount your ray of light."

XIX.

At this Pramnocha, with her fairy train,
 Took passage gaily on a solar beam,
 And soon they 'lighted on the Hindoo plain,
 Like fitting forms in some bright morning dream.
 Nor did these lovely visitants disdain
 The beauteous banks of smooth Gomati's stream ;
 But deemed them, drest in Spring's delightful guise,
 Almost a match for Indra's Paradise.

XX.

All-giving Nature poured profusely there
 In tropic wealth her gayest fruits and flowers.
 The golden Lemon scents the vernal air
 With sweetest fragrance : the Pomegranate bowers
 With scarlet blossoms glow : erect and fair
 The stately tufted Palm above them towers ;
 While fluttering round on richly painted wing,
 The feathered warblers hail the genial spring.

XXI.

And little streams to cool that garden green,
 With purest waves run gently purling through ;
 And here and there a silver lake is seen,
 O'erspread with Lotus, purple-flower'd and blue :
 While sailing slow the fragrant cups between,
 The milk-white swans their steady course pursue,
 And birds of every name disporting lave
 Their plumes, and dash around the sparkling wave.

XXII.

Charmed with the scene, Pramnocha strayed awhile
 In this fair bower, and, where the waters gleam,
 She stopped at times, and, gazing with a smile
 In the clear mirror of the glassy stream,
 " I fear," she said, " a face like this will spoil
 Our holy anchorite's ambitious dream :
 This travelling really makes one look quite blooming ;
 And then — but stay, I think I hear him coming."

XXIII.

Meanwhile the Spring, to please his partner kind,
 With brighter tints had touched each flowret fair ;
 And breathed in gentle sighs the Western wind
 A melting softness through the vernal air ;
 While little Love, to mischief well inclined,
 His delicate enchantments did not spare,
 But threw his darts about by quivers-full,
 Enough to make a stoic play the fool.

XXIV.

Pursuing now to Candoo's lodge her way,
 (The worthy penitent had just suspended
 Himself on tenter-hooks, to pass the day,
 Nor dreamed how soon his toils would all be ended,)
 The graceful nymph began a charming lay,
 Which Indra's self had many times commended ;
 And Candoo, struck by that strange melody,
 Leaped from his hooks at once, and ran to see

XXV.

Whence came the sound : — " And who art thou," he cried,
 " Angelic beauty ! from what region strayed ? "
 " Alas ! most reverend father ! " she replied,
 " No beauty, but a simple rustic maid,
 Who came to wander by Gomati's side,
 And pluck the flowers in which it is arrayed.
 If my poor service can afford you pleasure
 In aught, most holy Saint ! I'm quite at leisure."

XXVI.

Ah Candoo ! yield not to the smooth disguise
 Of modest words and female witchery !
 'T is true I counselled not your enterprise,
 And called it nonsense and mere mummery ;
 But since you undertook to mount the skies,
 And mortal glories could not satisfy
 Your mighty soul, display at least a human
 Courage, and be not conquered by a woman.

XXVII.

What ! shall a wight who aimed at Indra's throne,
 Be worsted by a spinster in address ?
 A learned sage's constancy o'erthrown
 By a white bosom and a pretty face ?
 And twenty years of labor lost for one
 Glance of a little smiling traitoress ?
 Nay, man ! for shame avert those eager looks,
 And hang yourself again upon your hooks.

XXVIII.

Vain caution ! Candoo's head was always weak,
 And long exhaustion doubtless made it weaker ;
 Nor did he once suspect the lurking trick
 In the fair semblance of that gentle speaker.
 Besides, what firmness does not sometimes shake ?
 Who knows but we that frown had yielded quicker ?
 In short, our hermit felt the beauty's power,
 And led her blushing to the nuptial bower.

XXIX.

Her three companions, seeing the success
 That had attended the negotiation,
 Now parted from the fair ambadress,
 And mounted gaily to their former station ;
 The gods all crowded round with eagerness,
 And heard with loud applauses the relation ;
 This done, with many a flowing bowl they quaffed her
 Health, and old Meroo shook beneath their laughter.

XXX.

This sudden match was not so ill-assorted,
 As many a reader may at first suppose ;
 For Candoo, by the pains he had supported,
 Had gained the power of changing as he chose
 His outward shape : at least 't is so reported
 In Hindoo authors of repute, and those,
 Who doubt the tale, may find another just
 Such change described at full in Goethe's Faust.

XXXI.

No more an aged wight with meagre limbs,
 Care-furrowed face and haggard eyes and hollow,
 To please his youthful bride at once he seems
 In form a youthful Bacchus or Apollo.
 Loose flow his curling locks like sunny gleams
 From his fair front and every motion follow ;
 While new-born Love with purple radiance dies
 His glowing cheeks and lights his flashing eyes.

XXXII.

And now no more of penitence or pain,
 No more of scourging, fasting, maceration ;
 But love and laughter o'er the mansion reign,
 Where pining misery lately held her station.
 Swift fly the hours, an ever joyful train,
 On fairy wings of sweetest occupation ;
 Nor did our happy lovers heed their flight,
 Or scarcely mark the change of day and night.

XXXIII.

For each to other then was all in all ;
 A little world, — a paradise of pleasure ; —
 The nymph forgot the joys of Indra's hall ;
 The sage his hard-earned, long-expected treasure.
 Their life was one unceasing festival,
 That left them neither memory nor leisure ;
 And days, and weeks, and months had passed like one
 Hour in the joy of this long honey-moon.

XXXIV.

At length, as Candoo by his lovely bride
 One evening sate and marked the setting sun,
 He started suddenly and left her side,
 As recollecting something to be done ;
 And " pray, my ever-dearest love ! " he cried,
 " Excuse me for a moment while I run
 To offer my accustomed sacrifice :
 To intermit this holy exercise

XXXIV.

A single day, would ruin me forever."
 "And pray, most reverend anchorite!" replies,
 With an arch smile, the little gay deceiver,
 "Inform me how your holiness espies
 A difference, which I in vain endeavor
 To find, between this hour of sacrifice
 And all the rest, which we have passed together,
 Since first in happy hour I wandered hither."

XXXVI.

"What others!" cries the sage, in strange dismay;
 "What others can have passed? My love is mocking.
 Others? Why is not this the very day,
 When first I saw you by the river walking?
 And this the first time, that the solar ray
 Has left us since? What mean you by the shocking
 Thought that my services have e'er been failing,
 And by the smile that on your lips is dwelling?"

XXXVII.

"Excuse me, reverend father!" she replies,
 "I know such girlish levity is quite
 Uncivil; but to think that one so wise
 Should not perceive the change of day and night;
 'T is worth a million. That the sun should rise
 And set, and you not know it, — is not it
 Most exquisite? The Gods will die with laughing.
 A single day! Why we have here been quaffing,

XXXVIII.

Feasting and sporting for at least a year."
 "Good God!" cries Candoo, — "is it possible?
 And are you not deceiving me my dear?"
 "Deceive you!" cries the nymph, — "oh, capital!
 To think a silly girl, like me, should dare
 Dream of deceiving such a miracle
 Of wisdom! — that could never be: — oh no!
 You can't: — I burst with laughing: — wrong me so."

XXXIX.

"Alas! alas!" quoth Candoo, who began
 By this to come a little to his senses,
 And looked as foolish as a learned man
 Need wish to, — "curse upon her fair pretences!
 The artful gypsy has destroyed my plan,
 And cheated me through all the moods and tenses.
 I'm fairly duped, (like Wellington at Cintra.)
 Madam, adieu! I leave the skies to Indra."

NOTES.

(1.) Indra, a God of high consideration in the Hindoo mythology, though not of the first order, is the Ruler of the Firmament, including the winds and stars. He is represented as a handsome young man; with a crown on his head, — four arms, and a body covered all over with eyes, — in allusion, probably, to the four points of the compass,

and the stars. His dwelling, kingdom, or paradise, called *Indra loga*, (Indra's lodge,) is on Mount Meroo, (the Olympus of the Hindoos,) but below the Paradise of the three great gods. Indra is supposed to have obtained his rank and power by the same means which Candoo employs in the Poem to displace him; and had been already ousted

more than once in a similar way ; so that his apprehensions were not entirely without motive. The Devas, (Divi of the Romans,) and Gandharvas, mentioned in the text, are inferior orders of divinities under the government of Indra, and residing in his Paradise. The latter appear to have been the musicians of the court : two of them have the appropriate names of *Haha* and *Huhu*.

(2.) Pramnocha, and her sisters or cousins, mentioned in the text, belonged to another order of inferior divinities, also residing at the court of Indra, called *Apsaras*. They were the dancing girls of the place. The individuals recommended by Pramnocha as so much more eligible than herself for the commission, had been employed before on similar services without much success, so that Indra's preference was not entirely arbitrary. Rambha, for example, had been sent to seduce Wiswamitra, and made her approaches to his residence nearly in the same way with Pramnocha in the tale ; but the sage, instead of giving way to her seductions, maintained his self-possession, and compelled her to pay pretty dearly for her presumption, by uttering a curse upon her, which transformed her for ten thousand years into a stone. Urvasee was not much more fortunate in a similar attempt upon Arjuna, a noted hero and demi-god of the Hindoo mythology. This personage, being on a visit at the court of Indra, the god entertained him with a festival, to which all the principal characters of the place were invited. On this occasion Arjuna was thought to pay particular attention to Urvasee, and Indra was induced, in consequence, to intimate to her, that she would do well to

make the "nation's guest" a visit at his lodgings. Urvasee consented, and set forth one fine evening upon the expedition. The poet of the Mahabharata, who relates the anecdote, gives a very glowing description of her personal charms. "When the moon arose, and the fresh breeze of evening began to be felt, she left her apartment to proceed to the palace of Arjuna. Her long hair, adorned with flowers, and curled, fell in graceful ringlets over her shoulders, as she moved in the light of her beauty. So bright was her smile, and so gentle the expression of her eyes, that she seemed, as it were, to challenge the moon to a contest for the prize of loveliness with the moon of her countenance," &c. All this display was, however, lost upon the hero, who, upon her arriving at his palace, and making known, without much ceremony, the object of her visit, replied, that he could not look upon her in any other light, than as his grandmother. It seems, in fact, that Urvasee was one of the Pooroo line of demi-gods and goddesses, from which Arjuna himself was descended. Whether the lady was uninformed of his relation to her, or whether she supposed, that the law, which prohibits a man from making love to his grandmother, was not in force upon Mount Meroo, does not appear. The anecdote is a sort of counterpart to one that is told of Ninon de l'Enclos.

(3.) Pandoo was an ancient hero, the founder of the family of Pandoos, whose wars with the rival family of the Kooroos form the subject of the great epic poem of the Ramayana.

THE BRIDGE OF THE BETROTHED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF FELICE ROMANI.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

"It is truly a pathetic story, but you should have heard it, as I did, from the lips of the aged Bertha." "And who is she?" I inquired. "She is the mother of the youth about whom you are so curious," replied my host, "and she comes every day to the little chapel, which you see there in the centre of the bridge that spans the torrent. She remains there till night-fall, praying, spinning flax, weeping, and asking charity of every

passenger for the soul of poor Lorenzo. He was her only son, and often to those who stop on the bridge to ask the cause of her tears, she repeats the melancholy story. It is now but a few days since her sighs have ceased to mingle with the voice of the waterfall, for she has fallen ill, and the good pastor of the village has caused her to be removed and placed in the care of a charitable person." "But the story," I exclaimed, fearing the

long digressions of the landlord, "the story of Lorenzo, and not that of his mother, I am waiting to hear." And he proceeded: "I knew Lorenzo. He was the handsomest youth in all the country round, the most frank and spirited ever born at the Good-Fountain.* No one was more expert with the gun, stronger at a wrestling-match, more agile in leaping the precipices, or more nimble at the dance on Sunday evenings in the square, to the music of the bagpipe. And he was not ill-provided with the good things of fortune. That little cottage which you see below, on the side of the mountain, was his, and his the adjacent orchard, and the chestnut grove that shades the left bank of the torrent. In short, he had every thing necessary to happiness, and yet became the most wretched of men. He fell in love with the girl of whom I spoke to you, and from that time there was no peace for him. Agatha, as I told you, was a poor shepherdess, the daughter of a drover in the employ of a rich landholder of Lavagna, but beautiful beyond imagination; her complexion was as white as milk, and glowing as the rose that springs up in the hollows of the cliff. Alas! beauty of person unaccompanied by beauty of soul, is an unhappy gift to him who possesses it, and most fatal to him who yields to its fascinations. The heart of Agatha did not correspond with her face. She was capricious as the vainest *belle*, flattered by every attention, and ambitious of elevating her condition. Her only study was to adorn herself in a manner wholly unbecoming her station. She spent hours twining flowers for her hair, and watching her image in the fountain. She sat by the way-side to receive the compliments of the passers, and sung such strains as her mood suggested, in order to display her sweet voice, and see the villagers collect about her to listen. Lorenzo more than all was attracted by her charms. Night and day he roamed about her dwelling. He followed her upon the mountains, among the chestnut woods, and along the border of the river. He wove garlands at every place where she was accustomed to rest during the noon-tide heat in the shadow of the elms. Sometimes he accompanied her rustic ditties with his flageolet; at others he went in search of her stray lambs, and every day placed beside the fountain where she loved to repose, a basket of the choicest fruit the season afforded. Agatha finding herself the object of such tender solicitude, began to turn her thoughts towards Lorenzo. She knew that she was envied by all the peasant girls of the vicinity, and that it was scarcely prudent to let slip so favorable an occasion, and she began to smile

* A fertile valley of the Genoese territory among the mountains. It contains about thirty-six villages, in which are found the most hardy mountaineers of Liguria.

upon her young lover. Then was Lorenzo indeed entranced. 'What a beautiful pair!' we used to say, as we passed them on their way to mass or to the fair. 'What a happy life is before them!' Not so thought Bertha, who from the first saw deeper into things. 'My poor son!' she exclaimed, whenever congratulated on Lorenzo's fine prospects; 'I would give my life had he been enamoured of another!' And when I inquired, 'Good Bertha, will this marriage soon take place?' 'Yes, Giulio,' she replied, with a sigh, 'if it please heaven.' Oh! there are in a mother's heart presentiments revealed to no other. Mysterious voices warn her of evil to come, as the atmosphere foretells the tempest to animals by signs which man does not recognize." Master Giulio paused a moment to wipe away a tear, and I was impressed with his feeling manner of speaking. His heart was in his tones, and made them full of simple eloquence. At length he resumed; "Pardon my emotion; it will be justified by what I have to relate. The day was fixed for the marriage, and the pastor had already once proclaimed the banns, when there arrived at the village a nephew of the rich landholder of Lavagna, who came in consequence of the death of his uncle, to take possession of the estate, to which he was heir. Among the peasantry who collected from all parts of the valley to honor the arrival of the new landlord, was the drover, the father of Agatha, accompanied by his daughter. She was, as I have said, very beautiful when arrayed only in her native graces, but most lovely was she on that day, dressed in her holiday garb, her hair confined by silver bodkins, and her neck adorned with a golden necklace, the gift of Lorenzo. The young heir was captivated by such beauty; he could not keep his eyes from her, and sought by every pretext, to have her near him. He managed that every day she should bring him the milk for breakfast, the butter for dinner, or the cream for supper. Accustomed as he was in the city to all the tricks of the flatterer, the acuteness of Agatha more than matched the arts of the citizen. She manifested a respect towards him, and a modest reserve which made him despair, and replied to every protestation of love, 'The poor Agatha is unworthy of your regard.' The young man struggled with his desires; he would have given any sum to conquer her coldness but for a moment, and when he learned that she was about to marry Lorenzo, he was ready to die of grief. 'And do you love this Lorenzo?' he asked her one day; 'do you love him so much that the sighs of your master are of no importance?' 'He is my betrothed,' she replied, blushing, 'I ought not to love any one but my betrothed.' 'And if I would marry you, Agatha, would you leave your Lorenzo?' 'You marry me, signor!

it is impossible; you are too rich for me; I am too poor for you; and so saying she left him with a sigh. The young man's passion was so increased by these repulses, that at length it conquered every consideration of wealth and station, and he determined to wed her." "And Lorenzo?" I interrupted. "Lorenzo was ignorant of these proceedings. He had gone to Genoa, where a miller, one of his neighbors, had involved him in a lawsuit, on account of a water-privilege. Law-suits among us are prolonged to a degree quite inconsistent with the relative importance of the question at issue, so that sometimes many months elapse before some trifling difficulty is adjusted. At length a compromise was signed, and Lorenzo returned. He had written to Agatha and Bertha the day and hour when he might be expected. 'She will come to me,' he said joyfully to himself, and almost flew along the road, fancying that in every distant object he beheld Agatha impatiently extending her arms towards him. Arrived at the summit of the mountain from which the village is discernible, he saw the path deserted, and stood still, agitated by a mournful presentiment. The sun was setting, and the evening came on chill and cloudy; it seemed as if the heavens would fain warn him of coming misfortune. A woman appeared slowly approaching, and she came towards the declivity where Lorenzo sat with his head resting on his arm, lost in a painful but vague reverie. It was Bertha. 'My mother! and alone!' he murmured. 'Where is Agatha?' 'Agatha is engaged elsewhere,' she replied with a trembling voice. 'Elsewhere! How? With whom?' and he rose in astonishment. Poor Bertha fell upon his neck and wept. 'Be calm, my son; it is the will of God that these nuptials should not take place.' 'Heavens! Agatha is dead perhaps!' 'Dead—yes—dead to thee.'

At that moment, the flash of a cannon appeared in the direction of the village; a bright reflection glowed along the misty atmosphere; the light of a bonfire revealed the little square opposite the church, crowded with people, whose acclamations resounded through the valley. 'It is a marriage festival!' exclaimed Lorenzo, with a suffocating voice; 'and Agatha'—'will marry tomorrow the heir of her landlord,' sobbed Bertha, straining her son to her bosom. He fell as if struck by a thunderbolt." "Dead!" I cried. "Not dead," replied mine host; "grief does not kill at once. Now it is necessary, Signor," he continued, after a pause longer than the first; "that I should narrate the conclusion of this melancholy tale, after the manner of those authors, whose words flow with spontaneous propriety from the pen, always adapted to the passion, or the fact they describe." "Of such

authors," said I, "there are few, Master Giulio, who can lay claim to the merit you speak of; and, at this moment, I would not exchange with one of those few." Master Giulio acknowledged the compliment, and fortifying himself with a glass of wine, proceeded as glibly as one of Walter Scott's landlords translated into Italian. "The morning succeeding that miserable night, at the first glimmering of dawn, as I descended, wrapt in my cloak, from my vineyard on the mountain, flying from the rain which had overtaken me, I encountered Lorenzo slowly walking in an opposite direction, bareheaded, his hair in disorder, pale as a ghost, and immersed in gloomy thought. It rained torrents, it hailed, it thundered, there was a frightful confusion of the elements. He noticed neither hail, lightning, nor wind, but passed on without perceiving me, or answering my call. He seated himself on a knoll overlooking the valley, motionless, absorbed, his hair and garments dripping with water, like one of the statues placed amid the fountains of a garden. Thence he could see the drover's little cottage, and the path leading to the villa of his rival. Notwithstanding the flood, I stood still, watching him with compassion. I heard a step, and heavy breathing, and turning, beheld Bertha, who had followed, from a distance, the footsteps of her son. She knew me, and made a sign towards Lorenzo, without speaking, but with an air and glance of which I cannot convey an idea. We retired to the shelter of a rock, shaded by a wild pine, intent upon observing the wretched youth. 'Good God have pity on my son!' exclaimed the afflicted woman. 'Let me not lose the only support of my age, by reason of that wicked girl!' She turned to me, all pale, and tearful, and placing her head on my shoulder, broke forth; 'Are not my misgivings verified! O! a mother's presages never deceive.' 'Take heart,' I replied; 'the unhappy cannot at once master the force of the first sorrow.' 'He will sink under it,' replied Bertha. 'The wound he has received is too deep. What a night, what a terrible night was that of yesterday! As soon as he recovered from the fainting fit into which the first announcement of Agatha's infidelity had thrown him; he ran to the village like a madman, and I with him. The storm had put an end to the illumination, and extinguished the bonfire. The dances had ceased; the songs were mute. You would have thought that heaven condemned festivities founded upon the despair of a human creature. The people were scattered here and there, and Agatha, leaning on the arm of the complacent landlord, and followed by her father, who could not contain himself for joy, was hastening to the pastor's house, to escape the threatening storm. At that mo-

ment, Lorenzo presented himself to her view, pale, wild, and disordered. "Save me from Lorenzo," she cried, throwing herself into the arms of her new lover. "Save thee from me, traitress!" exclaimed Lorenzo: "do you then feel remorse for your crime?" "O! save me, save me!" she continued to scream. The crowd pressed around her, the pastor drew near, the people of the rich signor were posted in the midst. Lorenzo was drawn to a distance from Agatha, and the doors of the church closed behind the perjured girl. A few friends conducted my son home, and attempted to comfort him; the good pastor came and reasoned with him. He would hear nothing, he would see no one. He raved, and grew hot, and delirious with fever. All night he remained in this state, and would not listen to my counsels, nor be moved by my tears. With his arms crossed upon his breast, he paced the chamber with rapid strides, vouchsafing no response to any entreaties, as if it was not his mother who wept and prayed. At length at the approach of day, he rallied. "I must see her once more," said he, "and then let that befall me which heaven destines;" and he suddenly went out. Whilst the good mother thus spoke, the rain ceased; the sun began to irradiate the heavy masses of clouds; the vine dressers came forth to their usual labors, and scattered themselves among the verdant ranges; the shepherds collected their flocks, driving before them the bleating lambs; and new life was diffused through the valley. Lorenzo arose, looked forth, and listened. The church bell announced a festival, and joyful voices at a distance, responded to the call. "There," he cried, so loud that he was heard afar, and began running down the vale. "My son! my son!" exclaimed the mother, hastening after him as fast as she was able; and both were hidden from my sight, by the windings of the path. The bride, at the sound of the bell, left the cottage, accompanied by her father, and a party of neighbors. She was tastefully arrayed, and lovely to behold, but evidently ill at ease. It was obvious that sad auguries were busy in her mind. The path to the church crossed the torrent, but its volume was so increased by the recent storm, that it was necessary to turn aside from the road, and pass the little bridge of wood, suspended above the foaming abyss. Lorenzo had taken his station at the right extremity of the bridge, just as the bridal party reached the opposite end. She gave a cry of surprise at beholding him, and then stood still. Lorenzo fell on his knees and extended his hands towards her. The pastor, and all the

company, paused in wonder, and silence. "Hear me! Agatha," said the youth, "hear me for the last time. I still love you. Notwithstanding your treachery, I love you desperately. Are you resolved to carry out your infidelity? tell me, are you resolved?" "Lorenzo!" replied Agatha, with a visible effort, "things have now reached such a pass, that I cannot retrace my steps. We were never intended for each other." "And your promises, O cruel girl! your vows! the banns proclaimed at the altar! the ring! my ring which you still wear upon your finger!" She grew deadly pale at these words, and looking upon her hand, beheld Lorenzo's ring, which she knew not how, still remained there, and she began to draw it from her finger. "I return it to you," said the ungrateful girl with a trembling tone, and she handed it to him. Just then gay voices were heard behind Lorenzo, and in the midst of an applauding crowd, his fortunate rival approached the bridge to meet his bride. "You have time, you have yet time to repent," said Lorenzo: "one word, vouchsafe one word, Agatha, and save me from despair." "Agatha," cried the young signor, stepping upon the bridge, and confounded at the sight of Lorenzo, still on his knees at her feet. Then Agatha took courage. "Leave me, Lorenzo; it is now too late. Take back your ring," and she threw it scornfully before him. The ring struck the plank of the bridge, and bounded into the torrent. "Take it back!" repeated the wicked, heartless creature; and she made a single step to free herself from him. "Come and take it back with me!" replied Lorenzo, springing to his feet, and with flashing and distended eyes throwing himself upon her. "Help!" cried Agatha to the pastor and friends who were hastening to her assistance; but in vain: Lorenzo's movements were like lightning. They fell together into the rushing waters! All expedients were fruitless. The furious torrent bore them aloft for an instant, and then closed over and swept them away. The consternation of the villagers was beyond description. No words can paint the mother's anguish. The bodies were found still clasped together, and buried in the same grave, in a lonely spot, without the precincts of the cemetery. The wooden bridge where this tragedy occurred, has since been rebuilt of stone; and upon it was created the little chapel, in memory of the betrothed, and for the peace of their souls. The wretched Bertha, having lost her reason from sorrow, has passed twenty years of misery, relating to the passengers the melancholy fate of her departed son."

THE DISGUISE.

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF A LAD IN THE DRESS OF A FRIAR.

How truth is better than a lie ;
 Straightforwardness than mystery ;
 How heads amount to more than *chapeaux*,
 Or e'en (see Willis) ladies' "*abbos*";
 How cheats are cheated, biters bit,
 And all rogues get the worst of it ;
 This little shaver in disguise
 Shows now to everybody's eyes.

For taking cowl, and cord, and cape,
 And holy gown, from an old trunk, he
 Trying a reverend man to *ape*,
 Only appears A LITTLE MONK-Y.

LINES TO THE BUNKER-HILL MONUMENT.*

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

There stand, fair column of enduring rock,—
 Thy brow in heaven, thy foot upon the height
 Which erst did reel beneath the fearful shock
 Of charging squadrons and the rushing fight !
 Temple of freemen, lift thy head on high !
 Beacon for the oppress'd in every clime ;
 Eternal soar towards the arching sky,
 Braving the lightnings and the shafts of time !
 And, long as thou in pillared pride shall stand,
 May Peace and Art beneath thy shadow rest ;
 May war, that *made thee*, cease in ev'ry land,
 And all the borders of our shores be blest !
 And, long as men, in awe, shall gaze on thee,
 May thy stern finger silent tell the story
 That where thou staudest, there did Liberty
 Seal, in her blood, Columbia's deathless glory.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

EVENING dress of green silk, with five folds round the bottom, edged with black blond, black mits
 a la Diana Poitiers, simple cap of white blond with flowers. Walking dress of striped Balzarine, rich
 cashmere scarf, bonnet of pink silk, with blond veil.

* With an Engraving in a former number.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LIFE OF JEAN PAUL FREDERIC RICHTER, compiled from various sources, together with his Autobiography. Translated from the German. Boston: Little & Brown. 1842.

Though the larger works of Richter have not been translated in this country, and are, perhaps, not very generally read here, yet his name is as familiar to us as that of almost any writer of his nation. As his writings abound in aphorisms and striking comparisons, we often meet with detached passages from them, so that it would seem as if "thoughts from Jean Paul," or "reflections from Richter," were among the most common resources of those who have columns to fill out, or morals to illustrate.

To those who know Richter only in this way, as well as those who, from a more thorough acquaintance with his works, have learned to value him more, this new biography will be a most acceptable present. It contains his autobiography, which, however, reaches only to his thirteenth year, and a connected narrative of his life, drawn from all the best sources, with copious extracts from his correspondence, and a critical examination of most of his more important works. His life, although marked by none of those events which are called great in the history of the world, is still deeply interesting. He was born in very straitened circumstances, and his situation became still more trying when, by the death of his father, his family were deprived of his small salary, which was their only means of support. We follow him with deep interest while, with a noble courage, and a cheerful heart, he struggles on until he becomes known to the world, and the product of his own writings, helped out at last by a small pension from government, puts him at ease.

Richter was a great admirer of the fair sex, and was in a most remarkable degree the favorite of women. One of his female correspondents tells him "not to smile," and that "the tone that his mind gave without words was sweeter than the sounds of the harmonicon." The impression he made on the minds of women, placed him more than once in circumstances of some embarrassment; but while he treated with the greatest kindness and respect, the fair unfortunates whose love he could not return, he conducted himself uniformly in the purest and most unblameable manner, and contrived at last to make a very sensible and judicious choice of a wife, which is more than men of great genius always do. His married life was a perfectly quiet and happy one.

There are copious extracts from his correspondence, which are extremely pleasant, and allow us to learn his story from his own words. The style of the narrative is good, and the translations are faithful and graceful. The Appendix contains some notices of the domestic life of Richter's friends, Wieland and Herder, and translations of some of his writings. The book is beautifully printed, and report names as the author a lady of high literary acquirements, to whom the public are certainly greatly indebted for this very interesting biography.

JOHNSONIANA; OR, SUPPLEMENT TO BOSWELL: BEING ANECDOTES AND SAYINGS OF DR. JOHNSON. Collected from various sources, edited by J. Wilson Croker. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart's Reprint. 1842.

The world will allow that the subject of the great English moralist is now pretty thoroughly done up. Boswell did his work, it was thought, not slightly, but this supplement must be allowed to sweep clean after him. It collects anecdotes and sayings of Dr. Johnson, from the private journals, most of which, however, have long since been made public, at least the parts relating to the great Lexicographer, of a vast number of persons. Mrs. Piozzi, Sir John Hawkins, Miss Reynolds, her brother Sir Joshua, Hannah More, Madam D'Arblay, &c., &c., have been drawn upon to make up this volume. The gems are numbered, and amount to more than seven hundred. To these anecdotes and sayings are added critical remarks by Dr. Drake, a miscellaneous collection of anecdotes, opinions, and remarks upon Johnson from a great variety of writers, among others, Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and Sir James Mackintosh. Then follow some jeux d'esprit on Johnson's biographers, and the whole concludes with a brief memoir of Boswell by Edmond Malone, extracts from Boswell's letters, and his tour in Corsica.

It is said of a celebrated clergyman of the last century, who prided himself somewhat upon the admirable manner in which he read the lesson of the day in church, that having finished it, he closed the bible with an air that seemed plainly to say, "I defy any body to read that chapter better." Mr. Croker must have had something of this feeling, one would think, and having corrected his last proof, must have ejaculated his defiance to any body to hunt up a saying of Johnson, good or bad, which had not now been published to the world.

The book, however, is an amusing one, and though there are not many anecdotes which most people who have lived thirty or forty years have not had an opportunity to laugh or weep at before, yet some of them are new, and some of them had been forgotten, and one never gets tired of the poor old Doctor, let his best friends do what they will. We quote one or two of the sayings :

656. Miss Johnson, one of Sir Joshua's nieces, (afterwards Mrs. Deane,) was dining one day at her uncle's, with Dr. Johnson and a large party; the conversation happening to turn on music, Johnson spoke very contemptuously of that art, and added, "that no man of talent, or whose mind was capable of better things, ever would or could devote his time and attention to so idle and frivolous a pursuit." The young lady, who was very fond of music, whispered her neighbor, "I wonder what Dr. Johnson thinks of King David?" Johnson overheard her, and with great good humor and complacency said, "Madam, I thank you; I stand rebuked before you, and promise that, on one subject, at least, you shall never hear me talk nonsense again."

On another occasion he was not quite so good-humored.

655. The late Mr. Crauford, of Hyde Park corner, being engaged to dinner where Dr. Johnson was to be, resolved to pay his court to him; and having heard that he preferred Donne's Satires to Pope's version of them, said, "Do you know, Dr. Johnson, that I like Dr. Donne's original satires better than Pope's?" Johnson said, "Well, sir, I can't help that."

ROMANTIC BIOGRAPHY OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH: or *Sketches of Life from the By-ways of History*. By the Benedictine Brethren of Glendalough. Edited by Wm. C. Taylor, LL. D., &c. Two vols. Lea & Blanchard's Reprint, 1842. Boston: W. D. Ticknor.

This book is not what one would take it for, who found it lying upon his table, lettered, "Biography of the age of Queen Elizabeth," and who opened it, calling to mind the rich vein for biographical writing that age affords. The title page, however, with its leading word "Romantic," and its machinery of apocryphal "Benedictine brethren," begins to prepare us for something else than serious biography, and the reading any three pages in the book, throws at once a damper over our spirits, by showing us that it is written by a *punster*.

Looked at as another volume like those again and again published under the title of "Romance of History," this work, being measured by a lower standard, may claim a higher position. The author (for the "Benedictine brethren" are explained away in the first pages of the preface, and the whole book is, in fact, from one pen,) lays open his plan, divulges the characteristic levity of his principles of judgment, and gives a sample of his historical style, in the following short passage from the introduction;—

"We have endeavored to extend to the literature of fact some of the gaieties which are more usually associated with the literature of fiction, without abandoning the 'gravities' which necessarily belong to diligent research, and minute accuracy of statement. Let it not be said that we thus derogate from the dignity of History; when the ancient classical authors selected a goddess to preside over this department of knowledge, everybody knows that in their choice there was always a muse-meant. Still less should we be blamed for sometimes interrupting the frown of indignation or the tear of sympathy with allusions calculated to raise a smile; the springs of mirth and of grief are placed close to each other in the geography of the human mind; men frequently laugh until they cry, and sometimes, reversing the process, weep until they smile at their over excess of sorrow," &c.

Notwithstanding this flippant style, which pervades the book, we doubt not it may be found interesting with those who wish to be amused while they study. It is more a novel than a history, in manner and intent; but containing notices, probably not incorrect, of Margaret of Valois; Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; La Mothe Fenelon; Calvin; Loyola, and the order he founded; and many others of the same stamp and time; it can hardly fail to be interesting.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, collected by himself. 3 vols. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1841 (?)

We are glad to see that among the reprints of the "Miscellanies" of modern writers, of late so fashionable, those of Walter Scott have not been passed over by our American publishers. We have now all his works collected; and this last addition will not be, to most readers, the least interesting. We have not space even to enumerate the titles of the leading articles, but among the most curious will be found Scott's reviews of his own novels, written while he was still maintaining his incognito with regard to them.

The collection forms three octavo volumes, printed in a style more than usually creditable to the Philadelphia press, on handsome paper.

HUMAN LIFE, OR PRACTICAL ETHICS. Translated from the German of De Wette, by Samuel Osgood. In two volumes, (Vols. XII. and XIII. Ripley's Library of Foreign Literature.) Boston: James Munroe & Co.

These volumes contain a translation of a series of lectures on Practical Ethics, delivered at Basle almost twenty years since, by De Wette, prefaced by a course on general or theoretical ethics, abridged and thrown into the form of an introduction by the translator. The work of translation has been well, and even elegantly performed; and the importance of the subject, with the highly philosophical tone with which it is treated, cannot fail to

make this book interesting, although neither of these causes will make it popular.

De Wette, although a man of original mind, is, we are told by the preface, in morals avowedly the disciple of Fries. The latter, following Jacobi and Schleiermacher, both inclined to grant more influence to the heart in morals than did Kant, stands at the head of the sentimental moralists in modern Germany. And thus De Wette, giving each a weight to reason, to faith, and to feeling, has produced a highly cultivated philosophy, and one that looks to Christianity as its basis of illustration. Of the author as a philosopher of human life, the translator thus speaks :

"All that he writes is pervaded by a strong and earnest humanity, which shows itself alike in vindication of the essential rights of man, and in sympathy with the various sentiments of the human heart. He strives to find what is good in every doctrine, institution, and character, and tenderly avoids disparaging any usage which piety has consecrated or affection endeared. His taste and his imagination throw open to his mind the fair domain of poetry and art, and make him a fit advocate and interpreter of the graces that should adorn life. His hearty love for freedom appears in the earnestness with which he denounces all manner of oppression, and advocates a political liberty sustained by justice. His faith is so broad and catholic as to comprehend every human interest, and to hallow every duty. Not confined to a few dogmas and rights—not writing 'common and unclean' upon any gift of God,—his religion is as expansive as human life, and owns a moral meaning in all the blessings of Providence."

SONGS AND BALLADS. From the German. By C. T. Brooks. (Vol. XIV. Ripley's Foreign Library.)

This volume, published in the same series as those last above noticed, contains a series of translations of German songs, ballads, odes, elegies, and other short poems, which will be a very valuable gift to those who cannot enjoy these works in the original language. We thus particularize, from the full belief that the *songs* of a nation are the last portion of its literature to be well translated. These versions are correct and in many instances elegant. The principal part of them are by Mr. Brooks himself, but several are distinguished by the initials of N. L. Frothingham, H. W. Longfellow, J. S. Dwight, Sarah H. Whitman, and C. P. Cranch.

BOOK OF THE NAVY; &c., &c. By John Frost. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a handsomely illustrated book, purporting to contain a general history of the American marine, with particular accounts of all the most celebrated battles in which it has been engaged since the declaration of independence. The wood cuts, from drawings by Mr. Croome, are full of spirit, and are appropriate and highly ornamental to the

text. Of the merits of the latter we are not prepared to speak; we suppose it, however, to be merely a compilation from Cooper and other published works, as the author lays no claim to having brought forward any original matter. In an appendix is given quite a complete collection of American naval songs.

HOPE LESLIE. New York: Harpers. 1842.

The publication of a new edition of this standard novel by Miss Sedgwick, is a good sign of the times; an indication that the public taste yet retains a high tone, and that American authors can even now find readers at home.

DUNLOP'S HISTORY OF FICTION. Two vols. From the second London edition. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

We have room but to express our pleasure that the American publishers, in selecting a work to reprint, should have chosen one so useful and full of value as that of Dunlop. It comprises a critical account of the most celebrated prose works of fiction, "from the earliest Greek romances to the novels of the present day;" or rather to the beginning of this century, as the edition from which this is taken was published in 1816, and closes with notices of Mrs. Radcliffe, and her imitators.

MEMOIRS OF THE RHODE ISLAND BAR. By Wilkins Updike, Esq. Boston: Thomas H. Webb & Co.

This tribute to the biographical lore of our country contains the memoirs of fifteen distinguished lawyers of Rhode Island, all of the last century. It is modest and unpretending, and seems to aim only at giving such facts as can now be collected with regard to the persons of whom it treats, which is generally done in the very form in which the information was transmitted to the editor.

THE MAN OF FORTUNE, &c. By Mrs. Gore. Two vols. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

This is a reprint of a series of tales by Mrs. Gore, of which "The Man of Fortune," the longest, occupies nearly the first volume. Mrs. Gore is among the most popular magazine writers of her class.

LIBRARY OF SELECT NOVELS.

The Harpers have published Bulwer's "Devereux," and "the Disowned," in a pamphlet form, as Nos. 2 and 3 of their Library of Novels, of which we took occasion to speak last month.

SONG.—"ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK."

MUSIC COMPOSED BY SHIELD.

THE POETRY BY O'KEEFE.

Stelliana.

Piano

Forte.

1. Ere a - round the huge oak that o'er - sha - dows you mill The fond
2. Could I trace back the time, a far dis - - tant date, Since my
3. He dy - ing, be-queath'd to his son a good name, Which un -

I - vy had dared to en - twine; Ere the church was a ru - in that
fore - fa - thers toil'd in this field; And the farm I now hold on your
sul - lied de - scend - ed to me; For my child I've pre serv'd it un -

nods on the hill, Or the rook built its nest on the pine; Or the
Ho - nor's es - tate, Is the same that my grand - fa - ther till'd. Is the
blem-ish'd with shame, And it still from a spot shall be free. And it

cres.

rook built its nest on the pine; pine;
same that my grand - fa - ther till'd. till'd.
still from a spot shall be free. free.

p *mez.*

BOSTON MISCELLANY.

THE COMMENCEMENT VISION.

A BOSTON LEGEND, BY MRS. E. ROCKWELL.

SOME seventy years ago, a happy party were seated around the breakfast table in a house in Boston, situated on the main street, that street which has since borne the names of Washington, Orange, Newbury, Marlborough, Cornhill, Union and Middle Street, and stretched its winding length along from the Fortification Gates to Winnisimmet Ferry, but which now in its whole extent glories in the name of the father of our country. The party consisted of Mr. Welsted, the father of the family, his sons and daughters, to the number of half a dozen, and his aged mother, who had just returned from the south, where she had been for many years residing with her only daughter, who had some months since been removed from her by death. Her orphan daughter, the heiress of a large property at the south, had recently accompanied her grandmother to the home of her youth, to join the family of Mr. Welsted, her only remaining son, with whom she proposed to pass the remnant of a long and somewhat chequered life.

"You were up early, this morning, Imogen," said Sophy Welsted to her southern cousin. "After your long and fatiguing journey, and with the indolent habits with which grandmother charged you last night, it was rather more than I expected."

"Why, dear Sophy," replied Imogen, "you set before me, in such glowing colors, the labors of your Commencement day, and threatened me with such an early visit from

the barber, that I felt obliged to put forth all my strength on the occasion, and actually took my watch to the window to find out the hour, just as the first ray of light dawned upon the sky. But as I saw your opposite neighbor seated at her window in full costume, I thought I was not too early, and proceeded to the duties of my toilet."

The old lady gave a little start, but immediately recovering her usual dignified composure, she turned to her son, and asked who lived in the house opposite to them now?

Mr. Welsted replied, that the house was now uninhabited. "It was formerly occupied, as you know, by Mr. Grant, but after the death of his wife and daughter he returned to England, and after having several times changed tenants, the lower room of the house was converted into a shop, and the upper rooms have been made use of for ware rooms, or depositories of lumber."

"It was at the opposite window, uncle, that I saw the lady this morning, in the early light of the dawn, but when I afterwards returned and took another glance just before I came down, she was not to be seen."

"Strange," said the old lady, "I remember well the former inhabitants of that mansion, and I can sometimes tell you a story of a daughter of it, who was once to you like the fiction of a novel."

"Oh, now, now," said the old lady, "I can tell you a story of a daughter of it, who was once to you like the fiction of a novel."

story now," was the cry at once of more than one youthful voice.

But grandmother shook her head, and told them this was not the time for such a tale, and black Dinah coming in at the same moment to announce the barber, who was in readiness to arrange the coiffure of the young ladies, the party in the breakfast room broke up, but not until Madam Welsted had promised to take an early opportunity to gratify the curiosity she had excited.

Commencement day at Cambridge is still a season of excitement in the neighborhood of Boston, — but it is far from being so general a holiday as it was at the date of our story, and as it continued to be for many years after. A sort of public fair was then held on the common in Cambridge; booths were erected, and Commencement day, with the one preceding and following it, was a noisy and merry day there. Those who took little or no interest in the literary performances of the season, gathered in from the metropolis and the neighboring towns, to see the company and the sport, while the gay and the fashionable, in their most showy costume, crowded the meeting house to listen to the youthful orators.

Mr. Welsted's family were particularly interested in this particular Commencement. His eldest son, Arthur, was today to bear away the highest honors of the university. His friends and classmates were the friends of his sisters, and the day had long been looked forward to with the most intense interest.

The business of the toilet is never a thing to be despatched in a moment; but at that day it was a more serious affair than it is now. Those immense edifices, into which the locks of our grandmothers were erected, crowned with blond, and feathers, and flowers; that crape cushion, under the weight of which, Harriet Byron won the heart of the "man of men," were not the work of a moment. Legends have come down to us of ladies who sate erect all the night previous to Commencement, that they might not disturb their head-dress, which they had been compelled to arrange on the day preceding.

But to obviate this difficulty, the young ladies of Mr. Welsted's family had weeks before engaged one of the few professional men who at that time performed the high duty of lady's hairdresser in our good old city, and now at an early hour, he was at their service, and aided by their own ingenuity, and the readiness of the goodnatured Dinah, the important business of the head-work was all completed in season, the young ladies were all fitly arranged, had received the approving glance of their grandmother, and were ready to take their seats in the cumbrous family carriage, when it drove up to the door.

There were then no bridges to shorten the ride from Boston to Cambridge, and the party was obliged to cross the ferry at the north part of the city, and take their way through Charlestown to the college. But the longest ride comes to an end at last, and the party on their way to Cambridge that day, was so joyous and happy, that it was any thing but tiresome; and in due time they reached the seat of the muses, and were so fortunate as to succeed in obtaining front seats in the gallery of the church, which was then fresh and new, but which has since fallen into decay, and been replaced by a more modern and a larger edifice.

But small as it might have been, compared with the more modern building, how glorious did it appear when filled with the beauty and fashion of the day. The ladies, dressed in those splendid brocades and satins, of which a solitary specimen is now and then drawn from the trunk of some venerable aunt or grandmother, to the amazement and astonishment of the present generation, made indeed an imposing figure. If there were not as many as now crowd the seats of the church, the ample hoop lent its aid to spread out their beauties, and every nook and corner was filled.

And then the graduating class; the number was perhaps not so large, but each youth was the centre of hope and anxiety to his own little circle, and when Imogen saw her cousin Arthur, the last of all, come forward, his scholars black gown not half concealing his rich white satin under dress, and blue velvet coat, while the rich point lace ruffles appeared at his bosom and hung over his faultless hand, she, at least, would not have admitted, that another such specimen of manly beauty would ever be seen upon the earth.

Imogen was not publicly engaged to her cousin Arthur; but he had spent the last winter's vacation at her father's plantation, at the south; it had been lengthened at both ends, on account of his somewhat delicate health; and they had come to understand each other pretty well; and while Imogen was thinking she had never seen Arthur look so gloriously, she was wondering whether he thought as much as she did of his last winter's visit, and looked round with some apprehension upon the fair circle of Boston damsels, to see if there were any whose charms might have driven these reminiscences from his mind. But the glance of his eye, and the pressure of his hand, at the end of the performance, put the fair Imogen pretty well at ease, and after enjoying the Commencement feast, which was prepared in one of the college buildings, they all returned to town.

When Imogen arose the next morning, she looked over to the opposite house, where

she had seen the lady at the window the day before. She now examined the building more minutely, and perceived that it had every appearance of a deserted mansion. The shutters of the lower room, which had been converted into a shop, were closed, cobwebs were stretched over the glass in the apartment above, and even at the window, where the morning before she had seen the lady sitting, she now perceived the ends of a heavy wooden box, which almost filled up the space of the window.

That evening the young people reminded their grandmother of her promise about the deserted mansion, and the old lady proceeded with her tale, which was in substance as follows :

When she was young the opposite house was inhabited by a highly respectable merchant by the name of Grant. He had lost his wife, and had but one child, a daughter. A maiden sister presided over his household, and did her best to supply the place of a mother to the daughter.

Without believing altogether in the doctrine of original sin, it does seem as if some girls were born coquettes, and the little daughter of the merchant, though she was guarded by the name of Prudence, was one of these. She was beautiful as an angel, and roguish as something worse ; every body loved her, and yet she teased every body, from her good father and gentle aunt, down to the cat and dog. Half way between these two extremes was Edward Burke, an apprentice of her father, after the good old English fashion, as set forth in Whittington and other legends, who was an inmate of the family, the companion of Prudence, and her friends at Madame B.'s dancing school, that centre of ease and grace, from which emanated the good manners of the last century. He was in fact treated and loved by the old man and his sister, in every respect as a son.

And Prudence loved him too in her own way, but that was not the way in which the poor youth loved her. He watched her every motion with admiration ; his whole study was to please her ; he thought of her sleeping and waking, and he was never so happy as when he found himself at her side.

And this happened not unfrequently. She would walk with him to "meeting," and permit him to join her evening rambles. She would ask him to read to her while she sat at her needle-work in the evening ; she would consult him on all the little affairs of the day, and would treat him as freely and kindly as if he were indeed her brother, and so on, day after day, till poor Edward would begin to build an air castle, the corner stone of which, to be sure, was still far, far above the clouds, when a saucy word, or a whole evening spent in flirting with another, or

some similar amiable demonstration on the part of the young lady, would throw the poor youth all aback again, and he would firmly resolve never more to allow his thoughts to wander from his ledger and day-book.

It is difficult to think of a lady flirting in those stiff brocades and high-heeled shoes and crape cushions ; but unless all history, written and oral, is false, it was impossible for whalebone and brocade always to keep down the coquettish spirit — at least it proved so in this case.

But at last poor Prudence found her match. She came to know intimately, no one knows how, (that link in the history is gone,) a young Cambridge student from the South. If she was handsome, so was he ; if she was coquettish, so was he, and save us from a male coquette. But he found it very pleasant to come and spend his holidays in the neat parlor, where Prudence always received him with a smile. He read to her the poetry of the day, it was not Wordsworth, nor Shelly, but they liked it ; and the novels, to be sure they were not Bulwer's nor Lady Blessington's, but they were thrilling ; and she listened and laughed, and sometimes sighed, but at last the sighs became more frequent than the smiles, particularly if the young man's engagements prevented him from paying his customary weekly visit ; and, contrary to all expectations, poor Prudence was at last out and out in love with Harry Middleton.

But he on his part had never thought of any thing like a serious engagement with the lady. He had left, four years ago, in Carolina, a black-eyed girl whom he had romped and danced with ever since he could remember, and who he very well knew was intended by his father and her father, to be his wife. So that affair was settled, and he in the meantime felt himself at liberty to amuse himself as he pleased. When he was introduced to Prudence, he was told she was a finished coquette, who thought hearts were like the seed-vessels of the touch-me-not, good for nothing but to break, and so he felt perfectly at ease to go and see her or stay away, as he fancied.

But the four years of his college life had passed away. He was about to take his degree, and he was to have a distinguished part at Commencement. Prudence had expressed a strong wish to be present on the occasion, and he had promised to come early into town and drive her out.

Prudence rose betimes on the eventful day. She dressed herself with the greatest care, and though she was not vain, yet she did not turn away altogether dissatisfied from the glass when she stuck the last diamond-headed pin into her lofty head-dress, and adjusted the last fold in her richly wrought

brocade. She then took her seat at the window to await the young man. Chaise after chaise rolled by, carrying the young and the fair, but he came not. The last tramp of the last horseman of the company who were on the way to escort the Governor to Cambridge had died away upon her ear. The street seemed deserted. Eight, nine, ten, eleven sounded forth from the steeple of the Old South Church, but he came not.

Poor Prudence, she knew not what to think of it; he must be ill, he never would have kept away else, and when Edward came modestly as the day advanced, and asked her if she would not ride out to Cambridge with him in her father's chaise, for one moment she was half of a mind to go, that her anxiety might be relieved. But the thought was but for a moment; if he does not choose to come for me I will never go, she mentally exclaimed, and she refused poor Edward's invitation.

In the evening several of her young friends came in to see her and inquire of Prudence the reason of her absence from Cambridge. They were full of the praises of Middleton, and the manner in which he had acquitted himself. He could not have been ill therefore. What could have kept him away?

The fact was, Harry had in good faith promised to take out Prudence. He was not averse to introducing into the meeting house the handsomest and best dressed girl in town. But the day before Commencement, altogether unexpectedly to him, his father and uncle arrived from the South to be present at his Commencement, and what was more, the black-eyed companion of his youthful sports was of the party, now grown into a most transcendently beautiful woman. It would have looked very odd if he had driven off in the morning and brought back a young lady, a stranger to all of them. It was certainly his business to attend on his fair cousin; at least thus he tried to quiet his conscience. His father was obliged to return immediately to the South, and he announced to Harry that he must be ready to set out early on his return home, the day after Commencement. Harry thought of Prudence, to be sure; he would have liked to bid her good-by, but there was not then an omnibus coming into Boston every half hour; it would have been a long story if he had explained the whole affair; perhaps he thought a story not altogether to his credit; so he said nothing about it, paid due attention to his cousin through the day, packed up his trunk in the evening, and set out with his father on his return home the next day.

He did not write to Prudence. It was rather a more uncommon thing to send letters then than now. The mails were not frequent; if he had written a letter he should have been forced to explain who Prudence

was, and why he wrote, and then what sort of letter could he have written? So at last he resolved to do nothing about the matter, and tried to make his mind easy by thinking that if Prudence was grieved and made unhappy, she would soon forget it, and it was only doing to her what she had done without compunction to hundreds of others.

But Prudence did not forget it. She learned soon that Middleton had returned home. He had gone without a parting word. She heard of the party who had come from the South; she recollected things he had told her of his cousin, though he had never explained fully the relation which existed between them. She knew she should never see him again.

Her spirit was broken, her old occupations and amusements ceased to give her pleasure. She sat hour after hour at the window where she had watched in vain for Middleton. She faded away like a leaf, but still her emaciated form was seen from the earliest dawn to the closing day at the windows. The neighbors hardly knew when she ceased to breathe, and even fancied they still saw her at the accustomed spot, long after her spirit had left its frail tenement of clay.

The house now became intolerable to her father from the loneliness, caused by her death, and though Edward did every thing which the tenderest affection could dictate to soothe and comfort him, he found it impossible to remain in a place which so constantly recalled to him the loved and the lost. He closed his business, sold his property in Boston, and returned with his sister and Edward to his native land, where the meeting again with old friends, and the reviving of old associations, did something towards restoring peace to his mind.

The house passed from one owner to another. Every one seemed to find some inconvenience in it, and at last it came to be, as has been before mentioned, a mere warehouse, which was seldom used or visited. And this was the substance of Madam Welsted's story.

"And this house is the opposite one where I saw the lady sitting Commencement morning," said Imogen.

"I think cousin you must have been deceived," said Arthur. "It was very early, and the old boxes in the dim light might look"—

"Do not tell me of old boxes and shadows, Arthur. If I did not see a lady that morning I never saw one, and I suspect grandmother has heard of her having been seen there before, for she does not treat the matter as a joke."

"In a long life, children," said Madam Welsted solemnly, "one hears and sees many strange things. I hope the story I have been telling you may not be without its

use in repressing a spirit of trifling in which the young and thoughtless are too apt to indulge. Hearts are things too tender to sport with."

The old lady said no more but rang her little silver hand-bell, ordered her woman, and bade the young people good night.

"We will keep a good watch on next Commencement morning," said Arthur. But before another Commencement came, the pure spirit of Madam Welsted had passed from these dark regions where we know but in part, to that glorious abode where we shall know even as we are known. The health of Arthur Welsted again became somewhat impaired, and as he had formerly derived benefit from a southern climate, his father determined to remove with his family to Carolina.

The friendship of Imogen and Arthur had ripened into a serious attachment, and they soon after married; it is to be hoped they lived happy.

Whether the house where Prudence and her father lived is still standing, remains a matter of doubt. Whether she sits at the window on Commencement mornings still more so. The latter, it would seem, could only be settled by some one walking up and down the whole length of Washington street on the yearly return of that day, and peering carefully into every window. All that is certain about the matter is, that such a legend still exists in the memory of some of those who have seen many Commencements.

THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.—ENGLAND.

"There is no God" the foolish saith —
 But none, "there is no sorrow":
 And Nature oft the cry of faith
 In bitter need will borrow.
 Eyes, which the preacher could not school,
 By wayside graves are raised.
 And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
 That ne'er said, "God be praised."
 Be pitiful —
 Be pitiful, O God!

The tempest shooteth from the steep
 The shadow of its coming:
 The beasts and birds anear us creep,
 As power were in the human!
 Power! — while above, the mountains shake,
 We spirits tremble under!
 The hills have echoes — but we make
 No answer to the thunder.
 Be pitiful —
 Be pitiful, O God.

Perhaps the war is in the plains;
 Earth feels new scythes upon her:
 We reap our brothers for the wains,
 And call the harvest honor!
 Draw out confronted line to line,
 The natures all inherit;
 Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,
 Clay, clay; and spirit, spirit.
 Be pitiful —
 Be pitiful, O God.

Perhaps the plague is in the town —
 And never a bell is tolling ;
 And corpses, jostled 'neath the moon,
 Nod to the death-cart's rolling.
 The strong man calleth for the cup,
 The young maid brings it weeping :
 The wife from her sick babe looks up,
 And shrieks away its sleeping.
 Be pitiful —
 Be pitiful, O God.

We tremble by the harmless bed
 Of one loved and departed.
 Our tears drop on the lips that said
 Last night "Be stronger-hearted!"
 Clasp, clasp the friendly fingers close —
 We stand here all as lonely
 To see a light on dearest brows
 Which is the *daylight only*.
 Be pitiful —
 Be pitiful, O God.

The happy children come to us
 And look up in our faces ;
 They ask us, was it thus and thus,
 When we were in their places !
 We cannot speak : we see anew
 The hills we used to live in —
 And feel our mother's smile press through
 The kisses she is giving.
 Be pitiful —
 Be pitiful, O God.

We pray together at the kirk
 For mercy, mercy solely —
 Hands weary with the evil work,
 We lift them to the Holy.
 The corpse is calm below our knee,
 Its spirit bright before thee :
 Between them, worse than either, we —
 Without the rest or glory ;
 Be pitiful —
 Be pitiful, O God.

We leave the communing of men
 The murmur of the passions,
 And live alone, to live again
 To endless generations.
 Are we so brave? the sea and sky
 In silence lift their mirrors,
 And glassed therein our spirits high
 Recoil from their own terrors.
 Be pitiful —
 Be pitiful, O God.

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
 Woods, hamlets, streams beholding,
 The sun strikes through the farthest mist
 The city's spires to golden.
 The city's golden spire it was
 When hope and health were strongest,
 And now it is the kirkyard grass
 We look upon the longest.
 Be pitiful —
 Be pitiful, O God.

But soon all vision waxeth dull :
 Men whisper, " He is dying ! " —
 We cry no more, " Be pitiful " —
 We have no strength for crying.
 No strength, no need ! Oh, eyes of mine,
 Look up, and triumph rather.
 So, in the depth of God's divine
 The Son adjures the Father,
 BE PITIFUL —
 BE PITIFUL, O GOD.

TALES OF THE KNIGHTS OF SEVEN LANDS;

A SERIES OF ROMANCEROS OF CHIVALRY, BY J. H. INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF " LAFITTE,"
 " KYD," " BURTON," ETC.

THE STORY OF THE SIEUR LOUIS DE LINANT, CONCLUDED.

SHOWING HOW THE PRINCESS BEATRIZ AVENGED HERSELF, FOR THE TREACHERY OF THE
 COUNT ALARCOS.*

EARLY the ensuing morning, the knights mounted with their retinue of esquires and men-at-arms, and throughout the day journeyed pleasantly amid a fertile valley; their road winding beside a river, on whose banks stood many a fair castle, and rural hamlet. At eventide they arrived at a noble wood of palm trees, the lofty and gigantic trunks of which, springing into the air, noble columns a hundred feet in height, expanded like the arches of a cathedral, presenting a canopy which shut out the skies over their heads, while beneath stretched arcades of the most magnificent dimensions. The nakedness of the tall shafts was relieved by luxuriant tendrils of the wild grape vine, twining in masses of verdure around them, or hanging in immense festoons from tree to tree. Through the spacious avenues of this noble wood, the knights advanced on horseback without obstruction. The declining sun penetrated at intervals through the far asunder columns of the trees, in broad lanes of light, like carpets of sun-gold unrolled along the level sward. On all sides, cool and pleasant shades invited to repose; and, tempted by the beauty of the spot, the travel-worn cavaliers resolved to pitch there their tents for the night. Having ended their frugal evening repast, they reclined before the tent, each falling into such attitude for listening, as was his habit, and Sieur de Linant then resumed his story, which he called

" THE REVENGE OF THE PRINCESS BEATRIZ, OR
 THE GRIEVOUS CRIME OF COUNT ALARCOS."

" The bride of the false knight," said the French knight, " by her beauty and grace, and superior excellence, served to deepen the wound in the breast of the princess Beatriz. She could not be insensible to the charms either of her person or mind. Yet, as these were the allurements which had drawn Count Alarcos away from her, she looking at them through her jealous mind, regarded them only as so many deformities. If the sweet countess smiled, the Infanta cursed the smile, because such had robbed her of her betrothed knight. If she sang, her voice, though sweet as a bulbul's, was discordant to her ears, and filled her soul with rage and torment. The lovely bride could not but perceive that the princess, much as she strove to hide it till the time of her revenge was well ripened, was disaffected towards her; and prompted by her gentleness, and loving nature, she strove to conciliate her; but the more gently she deported herself, so much the more the princess hated her. She at length told her husband with great grief, how she feared she had done some evil thing which had sorely displeased the princess Beatriz, who, though she outwardly showed her courtesy she knew to be inwardly but ill-content with her.

The cheek of Count Alarcos burned with rising shame, from the consciousness of the true cause, on hearing these words from his innocent bride, and in his heart he felt ill at ease; for he now knew that however the princess had seemed to pass over his defection, she had secretly cherished evil

* The chief incident in this tale, will be found in an old Spanish ballad, which Lockhart has recently translated in a very admirable manner. Vide " Lockhart's Spanish Ballads."

thoughts in her heart, both towards him and his bride. He, however, laughed, and tapping her forehead, said playfully,

"Tis nought, sweet wife, but thy own beauty that hath made the princess envious. Thou must not heed it; for she is a woman! So, hereafter, keep thou more by my side, and in thy own bower; for I would have thee and Beatriz meet seldom."

Though the husband spoke thus to his unsuspecting wife, he became alarmed for her safety, not thinking of his own. He therefore resolved to obtain leave of the king, to return to his castle for a while; on the plea of an approaching event, on the occurrence of which, as a husband, and an expectant father, he was desirous of having his wife in his own abode. To this the king gave his consent, and the same evening the count left the dangerous atmosphere of the court, for the peaceful retreat of his castle.

When the princess Beatriz learned his sudden departure, she became excited to such a degree of rage and disappointment, that for several hours she was nearly distracted. At length she grew calm, and seated alone in her chamber, thus she spoke to herself.

"It is better it were so; better far! This delay will give me threefold vengeance. This was the night, and this the hour in which my long-nurtured revenge was to have had its consummation; and they have escaped! Now there will be *three* bosoms to pierce instead of two! Count Alarcos, thou false knight and perjured lover! I heed not thy flight, nor will it save thee! I bide my time!"

Impatiently did the princess wait from day to day, to hear that the Count Alarcos had been made a father. At length word came that the fair countess Gertrudis had given birth to a son. This intelligence, strange as it would seem, filled the princess with joy. She now resolved to lose no time in consummating her plan of vengeance. She would have carried it out on the first day she saw the bride after her marriage; but her heart and hand shrunk, day by day, from the deed, while her hatred grew deeper with the lingering execution of her purpose. It was by this prolonged indecision, that they had for the time escaped her, and the wife had become a mother, and the deserted betrothed still unavenged. But this event, which at first view appeared to her so unpropitious, gave new inspiration to her cruel soul.

At her suggestion the king was prevailed upon to stand sponsor for the boy, and forthwith to send to Count Alarcos, bidding him bring his wife and heir to the capital. Gratified with the honor intended him, the Count, so soon as his lady recovered, and when the child was in his fourth month, left his castle and brought her up to Court.

The christening took place with great pomp and joy, and none seemed more happy at the event, or more sincere in congratulating the lovely mother, than the princess Beatriz. "Now comes the pitiful part of my tale, fair knights," said the *Sieur de Linant* in a sad tone, and sighing as he thought of the woeful history he was about to relate.

The christening was over, and the king and his brave retinue of knights and nobles, the Infanta with her brilliant train of ladies, pages, and gentlemen in velvet and gold, had returned from the cathedral; the Count Alarcos, and his fair wife, the brightest stars of this royal galaxy. The palace was reached, and each retired from the pageant; the king to his chamber, the princess to her bower, the count, and his wife and child, to their own furnished mansion, in a *plaza* not far distant from the royal palace. It was now evening. The mellow glow of sunset had given place to the deep blue of night with its stars. The princess Beatriz sat in her window, looking forth with her eyes, but not with her mind. Her thoughts were tumultuous and evil. Her bosom heaved restlessly beneath her crimson vesture, and her cheek was pale. The expression of her lips was close and decided, as if with the concentration of some strong and single passion. Her eye was dark as the depth of a sunless well, in the noon-tide; the lid immovable, and the look steady and fearful. Long, long, she sat by her casement, in this strange mood and aspect of visage; her lips at times moving, but giving forth no articulate sound. At length she rose up, and entering her ante-room, despatched a page for the king.

When he entered her apartment, she received him reclining upon a couch, with a robe thrown around her. From her face every trace of emotion had been withdrawn into the recesses of her heart; but still her cheek was white.

"Well, my child," said the king, seating himself near; "thy page hath brought me a message, saying you desired to see me. You are pale! Art thou ill, daughter?"

"Nay, sire," she said quickly; "I have sent to speak with thee, touching a matter that lieth very near my heart. How likest thou this fair countess of Alarcos?"

"Passing well," answered the king; "she hath a beauteous face and a heart full of gentleness and love. Didst observe to-day the bright look of her proud maternal eye, when the cardinal praised the beauty of her noble babe; and the young father, how proudly he glanced around! I would thou wert well married, girl, and had so brave a boy to bring to the font, and inherit my throne."

The cheek of the princess suddenly flushed; but the blood retreated to her heart as rapidly as it gushed from it, while she said calmly,

"And how like you, sire, this Count, my cousin?"

"He is the best knight in Spain! and she the fairest wife. But thou art ill at ease! What mean these questions you put to me? There is fathom to them, child, beyond my plummet's reach. Out with thy mind."

"Thou hast just said thou didst wish me wed. Listen. I will not hide longer my dishonor and my grief. Thou shalt know the wrong done thy daughter, king."

Thus spoke the injured princess; and then raising herself from her couch, she recounted her wrongs:

"Know, king of Castile, that thou art degraded in thy child. A knight—'t is shame for me to speak it, but it is to a father's ears, and my vengeance must not die for want of words, and ears to hear them! a knight of no mean degree, whom thou hast loved to honor, hath long since plighted to me his troth. I gave him all my love—all the affection of a woman's bosom poured I into his! I loved him better than my life, dwelt on his looks and words with foolish fondness, and in his footstep's faintest sound heard sweetest music. 'T were not maidenly to love unwooed; but love, my father, once awakened in a woman's heart, knoweth no rest to its wing till it nestle where it would. Noble, proud, and gay-lived, he did not so deeply requite my passion as I would he should do; yet still I believed he loved me. At length secretly we plighted troth, and our betrothal was registered in heaven. After this, his love grew cold, while mine became a flame, consuming me. We often met, and I as oft did chide him for his indifference; but he would swear his love unchanged, and so measuring it by my own, I did believe his oath."

"And I knew nothing of this love-passage within my very household," said the king, who had listened with surprise and impatience. "Who was this bold knight?"

"Nay, let me go on. He was at length sent from court on a message to France, and in his absence, saw a maiden whose beauty lured him from his love's allegiance; and, forgetful of his oath, his plighted troth and hundred vows of love, betrothed her. On his return he saw me not; but getting thy consent in the very face of his oath to thy daughter, the traitorous knight hastened to her father's castle, and there wedded her."

"By the sword of Cid Ruy he dies!" exclaimed the king, rising up and stamping the floor with indignation and fury. "Who was this perjured knight—nay, thou couldst place thy love on none beneath thee in blood—'t is Count Alarcos! Speak, daughter! He alone of all the knights is thy peer!"

"Thou hast named him, sire! Gertrudis de Roquehetyn was the maiden for whom a princess of Castille is dishonored."

"Santiago! but this false traitor shall be

well punished. His head shall roll from the scaffold by to-morrow's sun. A king's daughter is not to be lightly dishonored, nor a knight's vow lightly broken."

"Nay, father, let me have this retribution in my own hand. Maiden shame would withhold the confession, but I still love this recreant knight, and if he redeem his pledge to me, I can still forgive the past."

"Stands the matter so," said the king with surprise. "Then, by the rood! Don Alarcos—for he is thy peer—shall wed thee! He shall on the morrow divorce this countess Gertrudis. If he has bound himself in new vows, old oaths he may not break. Thou shalt not lose a loyal spouse, for a false lover's treachery. You have erred daughter, in loving as you did; and this conduct of Don Alarcos hath brought shame on you as a maiden princess, and on my gray hairs. While the countess lives, she dishonors thee. Would thy royal mother was living to counsel thee and me, in this new care that hath come upon me. Speak, thou, my daughter, and give thy counsel in this matter."

"Nay, father," said the artful princess, who well knew what counsel she had long cherished for this occasion, "Nay, I have little wit and wisdom to advise; but, certes, I think the Count Alarcos may cause this usurping countess to die."

"The fair countess perish!" exclaimed the king with a look of surprise and pain.

"She *must* die. Let it be noised that sudden disease shortened her tender life; for her health is now delicate and the rumor would be believed. Then let the Count Alarcos come to me and redeem his broken vow."

The king sat for a long space confounded, but at length said sorrowfully,

"It were a pity to put out of life so fair a lady, and she so lately a mother. It were two murders with one stroke! Nay, I cannot command her death. Let him be divorced."

"No!" said the princess sternly; "she must die and Count Alarcos shall come and ask me for his wife."

"I would rather this false Count were slain, for he alone hath done this foul wrong, and she is innocent."

"The Count shall live to be my husband! she is not innocent—her peerless beauty is her guilt. I insist, good king, that she dies."

The king walked the chamber in great perplexity, for he was much troubled in mind, having a great desire to spare the sweet and innocent lady's life; also to please his daughter, and wipe away her wrong. At length he said:

"Good daughter, if divorce and a convent for the countess will not gratify thy revenge,

thou shalt have thy will, for foully a king's daughter hath been wronged! I will order her execution privately, and let it be given out that sudden sickness took her breath. The Count shall then wed you, and so none shall know your dishonor." "Command that the *Count himself* be her executioner!" said the princess with a look that it would seem only an evil angel could give the full depth of expression to.

"*Himself?*" repeated king Ferdinand. "I will no *less* revenge — no lighter punishment! With his own hand shall he divide the chain that bound him to another, when he was bounden to me. This is my vengeance and his punishment! Long have I cherished it — long have I waited for it! I would have told thee my dishonor ere this, and asked her death of thee, but I waited till the father should, in the mother of his child, bind himself to her with new and fresher bonds of affection, that the task I was to give him to do might weigh heavier upon his hand, the blow sink deeper into his heart."

"Thou hast well ripened thy vengeance, Infanta," said the king, who, although of a stern and vindictive temper himself, could not listen without surprise to her plan of finished revenge. "But thou wilt be defeated. The Count loves her, and will not take her life."

"Thou must give him the alternative, her life or his own. The block, or redeem his vow to me!" said the inexorable princess. "Do not hesitate, my father! Art thou king of this realm, and the head of chivalry, that thou wilt let pass this wrong to a princess of the realm, or this stain on the honor of knighthood!"

"No. By my own kingly honor and knightly faith, this shall not go unpunished! The countess, who hath been the means of this dishonor, shall die, and the count who inflicted it, shall execute thy vengeance upon her, therein suffering most thy punishment in himself. By my faith, daughter, none but a woman would have ripened such a plan. It shall be done. Early tomorrow I will have speech in private with the Count of Alarcos. Ere long thou shalt know the issue. A sweet good night, daughter. As a knight and father, I will avenge the woman and daughter."

"God speed thee," answered the Infanta, "and soon bring the Count Alarcos to my feet."

The following day the Count Alarcos and his wife were seated in her bower, playing with their boy, tossing and praising it, he comparing its eyes to the eyes of its mother, and she proudly likening his dimpled mouth to his. While they were thus happily engaged, feeling that much as they loved each other before, they now loved a great deal more, since the birth of their boy, in whom both saw their loves meeting, there came a king's

page with a message, saying, that the king desired the Count Alarcos to dine with him that day.

"Now, haste thee early from the banquet, love," said the sweet lady, when the time came for him to go away: "the hours you pass with me are all sunlight, while those that keep you absent are alternate clouds and tears."

Count Alarcos smiled fondly at these words, promised, and embracing her, kissed his boy which she held up to him, and went his way to the king's banquet; little guessing, I wot, why the king desired his company. The feast was a sumptuous one, served in a vast hall hung round with tapestry of silk and cloth of gold. At each guest's chair stood a page holding a golden goblet of wine oft replenished, and servitors many a one in gay apparel, waited at the kingly board. The Count Alarcos sat by the king's right hand, and was by him well entertained with courteous cheer; so well did Ferdinand disguise his intent.

At length, when the banquet was at an end, and the guests had withdrawn to listen to the singers, or witness the voluptuous motions of the *danzarines*, as they danced to the tinkling tabor; the king and the Count of Alarcos being left alone, the monarch thus began:

"I have heard, Alarcos, strange news since yester e'en. What is this tale, that you plighted your word and knightly troth to a lady, ere you wedded your present wife?" And the king fixed his glance closely on the face of Count Alarcos. The knight started and dropped his eyes, fearing to look at the king, who at once saw by his guilty look that the Infanta had told only what was true of him. "This is a sad thing I hear, Count, that you did plight yourself to be a husband to my daughter. If more passed, you yourself know the truth; but thou hast broke thy vow, and brought shame upon a maiden. Now, by the cross! there is a lady fair doth lie within my daughter's place! Two wives are not allowed in Spain; yet, certes! thou must wed my child! Let it be noised that sudden illness seized the countess' breath, and cut short her tender life; then come and woo my daughter! If ought hath passed between you, more than I know, let nothing be said, so none my dishonor shall know, and you both shall wed in honor."

"Most gracious liege," said the Count Alarcos, "I confess the truth, nor will deny what I have done. I to the princess did plight my troth, and vowed to wed her. I have broken my vow in a most unknighly manner, and deserve punishment. But spare the innocent — let my wife escape thy vengeance! Slay not the sinless, for the sin of the guilty. Avoid that wicked deed!" And the Count of Alarcos was full of sorrow.

"Be the deed and its guilt fastened upon thine own treachery, false knight," said the king. "If guiltless blood must wash out thy stain, be thou answerable therefor, for thou hast made the blot that asks such atonement. The tarnished honor of kings, must have innocent blood to restore its purity. Thy wife dies, Count."

"Nay, my liege!" and the Count of Alarcos threw himself at the feet of the king.

"She dies, false and treacherous knight! She must not live to behold another sun. Ere morning dawn, her life must have its end, and thine own hand must do the deed."

"Pardon! grace! your majesty! spare the wife of my bosom!" implored the Count, bathing his feet with tears.

"There is no remedy! she dies, *thou her executioner*, or thy own head, shorn of its locks, shall be brought to the block!" And thus speaking, the king disengaged himself from his grasp, and left the banquet room.

"Alas! alas!" said the Count of Alarcos, rising to his feet, "how wretched is my lot! My Gertrudis — my life — my love! I cannot think of thee! Doomed, adjudged to death, and I to do the deed! Wo is me! I have stained the blood of a king by my broken troth, and now my poor innocent lamb's blood must flow to blot out the dishonor! alas! from my own sin springs this cruel fate! my wife — my Gertrudis — my child! oh Christ Jesu! have pity on me!" He crossed the hall with a staggering step, he scarce knew whither. He leaned against a column near the portal, unable to move farther, for blindness came over him, and his heart weighed like lead in his bosom.

"Put to death my dear wife!" he muttered again, moving forward, talking to himself in tones pitiful to hear; "it is the king's command. I dare not disobey it, for treason would blot my name! It must be done — I must slay her — God blame me not, but look upon my great strait! Alas! that one so young and sinless — the life of my life, should bleed for my sin! alas, that my love should be her death! Henceforth, sorrow, be thou my bride!"

Thus spoke the wretched and guilty Count of Alarcos; and after staying to gather strength of heart and body, he dejectedly bent his steps homeward. It was a weary way, and he could wish he ne'er might reach its end. He thought of his fair countess, how tenderly she loved him; of his sweet babe, and how fondly she cherished it. He at length came to the portal and paused, fearing to enter.

"How, alas!" he said, "shall I meet the cheerful countenance and welcoming smile of my kind Gertrudis! To see her coming forth with smiles to meet me, who so soon must be her murderer!"

She heard his footstep, for she was up and

watching his return, and ere her page could hasten to announce him, she flew and met him in the gate. Her babe was at her breast, and all the fond hope and love of the wife and mother beamed in the kind lady's face.

"Thou art come, my husband," she said, advancing to receive his wonted embrace; "welcome, my beloved Alarcos — my lord — my life!"

He drops his head and is silent. She arrests her step and gazes on him with looks of anxiety. "What hath happened, my lord! Your brow looks sad, and your eyes are red with weeping. Tell, oh, tell your wife!"

"I'll tell thee, sweet wife," answered Count Alarcos, with a breaking heart: "I will tell thee — but not now!" He did not look up while he spoke, for he could not brook in his the gaze of the sweet eyes which so soon his own deed would seal in death — he could not look on the fair form which so soon was to be a corpse. "I'll tell thee," said he sadly, "when we are in your bower. Let us sup together, and bring me wine, for my heart is sick."

The countess, though heavy at his sorrow, not knowing how soon she need weep for herself, set about his repast, and furnished it with her own hands; not willing her maids should serve her lord when he was sorrowful, her love telling her the wife doth the best at such a season. He sat by his board, and she sat beside him. But he could eat nothing for his grief at which the king had commanded him to do, and sat by her side pale and sad: nor ate she any thing for his sorrow. She then gently asked him what ailed him. He did not answer her, but laid his throbbing head upon the board and the tears flowed fast from his eyes.

"Gertrudis," he said at length, "I would retire — come thou with me to our chamber. I fain would sleep."

She followed him in silence to her bower, where they were wont to sleep; but I ween there was little sleep that night in that place. The Countess laid herself weeping upon her couch, with the babe upon her breast. Never had she lain down with so heavy a heart. Her husband, whose untold grief — alas, full soon he made her know its cause — had made her sorrowful, walked the chamber long and with a troubled step. Her eye followed each step he made with anxious tenderness. Suddenly he barred the chamber door, and with a dark and heavy visage came near her as she lay, her baby upon her breast, for though it had two nurses, it loved best the nourishment its mother gave it. Poor babe! how should this have plead for thy mother's life with thy cruel sire! She looked up and smiled as he came near. He heeded not the look of love, but said

"Alas, unhappy lady — thou art of all wives the most to be pitied; I of all men!"

"Nay, my lord and noble husband," she said, smiling sweetly; "she who is Count Alarcos's wife can never be unhappy!"

"In that very word, unhappy woman, lies all your misery—is gathered all your woe. Ere I beheld you I was betrothed to the Princess Beatriz. Shame and seeking opportunity for revenge hath kept her silent until now. She has to-day divulged it to my lord the king, and claims me for her own! Alas! the right is on their side! The king has this day said that since you hold his daughter's rightful place, you this night must die!" It was with pain and anguish Count Alarcos spoke these words of shame, and the tears flowed while he spoke. The Countess rose up in her couch and said bitterly,

"Are these the wages of my long and fond affection, my noble husband! Have I not been to thee a leal and lowly wife? Reward not my true love with death!"

"It may not be," said the Count sternly.

"Oh, slay me not! see I kneel at thy feet! spare my life—spare thy sweet boy's life, which is lodged within my breast! Send me back to my noble father's, from whence you took me not two years ago, a gleeful bride! there will I live a chaste and secluded life, and rear my noble boy to manhood for thee! Oh, kill me not, noble Count!"

"My oath is given—I've sworn to the king thy death! Ere dawn of day you die!"

"Thou wilt not slay me, my husband!"

"I would not—for thou art my life! But else knightly dishonor and disgrace, and the infamy of the ignominious block await me. I take thy life to save my honor, not my life!"

"Alas!" said the lovely Countess, rising from her knees, her brown hair falling loosely adown her snowy robe, and the tears flowing from her eyes; "alas! this is because I am alone, and my father is far distant, and old and frail! Were my brave brother alive, thou wouldst not do this wicked deed! It is my helplessness that maketh this coward king to force my death. But 't is not death that terrifies me! No. I fear it not—for my soul with God's at peace: but I am loth to leave my dear babe so!" and she pressed the infant to her bosom, and kissed it, as if her heart were breaking.

"Now, be thou ready," said the count, looking away. "Give me the child!"

"One more kiss!" she cried, and clung to it as if she would never separate from it. But he took it from her and lay it upon the bed. She knelt, and folding her hands across her bosom, said a prayer. She then rose up and said, stretching her hands towards her babe, which cried a little at missing her, "Let me, kind Alarcos, give my poor boy one drink more; one farewell drink before my breast be cold!"

"Why prolong the bitterness and pain of this hour," he said. "Prepare, sweet wife, there is no time to give, for the dawn already is breaking in the east."

"Be kind, thou wicked Count, yet still-loved husband; be kind, I pray thee, to my poor dear babe! See, he sleeps!"

"Be ready, Gertrudis."

"Hear me, Count of Alarcos! I give thee my forgiveness for this cruel deed, for the love's sake wherewith I have loved thee, since first we met. Thee, I freely pardon! But the king and cruel princess, here, in God's sight, I call His curse upon them for their unchristian deed of slaughter! I charge them with my last dying word, to meet me in the realm of death, and at God's throne, ere the moon, which now is new, makes her round complete!"

She knelt before him, and gave him her scarf, which had been his birth-day gift, and saying softly, "shed not my blood, but with this stop my breath," awaited her piteous doom.

He looked not in her face; he sought no parting glance from her sweet blue eyes, upturned to their own azure heaven; but putting the scarf around her snowy neck, which gently bent to meet the death, he drew it tight and strong, and held her thus, until the heart which so often had beat against his, ceased; and stiff and cold she lay extended along upon the floor. He raised her then upon the couch, and covering her with a white robe, knelt by her side, and cried in misery and woe to Jesu and Mary mother. But dark and iron were the heavens above him, and his black and guilty soul found no hope or comfort from its fell remorse. He rose up to his feet, and unbarring his chamber door, called loudly for his esquires. When they came in, and looked with dismay upon her, as she lay before them dead, he said,

"Look on and weep! In her innocence she hath died. Ne'er was sweeter lady in all Spain, or one more void of wrong! In her innocence they have slain her, and God will take heed of their offence!"

Thus died by a cruel king's command, a haughty prince's vengeance, and a false knight's treachery, a sweet, innocent lady, and sooth, God's vengeance staid not long!

Ten days thereafter, while the princess Beatriz was seated in her hall, with her maids and gentlemen around her, thinking in her heart how soon she would wed the Count Alarcos, there was seen by all present, to enter the hall, a knight in black armor, with his visor down, who strait approached her. She looked up, and saw him, and instantly turned pale, and a look of mortal fear came over her countenance. The knight strode near, and silently took her hand, which she unresisting, gave him.

"Thou would'st wed, princess," he said in a deep tone; "come with me, I will be thy bridegroom!"

She uttered not a word, made no effort to remain, but with her eyes set in horror, her cheeks like marble, and a tottering step, she suffered him to lead her forth through the hall. Without, stood two steeds, a black and a white one. Placing her upon the white one, he leaped upon the other, and taking her bridle in his hand, they dashed away from the palace, toward the gates, at full speed; but well, I ween, no horses with such riders passed through the gates that day, and never was the Princess Beatriz heard of more. She had obeyed the call of the innocent Countess, and gone to meet her "in the realms of death!"

Ten days after the fearful doom of the hapless princess, the king, who ceased not to mourn for her, and tremble for himself, was riding at the head of his knights, on his way to say mass at the cathedral, for the deliverance of the soul of his unhappy daughter. At the door of the church, a gigantic knight in black armor, mounted on a black horse, stood in his path. When the king saw him, his heart trembled, and his spirit failed him.

"If thou would'st say mass, king Ferdinand," said the black knight, "ride with me."

"Whither?" demanded the fear-stricken and guilty king.

"Into the realms of death."

And thus speaking, the black knight took the bridle of the king's steed in his hand, and the two horsemen, in the sight of all present, galloped away in the direction of the gates: but, I wot, no porter saw such riders pass forth the city gates that day.

The moon was waning into her decreasing horn, when the Count of Alarcos, who had not ceased to weep the deed he had so cruelly done, and had kept his chamber, was startled by the appearance before him, of the spirit of his slaughtered wife. Her face was grave, but the look was not angry.

"Count Alarcos, the moon has waned, and the guilty king and princess have been summoned before the awful bar of God. Thou art wanted to bear witness at their judgment and be thyself adjudged. Come, my husband, thou art summoned to the realms of death!"

When the Count's attendants entered his chamber the next morning, they were filled with dismay at seeing their lord's body, lying cold and stiff along the chamber floor. Thus the cry of innocence was heard in Heaven, and three guilty spirits stood together, summoned before the judgment-seat of Christ.

Thus ended the tale of the Sieur de Linant, in which, all the knights were deeply interest-

ed. After having thanked him for the entertainment he had afforded them, they began to speak their several opinions of the conduct of the Count of Alarcos. They all condemned him for breaking his faith to the princess at the first; but having broken it and married the fair lady Gertrudis, it became him to keep faith to her. Respecting his duty in obeying the king, and thereby slaying his own wife, there was a difference of sentiment; the German and Venetian knights saying that he could do no otherwise; the Roman and Scottish knights saying that he was guilty of cowardly murder, and should have withstood the king, and rather been slain; and the Roman knight, with whom Sieur de Linant sided, averring that if he did kill her, he should have killed himself also, over her body.

The English knight, however, rising up, said with great warmth,

"From first to last, this Count Alarcos hath proved himself a false knight, and base knave! He was false in vowing to love the princess, when he loved her not; but having plighted his troth, he was pledged to redeem it. The beauty, gentleness, and peerless charms of the lady Gertrudis, whom he saw afterwards, were no excuse for breach of faith towards one less lovely, or less loved. By his marriage he was false to both; for while his oath had been given to the princess, he could not bind himself to the Countess Gertrudis. His old oath stood, and he could make no new one. When, at length, the king, inspired by the Infanta, commanded him to slay her, he should rather have held his spurs to the armorer's axe, bent his head to the block, and suffered the ignominy and the death. But, instead, he sacrifices innocence, that he may preserve his knighthood untainted. By the lion heart of Richard Plantagenet! he did bring upon himself and knighthood greater dishonor, by his craven and guilty deed, than the rolling of a hundred knights' heads from the scaffold. He was a treacherous, base, and craven knight, and unworthy of name or place in the roll of chivalry. God judge him; for, by the cross, methinks he hath greater guilt than those who set him on."

The English knight, Sir Henry Percie, having thus spoken, all the knights, including the Spanish knight, agreed with him. And so Don Fernando having failed to prove the precedence of Spanish knighthood, as represented in the person and prowess of the Count of Alarcos, it fell to the lot of Signor Pier Farnese, the Venetian knight, to relate a tale of Venetian chivalry, at their next encampment. The hour then waxing close upon midnight, the knights begat themselves to their repose.

GHETTO DI ROMA.

BY T. W. PARSONS, M. D.

"Sol chi non lascia credità d'affetti
 "Poca gioia ha dell'urna." — *Ugo Foscolo*.

Whoever, led by worship of the past,
 Or love of beauty, even its wane,
 Wastes a sweet season of delightful sadness,
 In wandering mid the wilderness of Rome,
 May see, as I did — many a summer since,
 A wretched quarter of the sacred city
 Where the poor dregs of Israel's children dwell.

'Tis called *the Ghetto*, and the pious townsman
 Shuns it, unless his piety lie deep
 Enough to teach him not to turn aside
 From any form of human brotherhood.
 Near the dull Tiber's indolent old flow,
 Beyond the shadow of the Vatican,
 Yet within sound, almost, of choirs that chant
 Morning and evening to St. Peter's organ,
 Its prison-like and ragged houses rise.
 A miry street leads through the unholy realm,
 Where no saint's chapel, perfect in proportion,
 Breaks the long ugliness with one fair front ;
 Nor ever open door breathes odorous fumes
 Of silver censers on the passers by.
 Here hymns are never heard, nor sacring bell,
 Nor benediction from benignant lips,
 Nor whispered aves to the cold-eyed Virgin.
 The cowed procession brings no tapers here,
 With crucifix and banner-bearing boys,
 To take the taint out of the Hebrew air.

'Tis only here the hated Jew can harbor,
 Indulging still the mockery of home,
 And wives and children underneath the ban
 Of the proud Pontiff — servant of God's servants ! *
 At either entrance of the ill-paved way,
 A gate as massive as the Scæan was,
 And grim as that through which the Tuscan passed
 On his dread journey to the fires of hell,
 Swings on its hinges till the set of sun,
 And then is bolted till he glare again.
 Thus dawn and night to the poor captives come
 Made by the barring only and unbarring
 Of the spiked portals ; for the blessed ray
 Pierces no lattice, gilds no threshold here.
 The gloomy shops a mingled steam exhale
 Of such rank offal as the meaner sort
 Of curs will mumble when their lent seems long,
 And withered greens, and musty grocers' ware.
 Here at high noon the petty trade proceeds
 By the dim tallow which the greasy counter
 Receives in minted drops — the only coin —
 Save that of oaths, which is abundant here.

* "*Servus Servorum Dei*."

Yet may the traveller see, if choice and fortune
 To Glory's churchyard paths conduct his feet,
 Haply in rags, but opulent in dirt,
 Faces and forms amid these slipshod Jews
 Which Perugino's pupil should have seen,
 Ere he portrayed his purest of Madonnas,
 And copied for the mother of God's son.
 I speak not of the vulgar sex — the man —
 Though many a nose considering its *bridge*,
 Seems more *pontifical* in either sense,
 More like the proud proboscis of a Roman
 Than his who kennels on the Quirinal;
 And many an eye there imitates a hawk's
 No less than Cæsar's in the olden time.
 But O! the Ghetto girls! the shining-haired,
 The budding bosomed and the blossom lipped!
 They are the comets that shall catch your eye,
 Beware! young loiterer, lest they catch your heart.

It chanced that — anno urbis conditæ —
 Some time 'twixt Romulus and Gregory —
 A noble youth, upon a summer's eve,
 Passed thro' the Ghetto, towards the Capitol;
 And glancing upward in his hasty walk,
 Saw at a window, gazing sadly down,
 A maiden brighter than the vesper star,
 Already lighted in the purple heaven.
 He marked the star, and knew the hour was late;
 He looked at her and wished it still was later;
 He heard the bell that warned the lagging stranger
 The time was come for bolting of the gate.
 All other Christians turned and left the quarter,
 But he remained, still walking to and fro,
 For one more peep at paradise incarnate.
 The smirched mechanic at his sill was sitting,
 The noise of gossips at the corner rose,
 The broker left his shop, the scribe his supper,
 And publican and pharisee came forth
 To chat of profit in the dusky light;
 A jargon filled the air — the gates were shut.

Thus was the noble Roman for the night
 Locked in ignoble durance — yet can beauty
 Transmute the common soil from which it springs
 To sands of gold — the Ghetto seemed Golconda.
 To him, the hovel where that jewel shone
 Appeared a Persian palace. Underneath
 The radiant window where she sat enshrined,
 Her father — a gross cub of Reuben's tribe,
 Kept a small wine-shop where his brother sots
 Cheered the dull nights with cups of sour Velletri.
 'T was not an inn — he did not furnish beds,
 Save what his guests beneath his tables found
 The gentle stranger baited here awhile,
 Informed his host of his predicament,
 And plied him too with golden arguments
 For shelter till the morning. Judas melted;
 The ducats won him — like his ancestor,
 He sold his soul — his far more precious soul —
 His priceless daughter, for a piece of silver.

Yet let no stain upon the virgin fall;
 Not Eve, before our grandsire knew her first,
 In thought and act more innocent than she.
 The young patrician found in her a pearl

Such as the husband of Lucretia had.
 She yielded to his love, but not his longing,
 And in a week became the Roman's wife.
 What scandal now among the gentry flies!
 Still mid the most lascivious, raging fastest,
 For calumny's ill fire, so quick to catch,
 Kindleth most readily the *lightest* tinder.
 'Tis epicurean too, and loves to prey
 On dainty victims — turns from base defects,
 To gorge on blemishes in noble blood.

This lover, who descending from his birth,
 Both birth and creed had chained by such a choice,
 Was the best scion of an ancient house,
 Whose name — Pamfil — was the Pontiff's own.
 So reverend — glorious and august a line
 To tarnish by vile contact with a Jew!
 'T was treason to the dignity of Rome,
 The very statues on the Pincian blushed,
 Dreaming of such dishonor to the state.
 The sinless regent of the Lateran
 Expostulated — scolded — fretted — fumed —
 'T is privately believed he swore a little —
 For cursing is a papal perquisite.
 But anger's fury is no match for love's.
 His last dread weapon, excommunication,
 Was launched in vain — his graceless nephew laughed,
 Repaid the scorn of his compeers *with* scorn,
 And with his wife, dearer to him than sceptres,
 The keys of Peter, and the triple crown,
 Fled to his castle near the sea, not far
 From the frontier of Naples — shining Anxur.
 There, wholly happy in her love, he dwelt
 Almost forgetful of the world beyond,
 Save when at times to make his home still dearer,
 In his felucca, o'er the summer ocean,
 He sailed with her to gay Parthenope.
 But brief their absence — each was heaven to each,
 And pleasure vainly wooed them to a brighter.
 In games and gardening — sports in wood and field,
 Books and the sweet society of dreams,
 Smoothly their being's easy web was woven,
 And the seven hills lived only in remembrance.

Now the sad passage of my story comes.
 The duke was hunting, with his men, a boar,
 The terror of the hills — whose pitiless fangs
 Had been the butchers of a hundred flocks,
 And made the richest of the shepherds poor.
 Swiftly he bounded with a careless leap,
 As if his own power, not his horse's bore him,
 Hallooing — glowing — cheering on his riders,
 His hot veins dancing, full of ruddy life,
 And thinking more of danger to the boar
 Than his own safety — at a sudden turn,
 The faithless joint of his o'er-labored steed
 Failed him, — he stumbled and his lord was thrown,
 "*Breathe on me, Rachel! cool me with thy kisses!*"
 Were the sole words his feverish lips could murmur;
 His spine was broken, — and his Rachel saw him
 Borne homeward, hanging like a vacant sack
 On some poor jade returning from the mill.

The castle dates its ruin from that day;
 Grief in the hall makes trouble in the hamlet,

The manor sickened in its master's loss,
 Thrift and content and plenty fled the village,
 Which seemed joint widow with its weeping lady.
 But when 't is stormy weather in the south,
 The sun-shine laughs upon the northern hills,
 And the same rain that beats one harvest down
 Gives fulness, joy and ripeness to another.
 So the same strokes that fell the forest, build
 The neighbor city — place reverses all things.
 Distance makes music of discordant sounds,
 As heard afar the town's confusing roar
 Turns to a hum that lulls the Dryad's ear;
 And grief, that stuns its victims with its nearness,
 To distant senses bringeth harmony.

Thus to the hearing of the wolf of Rome
 Came the glad tidings of his kinsman's death,
 For the dull wail that thrilled the Appenine
 Changed to rejoicing as it reached St. Peter's.
 Low on his knees the grateful sov'reign knelt,
 And thanked th' Almighty for so just a judgment;
 His counsellors, cool, meditative men,
 Spurred on his own opinion, and agreed
 'T were lenity most criminal to spare
 The guilty cause and partner of such sin.
 So, by a bull — cruel as that of brass
 Planned by the savage king of Sicily,
 The lands and fastnesses of fall'n Pamfili,
 Orchards, woods, meads, and all the herds therein,
 Were seized, and confiscated to the See.
 But since th' estate had been so long polluted,
 The interdiction of the Church was added,
 That none should dwell there, save unwholesome things;
 The daily lizard and the nightly owl,
 And the lean foxes of Maremma's fen —
 So the fields pined — the stagnant vapor spread
 From green Pontina, pois'ning all the air,
 And Love's bright region grew a wilderness.

But for the Jewess, what became of her!
 The papal Switzers, with un pitying hands,
 (Her blood forbidding what her beauty tempted,)
 Tore her babes from her — thrust her from the chamber,
 Which upon earth had been her land of promise
 And happy haven of fulfilment too,
 And spitting on her as upon a scorpion,
 Bade her go crawl upon her knees to Rome,
 Become a Christian, and implore that Virgin,
 Of whose own stock her Hebrew fathers came,
 To pardon her that she was born a Jewess.

So barefoot — faint — frenzied with fear and sorrow,
 She followed those rough pikemen of the Pope,
 Till their steeds bore them from her aching sight.
 And still she walked, for many a sultry day,
 Bleeding — and damp'ning with continual drops
 Of anguish and fatigue, from eyes and pores
 Gushing unchecked, the pestilential path
 That marks the marshes with a line of dust.
 A crust thrown at her from a passing cart
 Was all her sustenance, save the bitter scum
 Skimmed from the puddles where she slaked her thirst,
 Yet she scarce halted till the cupola
 Rose in the distance like a part of heaven,

The inner vault of the sky's double dome —
'T was her own city — yet her enemies' !

Closed was the gate — the gate of St. Sebastian —
 So early was it when she reached the walls,
 And sinking on the grass, she slept till dawn.
 Soon as the sentinel with punctual hand
 Hung up the keys and took his carbine down,
 And ere the drowsy casements were unfolded,
 She plodded on, through streets well known of old,
 Towards the dull Ghetto and her father's house.
 But you — O you, whose fancies only paint
 Delightful pictures, and from gay romance
 Have heard the pleasure of return — the bliss
 Of happy children meeting with their parents —
 And all the raptures of revived affections,
 Shift now Imagination's helm a little ;
 Indulge no vision of a loved repentant,
 Forgiv'n and smiling at a father's hearth.
 But see, instead, the lady of a Duke,
 The titled mother of two christian boys,
 Thrust from her delicate repose of life,
 Where servants, the 'vaunt couriere of her wishes,
 Nursed her fastidious affluence of comfort,
 Into that noisome burrow of the Jews,
 Amid the filth and want and rough disuse
 Of all the courtesies and gentle customs
 That ring with velvet tires the wheels of life.

But this she could have borne — all this was nothing
 To the rude greeting of an envious race
 Who called her recreant — gloried in her downfall
 Jeered the soiled remnants of her silk attire,
 And wittily malignant, oft contrasted
 Her jewelled fingers with her wounded feet.
 Yet lest the Holy Father, in his wrath,
 Might think it meet to drag her from this den,
 And have her roasted for a heretic,
 Here, half in pity, half in punishment,
 Was she concealed and from the daylight barred ;
 Fed with rank bits and beaten like a drudge.
 Till Reason, sapped by inly gnawing fears
 Of her poor children's fate, and stunned as 'twere,
 By that vast fall from blessedness to bondage,
 Reeled from its throne and left her lunatic.
 So to the dungeon for the mad they haled her,
 And chained her soft limbs mid the rotten straw,
 Wet with white froth from the last victim's lips,
 A howling maniac that had died before her.
 But some sweet angel stole her sense away,
 And nothing knew she of the jailor's lash,
 For with her mind her feeling too had fled,
 The very fountain of her tears was frozen.
 Dumbly she nestled there — a thing of ice —
 Until she melted, like a drop of dew,
 Not into water, but the air of heaven.
'T was whispered then, that by the Pope's command,
Her two fair boys were burnt, and 't was believed,
For in that time the church was famed for rigor.

But 't was a fiction, — many years ago,
 Amid the galley-slaves together chained,
 Who delve all day the rubbish of the Forum,
 And keep the channel of the Tiber free,

Two haggard men were fettered leg to leg,
 Who still in company walked, worked, and rested,
 Like the twin monster-brothers of Siam.
 They too were brothers, — by their fellow-slaves
 One was called Barabbas and one Iscariot.
 I saw them once in Caracalla's Baths,
 Their white teeth staring from their idiot faces,
 And Folly grinning in their snaky eyes.
 Few knew their story — but 't was told to me
 With their true name — their true name was PAMFILI.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PHILIP QUARLL.

BY W. A. JONES.

THIS delightful story, the favorite of the child's library about a century ago, has now fallen into almost entire obscurity, from which we trust a late London republication of the book may revive it. It is a designed and palpable imitation of Robinson Crusoe, the popularity of which led to a swarm of imitations, amongst which the above and the Adventures of Peter Wilkins are by far the most ingenious, and so full of freshness and invention as to deserve to pass for originals.

"The Adventures of the English Hermit" were first published, in chapters, in a weekly newspaper, called the Public Intelligencer, shortly after the appearance of Robinson Crusoe, which in like manner had been printed in a paper with which Defoe was connected. So we see our supposed modern fashion of continuing a work of fiction through successive numbers of a periodical is by no means so original a plan as we had supposed in the hands of Hook, Dickens, Marryatt, and a host of their copyists. Our own impression had led us to believe that Launcelot Greaves, Smollett's least admirable work, was the first English novel that had appeared in the pages of a periodical, but here we have a precedent an hundred years previous. Like Peter Wilkins, and Gaudenzio di Lucca, the author of Philip Quarll is unknown. One who signs himself Edward Dorrington, a *nom du guerre*, we suppose, is the apparent compiler of the book; but we have, now-a-days, seen revealed all the arts of publication, and know very well that Editor often means an author who palms off his own writings as the lucubrations of other people. These scanty facts we glean from the preface to the late edition, and they afford all the actual information we have been able to collect on

the subject. Dunlop is entirely silent, in his history of Fiction, as to the very existence of Philip Quarll, though he mentions Peter Wilkins with praise; in which said history he has finished the department of English fiction with comparative indifference and in the briefest manner.

To confess the truth, we have ourselves only a short time since met with the Adventures, and feel that we have, by so late a reading, been deprived of the pleasant retrospections to which the reperusal of a book of this sort always gives rise. There are classic works which, if not read in early childhood, lose their principal charm, which consists of a pleasure connected with early associations, such as are peculiar in themselves, and which no other period of our life may afford us. In this class of books we place all the fairy tales and voyages *imaginaire*, as Gulliver's Travels, Robinson Crusoe, Peter Wilkins, and Philip Quarll, (Gaudenzio di Lucca is the single book of the kind above a mere childish imagination, but worth a textbook on ethics for the boyish youth; pure allegory is best relished then). We read Pilgrim's Progress with constant delight before the age of ten years, but have never been able to get through five pages since; and the Holy War we give up in despair, being quite past relishing the glories of that mortal combat between the Flesh and the Devil. Oriental tales, as the Arabian Nights and Persian Tales, are very captivating to a fancy delighted with gaudy pictures, and a taste adulterated by the crudities of ignorance; so too, for a different reason, are startling matter-of-fact relations — as the adventures of Munchausen, or Baron Trenck. All of these are really beneficial to young minds; but the

class of books we consider most useful for children, are combinations of books of adventures and matter-of-fact relations, as Quarll's adventures, where a child is not only impressed with generous sentiments and taught to follow a manly model of character, but also learns, and in the pleasantest manner, something of geography and of natural history. A book like this is better than a sermon or a moral lecture, for with delight it instills truth, and gives an impulse to the affections, while it stimulates the perceptions of the understanding.

To instruct children to advantage, we must charm their imaginations and touch their hearts; through these avenues we excite the natural piety instinct in the most fallible of human creatures, and awaken the dormant love of virtue, which (and not that accursed doctrine of natural depravity,) is the true birthright of man. By these means too, we invigorate and enlighten the reason, the master faculty, and thus in effect gain far more, and in a more pleasing manner, than if we had gone directly to work and frightened or stupefied our little pupils into the practice of a decorous behavior and the acquisition of the mere signs of knowledge. We are sorry to see the present race of writers of books for children adopting the unwise course of pragmatically insisting upon a didactic manner in works of fiction. In the midst of all the cants of the day, we are in danger of being surfeited with the cant of useful knowledge, and the cant of human perfectibility. Certainly all knowledge (even of the worst sort,) has its uses; but for the love of variety, my masters, let us have a little (so called) *useless* knowledge. It will at least serve as a relief to the mind; and of goodness, though we cannot have too much, we beg there may be less talking and more performance. We did not wonder that Harriet Martineau could ding children with tirades upon frugality and the circle of domestic virtues, but we are sorry to see even Miss Sedgwick and charming Mary Howitt getting to be too moral by half; and to crown our surprise, Captain Marryatt is overriding the useful knowledge hobby at such a pace, that we fear he will soon be found floundering in the dirt. In the midst of all this, we are gratified to bring into notice an old work with a new interest, to present our juvenile acquaintance with a new treasure to their former literary store, an accession they will not readily renounce.

Our first acquaintance with Philip Quarll arose out of the encomiums we met upon it in two or three passages of Leigh Hunt's writings, and the favor with which it was received by that glorious circle which met at Lamb's Monday evening parties. What fascinated three generations of children might, we logically inferred, attract a fourth; and

so we took up the work with the intention of saying something about it, if we were so fortunate as to catch the spirit of it. This intention was confirmed and excused (for we foolishly enough imagined the readers of the Boston Miscellany might consider a notice of an old child's book too trifling for their regard,) by the article of Hunt* on Peter Wilkins, a work of similar character, and of which we have something to say, before we stop. Of Philip Quarll, beyond a couple of sentences or so, we have seen a criticism nowhere, and have the ground, a virgin soil, entirely to ourselves.

Let us premise, that in our critical capacity we write to the parents, genius alone can write up to the purity of the innocent child. We may have our say, and talk learnedly enough, but it is Mr. Hawthorne, who can present his Fancy's Show-box, and fix the roving eye of childhood as by a magic spell. As we love children, however, we shall be glad to act even as subordinate to their best teachers, the father and mother, they to whom they owe life and the fostering care of it, gratitude inferior only to that we all owe to the Father of our fathers, and the merciful protector of their offspring.

To make an end of what seems to be getting interminable, we come at once to our new acquaintance. The Adventures of Philip Quarll, are prefaced by a long, and very agreeable account of the discovery of the same Philip Quarll, by the aforesaid Mr. Dorrington. Our present notice might be entitled a discovery of the discovery of Philip Quarll, to which is added the adventures, &c. Mr. Dorrington, we are told, was a British merchant, who on his return to England, from a voyage of mercantile adventure, by accident made the discovery of an island in the South Sea, which had been supposed uninhabited, and even unapproachable for landing, on account of the difficulties of access to it; but on which was found an English hermit, who had lived there solitary and alone, (as Mr. Benton might add,) not only conveniently, and with comfort, but perfectly resigned and happy, for the space of fifty years. The account of the discovery includes a description of the dress, habitation, and utensils of Quarll, and a long report of the conversation held with him. Of the dress, manner of life, &c., we will only remark a close similarity to the minuteness, and particularity of the descriptions, and narrative of Robinson Crusoe. This, and the internal evidence of the story, and its conduct, induces us to suspect Defoe, himself, of the authorship of the book; a supposition highly probable, when we consider the demand for that class of writings, excited by the Crusoe of the same author, his wonderful copious-

* The Seer, xxxi. Part First.

ness, and his natural desire to enhance the value of the first book, by an imitation of it. This is a mere supposition of our own; yet analogous circumstances, a repetition of incidents even, lead us to suspect that by chance we may have hit upon the real author. The very concealment of the author's name might be employed as an argument on our side of the question. Defoe had nothing to gain after writing Robinson Crusoe, by copying himself; and, then the similarity is so strong in all points, down to the very homeliness, and yet expressiveness of the style, that we cannot think it a mere copy, since, at the same time, it discovers so much internal force and naturalness, which a mere copyist could not be likely to possess. Be that as it may, Quarll is Crusoe slightly altered. He is older, naturally more devout, and a greater lover of solitude; but equally a lover of animals, and of nature, equally expert as a mechanic, and planter; like Robinson Crusoe, cast by a shipwreck on a desert island, like him recovering the most necessary articles from the wreck. There are a few points of dissimilarity. Crusoe is transported at the thought of returning home, while Quarll will not leave his beloved retreat. The former hermit is continually in dread of the Anthropophagi, while the latter is only once visited by two thievish Indians, who fly at his approach. Quarll has no man Friday, but a favorite monkey, Beaufidelle. The coincidences are much more numerous; Quarll finds a turtle, like Crusoe, turns it on its back to keep it, uses the shell for a dish, and a kettle, combined, preserves his fresh fish, flesh, and fowl, in the salt water. His building, and furnishing, are of a piece with Robinson Crusoe's; so too his daily rounds, his devotional exercises. These last were somewhat particular; Quarll was a man of a religious turn, never forgot to ask a blessing, return thanks, at his meals, nor his daily devotions. His evening exercises are picturesquely described; he regularly resorted to a place where echoes were wonderfully multiplied and prolonged, and being gifted with a noble voice, which had been highly cultivated, he filled the valley or cavern with a thousand melodious airs. In this book, as in its prototype, we find the same ceaseless requisitions and provisions for the appetite. Quarll is always getting in his fish and chestnuts, and pickling his mushrooms, and entrapping a hare or a duck. We get a little tired of this, when reading on a full stomach, or in a large town; but on a deserted island the three meals must be the chief objects of worldly thoughts. Quarll's monkeys play an important part in the narrative, and fill a large place in his benevolent affections. His long beard is as characteristic, as Robinson's fur cap, which made us regard him as a grenadier, in our childish days; the old man,

though eighty-eight when discovered, could sneeze like a man of thirty: had a powerful voice, and an uncommonly vigorous frame. He was almost a giant in his muscular power, yet mild as an humble christian. The only defects about Quarll, are those of clothing; from his waist up he is naked; he has no sort of covering for his head, and his feet are bare of shoes and stockings. We think the author ought to have furnished him, at least, with an umbrella, and a pair of buckskin slippers; he might have sent them ashore on a wave from the wreck, or have prevailed on the voyagers to leave them for future use. As it is, our venerable friend looks as if a severe winter would give him a bad cold, from wet feet, and in summer there was imminent danger of a sun stroke. To leave this trifling, and add to the force of our former argument, we annex a short passage from an account of Mr. Dorrington's voyage home, which is as like Defoe's style, as Moll Flanders is like the History of the Plague, in point of manner, or as any one work of the same author is like any other.

"Having refreshed ourselves very well on this island, (Juan Fernandez,) we resolved to steer for Cape Verde in Chili. On the 12th, we made the Island of St. Jago, where we anchored, and sent our boat on shore. Here we bought some hogs and black cattle, for our voyage round Cape Horn to the Brazils, as also some corn and maize.

"We weighed anchor on the 20th, and sailed from hence, round Cape Horn. Round the Cape the weather favored us extremely; and nothing happened that was material, only that we were chased by a pirate ship, for about twelve hours on the 29th; but the night coming on, it favored us, so that we lost her. On the 4th of September, we made Falkland's Islands, and Cape St. Antonio, near the mouth of the River de la Plata, in Paraguay, on the 25th; when we stood out to sea, and made the island of Grande, on the coast of Brazil, on the 29th. We here received a letter from our owners, commanding us home, and not to sail for New England, as designed. Here we got beef, mutton, hogs, fowls, sugar, rum, oranges, and lemons, so that now we did not want for good punch."

Does not this read like a page out of a veritable log book, from the hand of Daniel Defoe?

The account of Quarll is written in the third person, instead of being an autobiography. For this reason, we conceive that it loses a portion of its spirit. It is a work no less curious than interesting, and contains much valuable matter of a miscellaneous character. It is interspersed with judicious reflection, and enlivened by agreeable pictures. It relates singular facts. It is withal highly characteristic of the subject of it, and full of a personal interest. To confirm

this criticism, we must not delay giving the reader specimens under each head. Previously to doing this, we will extract a longer passage than the preceding, to give the reader a better taste of our author's general manner. It is all over Defoe. It relates a passage in the solitary existence of Quarll.

"About forty paces farther, he found a chest in a cleft of the rock, which had been washed up there by the violence of the storm. After thanking heaven for its mercy in sending this gift, he tried to lift it, but could not; he was therefore obliged to fetch his hatchet to break it open, that he might take away what was in it by degrees. Having taken as much of the sail cloth as he could conveniently carry, with the few oysters he had got, he went home and fetched the tool, where-with he wrenched open the chest, from which he took a suit of clothes, and some fine linen. 'These,' said he, 'neither the owner nor I want;' so laid them down. The next thing he took out was a roll of parchment, being blank indentures and leases; 'these,' said he, 'are instruments of law, and are often applied to injustice; but I'll alter their mischievous properties, and make them records of heaven's mercies, and Providence's wonderful liberality to me; instead of being the ruin of some, they may chance to be the reclaiming of others.' At the bottom of the chest lay a runlet of brandy, a Cheshire cheese, a leather bottle full of ink, with a parcel of pens, and a penknife; 'as for these,' said he, 'they are of use; the pens, ink, and parchment, have equipped me to keep a journal, which will divert and pass away a few anxious hours. By degrees he took home the chest, and its contents; and now having materials to begin his journal, he immediately fell to work; that for want of other books, he might at his leisure, peruse his past transactions, and the many mercies he had received from heaven; and, that after his decease, whoever might be directed hither by Providence, upon reading his wonderful escapes in the greatest of dangers; his miraculous living, when remote from human assistance, in the like extremity he should not despair. Thus he began from his being eight years old, to the day of his being cast away, being then twenty-eight years of age, resolving to continue it to his death."

It can hardly be expected, that we should attempt the barest outline of incidents in a magazine article. We can only touch a few points in a very cursory manner.

The hero of the adventures is a philosopher by nature and from circumstances: he has got a habit of reflection, and is perpetually musing on the most familiar aspects of nature and the most ordinary occurrences of life. Thus, walking along the sea shore, he perceives at the foot of a rock, "an extraordinary large whale, which, cast there by the

late high wind, had died for want of water. There were shoals of small fishes swimming about it in the shallow water wherein it lay, as rejoicing at its death." Upon this he remarks, "Thus the oppressed rejoice at a tyrant's fall. Well, happy are they who, like me, are under Heaven's government only." He then with his knife cut several slices of the whale and threw them to the small fishes, saying, "It is just ye should, at last, feed on that which so long fed on you;" a homily which admits of a political construction. Here recurs another instance of his philosophic turn. "One day, having walked the island over and over, he proceeded to view the sea, whose fluid element being ever in motion, affords new objects of admiration. The day being very fair, and the weather as calm, he sat down upon the rock, taking pleasure in seeing the waves roll, and, as it were, chase one another; the second pursuing the first, and being itself overtaken by a succeeding until they sunk altogether. 'This,' said he, 'is a true emblem of ambition; men striving to outdo one another are often undone.'"

As he was making reflections on the emptiness of vanity and pride, and returning Heaven thanks that he was separated from the world, which abounds in nothing so much, a ship appeared at a great distance, a sight he had not seen since his shipwreck. "Most unlucky invention," said he, "that ever came into a man's thoughts. The ark, which gave the first notion of a floating habitation, was ordered for the preservation of man; but its fatal copies daily expose him to destruction." Notwithstanding his philosophy, Quarll is thrown into deep distress by the failure of an attempt to reach the island, on the part of the sailors. This was, however, brief. Again, he misses an opportunity of escape. On a third occasion, an endeavor is made to carry him off by force, for exhibition. This was unsuccessful. A fourth chance of release is repulsed by him, having determined to spend the remnant of his life in his (now) beloved retreat.

Our hermit has a lively talent for coloring, an agreeable, descriptive fancy. The following present a few examples:

Antelope. "Having a majestic presence, body and limbs representing a stag, and the noble march of a horse."

A beautiful unknown bird. "He contemplated with delight on the inexpressible beauty of the feathers, which on the back were after the nature of a drake's, every one distinguished from the other by a rim round the edge, about the breadth of a large thread, and being of a changeable color, from red to azure and green; the ribs were of a delightful blue, and the feathers pearl-color, speckled with a bright yellow; the breast and belly, if they might be said to be of any

particular color were that of a dove's feathers, rimmed like the back, diversily changing; the head, which was like that of a swan for make, was purple, changing as if moved; the bill like burnished gold; the eyes like a ruby, with a rim of gold around them; the feet the same as the bill; the size of the bird was between that of a middling goose and a duck, and in shape it somewhat resembled a swan."

Can this be a veritable picture or a fanciful extravagance? A little farther on is the description of a bird somewhat similar, but still more gorgeous in its plumage. The sea monster he paints a horrible creature, and with the Gorgon terrors of Behemoth himself. It is evidently an imaginary phantasm. "A form without likeness, and yet comparable to the most terrible part of every frightful creature; a large head, resembling that of a lion, bearing three pair of horns; one pair upright, like that of an antelope, another pair like wild goats', two more bending backwards; its face armed all round with darts, like a porcupine; with great eyes sparkling like a flint struck with a steel; its nose like a wild horse, always snarling; the mouth of a lion, and teeth of a panther, the jaws of an elephant, and the tusks of a wild boar, shouldered like a giant, with claws like an eagle, bodied and covered with shells like a rhinoceros, and the color of a crocodile." In this fertile region, Quarll meets with numberless instances of the prodigality of nature; the rarest fruits, fowls, and fishes; forests of beautiful trees, sometimes of miraculous size, one covered with its branches a whole acre; while another grew for the same extent, so slowly interwoven in its branches, which seemed almost to spring from the roots, as to form an impenetrable barrier, a sort of natural picket or palisade. Monkeys were the hermit's pets, and he would sometimes

excite a quarrel between two varieties, the green and grey species, to induce reflections on the folly of brawling and fighting. For invariably a third party came in and stole away the spoils for which they were contending.

A pleasant instance of our hermit's loyalty is mentioned in the introduction to the adventures by the compilers of them, in whose hands Quarll left his MSS.; which, at the same time, fixes the general date of the work. At the repast given by the old man to Donington, the health of George III. was drank; and an eulogium passed upon his character, to which some dissenting criticism might be offered.

We have now endeavored to give the reader a general idea of Philip Quarll's adventures, but trust he will speedily consult that history itself to verify our conjectures in part, but more particularly for the amusement and profit of an entire perusal.

Peter Wilkins we can hardly pretend to write upon after Hunt. But we may retain a remembrance, and hazard a conjecture. It was our first play (the story dramatized) and hence can by no possibility be forgotten, as such an occasion forms an epoch in the life of every individual. We cannot think the author of Philip Quarll and Peter Wilkins are one and the same person, for with a great similarity, an element entirely original is introduced into the latter, the author of which displays a more copious invention and a more spiritual fancy than the author of the first work. Both are admirable of their kind, a class now quite extinct, and to the reproduction of which, our present race of story-tellers appear quite inadequate from a want of faith, a want of invention, a want of simplicity and a want of exact truth and fidelity of imagination.

SONG.

Mark that star, the east adorning,
Herald of the early day
Through the rosy skies of morning,
Thine's an eye of brighter ray.

Mark the sky where slow ascending,
Shines the midnight moon to view;
Far its azure plain extending —
Thine's an eye of milder blue.

Hark! they say that choral voices,
Round the spheres melodious float,
While each morning star rejoices;
Thine's a voice of sweeter note.

To the heart untouched with blindness,
In each orb that rolls above,
Smiles the marks of nature's kindness;
Be thy heart as kind, my love.

D.

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF MANZONI.

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

I.

He too reposes from his toil ;
 The mighty mind has fled ;
 And motionless the mortal coil
 Upon the earth is laid.
 Methinks, that, at a blow so rude,
 The Earth herself a moment stood,
 As motionless and mute ;
 Reflecting on the fatal hour
 Of him, who sway'd so vast a power,
 And doubting if the foot
 Of one so great would ever place
 Its track again upon her face.

II.

I saw him, throned in glory, reign
 In his refulgent hall :
 I saw him sink, — ascend again, —
 And then forever fall.
 I flattered not his hour of state,
 Nor meanly mock'd his adverse fate ;
 But o'er his funeral urn
 I came to chant a mournful song,
 To which, perhaps, the curious throng
 A passing glance may turn,
 When future centuries shall cast
 Their eyes on the recorded Past.

III.

From Egypt's flood to St. Bernard,
 From Madrid to the Don,
 His crashing thunderbolts were heard,
 His lightning terrors shone.
 From North to South, — from sea to sea, —
 His very name was victory.
 Was this the true renown !
 Let other times the question scan !
 We humbly bow before the plan
 Of that Most Holy One,
 Who deigned so copiously to shower
 Upon his head the gift of power.

IV.

The joy of wild Ambition's dream,
 Its inly-gnawing care
 Were his ; and his the last extreme
 Of good and ill to share :
 Success, by danger made more sweet,
 Dominion, glory, base defeat,
 The palace and the jail :
 Twice master of the subject-world,
 And twice in fury headlong hurl'd
 From that proud pinnacle
 By fortune's whelming thundergust,
 To grovel in the common dust.

V.

Two worlds, — the men of yesterday
 And of to-morrow, — stood,
 Engaged for years in furious fray, —
 Drenched in each other's blood.
 He waved his hand, and all was peace ;
 He bade the stern contention cease,
 And then he pass'd away :
 But still in ruin always great,
 The mark of boundless love and hate
 And reverence and dismay
 And pity ; — on his distant rock
 Mankind's perpetual gazing-stock.

VI.

How oft ; — as some poor shipwrecked man,
 Mid ocean's raging swell,
 With straining eyeballs tries to scan
 The life-preserving sail ; —
 He trac'd in vain that rock-bound coast,
 And when he knew that all was lost,
 What shades of black despair
 In horror o'er his spirit fell !
 How oft in Memory's bitter well
 He strove to drown his care,
 And still at every fresh design
 Left incomplete the attempted line !

VII.

How often, — as with downcast eyes
 And folded arms he stood,
 When sunset stained with golden dyes
 The vast Atlantic flood ;
 Before his thought would Fancy raise
 A dream of other glorious days,
 Of tents extending fair,
 The flashing steel, the countless host,
 The glittering banners, wildly tost
 Upon the troubled air,
 The vollied charge, — the maddening cry
 Of onset and of victory !

VIII.

Ah ! then he felt his fatal lapse
 From that resplendent show
 To his rock-prison, and, perhaps,
 Had sunk beneath the blow,
 But from above into his soul
 A gracious voice of comfort stole,
 And told him of the bliss
 Of other worlds, by Heaven designed
 To welcome the Immortal Mind,
 On taking leave of this ;
 Bright worlds, beside whose beaming face
 Our glories are but nothingness.

IX.

Faith, — saving Faith, — the ever-blest,
 Upon the record-roll
 Of her achievements then impress'd
 The noblest of the whole :

the purpose of abusing it with a clear conscience and at leisure. But holding these deductions in view, we are still warranted in believing that the demand for works of the kind in question, is to be attributed, mainly, to the general interest of the subject discussed. The public have been desirous of obtaining a more distinct view of our poetical literature than the scattered effusions of our bards and the random criticisms of our periodicals, could afford. But, hitherto, nothing has been accomplished in the way of supplying the *desideratum*. The "specimens" of Kettell were specimens of nothing but the ignorance and ill taste of the compiler. A large proportion of what he gave to the world as American poetry, to the exclusion of much that was really so, was the doggerel composition of individuals unheard of and undreamed of, except by Mr. Kettell himself. Mr. Cheever's book did not belie its title, and was excessively "Common-place." The selection by General Morris was in so far good, that it accomplished its object to the full extent. This object looked to nothing more than single, brief extracts from the writings of every one in the country who had established even the slightest reputation as poet. The extracts, so far as our truer poets were concerned, were tastefully made; but the proverbial kind feeling of the General seduced him into the admission of an inordinate quantity of the purest twattle. It was gravely declared that we had more than *two hundred* poets in the land. The compilation of Mr. Bryant, from whom much was expected, proved a source of mortification to his friends, and of astonishment and disappointment to all; merely showing that a poet is, necessarily, neither a critical nor an impartial judge of poetry. Mr. Keese succeeded much better. He brought to his task, if not the most rigorous impartiality, at least a fine taste, a sound judgment, and a more thorough acquaintance with our poetical literature than had distinguished either of his predecessors.

Much, however, remained to be done; and here it may be right to inquire — "What should be the aim of every compilation of the character now discussed?" The object, in general terms, may be stated, as the conveying, within moderate compass, a distinct view of our poetry and of our poets. This, in fact, is the demand of the public. A book is required, which shall not so much be the reflection of the compiler's peculiar views and opinions upon poetry in the abstract, as of the popular judgment upon such poetical works as have come immediately within its observation. It is not the author's business to insist upon his own theory, and, in its support, to rake up from the by-ways of the country the "inglorious Miltons" who may, possibly, there abound; neither, because ill

according with this theory, is it his duty to dethrone and reject those who have long maintained supremacy in the estimation of the people. In this view, it will be seen that regard must be paid to the mere *quantity* of a writer's effusions. He who has published much, is not to be omitted because, in the opinion of the compiler, he has written nothing fit for publication. On the other hand, he who has extemporized a single song, which has met the eye of no one but our bibliographer, is not to be set forth among the poetical magnates, even although the one song itself be esteemed equal to the very best of Béranger.

Of the two classes of sins — the negative and the positive — those of omission and those of commission — obvious ones of the former class are, beyond doubt, the more unpardonable. It is better to introduce half a dozen "great unknowns," than to give the "cut direct" to a single individual who has been fairly acknowledged as known. The public, in short, seem to demand *such a compendium of our poetical literature as shall embrace specimens from those works alone, of our recognised poets, which, either through accident, or by dint of merit, have been most particularly the subjects of public discussion.* We wish this, that we may be put in condition to decide for ourselves upon the justice or injustice of the reputation attained. In critical opinion much diversity exists; and, although there is but one true and tenable critical opinion, there are still a thousand, upon all topics, which, being only the shadows, have all the outlines, and assume all the movements, of the substance, of truth. Thus any critic who should exclude from the compendium all which tallied not with his individual ideas of the Muse, would be found to exclude nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of that which the public at large, embracing *all* varieties of opinion, has been accustomed to acknowledge as poesy.

These remarks apply only to the admission or rejection of poetical specimens. The public being put fairly in possession of the matter debated, with the provisions above-mentioned, the analysis of individual claims, *so far as the specimens extend*, is not only not unbecoming in the compiler, but a thing to be expected and desired. To this department of his work he should bring analytical ability; a distinct impression of the nature, the principles, and the aims of poetry; a thorough contempt for all prejudice at war with principle; a poetic sense of the poetic; sagacity in the detection, and audacity in the exposure of demerit; in a word *talent and faith*; the lofty honor which places mere courtesy beneath its feet; the boldness to praise an enemy, and the more unusual courage to damn a friend.

It is, in fact, by the criticism of the work,

that the public voice will, in the end, decide upon its merits. In proportion to the ability or incapacity here displayed, will it, sooner or later, be approved or condemned. Nevertheless, the mere *compilation* is a point, perhaps, of greater importance. With the meagre published *aids* existing previously to Mr. Griswold's book, the labor of such an undertaking must have been great; and not less great the industry and general information in respect to our literary affairs, which have enabled him so successfully to prosecute it.

The work before us is indeed so vast an improvement upon those of a similar character which have preceded it, that we do its author some wrong in classing all together. Having explained, somewhat minutely, our views of the proper mode of compilation, and of the general aims of the species of book in question, it but remains to say that these views have been very nearly fulfilled in the "Poets and Poetry of America," while altogether unsatisfied by the earlier publications.

The volume opens with a preface, which, with some little supererogation, is addressed "To the Reader;" inducing very naturally the query, whether the whole book is not addressed to the same individual. In this preface, which is remarkably well written and strictly to the purpose, the author thus evinces a just comprehension of the nature and objects of true poetry:

"He who looks on Lake George, or sees the sun rise on Mackinaw, or listens to the grand music of a storm, is divested, certainly for a time, of a portion of the alloy of his nature. The elements of power in all sublime sights and heavenly harmonies, should live in the poet's song, to which they can be transferred only by him who possesses the creative faculty. The sense of beauty, next to the miraculous divine suasion, is the means through which the human character is purified and elevated. *The creation of beauty, the manifestation of the real by the ideal, "in words that move in metrical array," is poetry.*"

The italics are our own; and we quote the passage because it embodies the *sole true* definition of what has been a thousand times erroneously defined.

The earliest specimens of poetry presented in the body of the work, are from the writings of Philip Freneau, "one of those worthies who, both with lyre and sword, aided in the achievement of our independence." But, in a volume professing to treat, generally, of the "Poets and Poetry of America," some mention of those who versified between Freneau, would of course, be considered desirable. Mr. Griswold has included, therefore, most of our earlier votaries of the Muse, with many specimens of their powers, in an exceedingly valuable "Historical Introduction;" his design being to exhibit as well

"the progress as the condition of poetry in the United States."

The basis of the compilation is formed of short biographical and critical notices, with selections from the works of Philip Freneau, John Trumbull, Timothy Dwight, David Humphreys, Joel Barlow, Richard Alsop, St. John Honeywood, William Clifton, Robert Treat Paine, Washington Allston, James Kirke Paulding, Levi Frisbie, John Pierpont, Andrews Norton, Richard H. Dana, Richard Henry Wilde, James A. Hillhouse, Charles Sprague, Hannah F. Gould, Carlos Wilcox, Henry Ware, Jr., William Cullen Bryant, John Neal, Joseph Rodman Drake, Maria Brooks, James Gates Percival, Fitz-Green Halleck, John G. C. Brainard, Samuel Griswold Goodrich, Isaac Clason, Lydia H. Sigourney, George Washington Doane, William B. O. Peabody, Robert C. Sands, Grenville Mellen, George Hill, James G. Brooks, Albert G. Greene, William Leggett, Edward C. Pinckney, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, Rufus Dawes, Edmund D. Griffin, J. H. Bright, George D. Prentice, William Crosswell, Walter Colton, Charles Fenno Hoffman, Mrs. Seba Smith, N. P. Willis, Edward Sanford, J. O. Rockwell, Thomas Ward, John H. Bryant, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, William Gilmore Simms, George Lunt, Jonathan Lawrence, Elizabeth Hall, Emma C. Embury, John Greenleaf Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Albert Pike, Park Benjamin, Willis Gaylord Clark, William D. Gallagher, James Freeman Clarke, Elizabeth F. Ellett, James Aldrich, Anna Peyre Dinnies, Edgar Allan Poe, Isaac McLellan, Jr., Jones Very, Alfred B. Street, William H. Burleigh, William Jewett Pabodie, Louis Legrand Noble, C. P. Cranch, Henry Theodore Tuckerman, Epes Sargent, Lucy Hooper, Arthur Cleveland Cox, James Russell Lowell, Amelia B. Welby, Lucretia and Margaret Davidson—in all, eighty-seven, chronologically arranged. In an appendix at the end of the volume, are included specimens from the works of sixty authors, whose compositions have either been too few, or in the editor's opinion too *mediocres*, to entitle them to more particular notice. To each of these specimens are appended foot notes, conveying a brief biographical summary, without anything of critical disquisition.

Of the general plan and execution of the work we have already expressed the fullest approbation. We know no one in America who could, or *who would*, have performed the task here undertaken, at once so well in accordance with the judgment of the critical, and so much to the satisfaction of the public. The labors, the embarrassments, the great difficulties of the achievement are not easily estimated by those before the scenes.

The writer of this article, in saying that,

individually, he disagrees with many of the opinions expressed by Mr. Griswold, is merely suggesting what, in itself, would have been obvious without the suggestion. It rarely happens that any two persons thoroughly agree upon any one point. It would be mere madness to imagine that any two could coincide in every point of a case where exists a multiplicity of opinions upon a multiplicity of points. There is no one who, reading the volume before us, will not in a thousand instances, be tempted to throw it aside, because its prejudices and partialities are, in a thousand instances, altogether at war with his own. But when so tempted, he should bear in mind, that had the work been that of Aristarchus himself, the discrepancies of opinion would still have startled him and vexed him as now.

We disagree then, with Mr. Griswold in many of his critical estimates; although in general, we are proud to find his decisions our own. He has omitted from the body of his book, some one or two whom we should have been tempted to introduce. On the other hand, he has scarcely made us amends

by introducing some one or two dozen whom we should have treated with contempt. We might complain too of a prepossession, evidently unperceived by himself, for the writers of New England. We might hint also, that in two or three cases, he has rendered himself liable to the charge of personal partiality; it is often so very difficult a thing to keep separate in the mind's eye, our conceptions of the poetry of a friend, from our impressions of his good fellowship and our recollections of the flavor of his wine.

But having said thus much in the way of fault-finding, we have said all. The book should be regarded as *the most important addition which our literature has for many years received*. It fills a void which should have been long ago supplied. It is written with judgment, with dignity and candor. Steering with a dexterity not to be sufficiently admired, between the Scylla of Prejudice on the one hand, and the Charybdis of Conscience on the other, Mr. Griswold in the "Poets and Poetry of America," has entitled himself to the thanks of his countrymen, while showing himself a man of taste, talent, and tact.

"LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY."

FROM THE FRENCH OF FONTENELLE.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

"PLATO, who had written and said so many fine things of 'celestial love,' laid aside his philosophy to pen sonnets on the dawning wrinkles of his fair friend, Archeanassa." *Lady Morgan*.

"L'aimable Archeanasse a merit  ma foi;
Elle a des rides, mais je vois
Une troupe d'amours se jouer dans ses rides.
Vous qui p tes la voir, avant que ses appas
Eussent du cours des ans re u les petites vides,
Ah! que ne souffrites vous pas!"

Politian. Traduction de Fontenelle.

What though upon her cheek the trace
Of years remorseless I descry;
For me each wrinkle hath a grace,
And there the loves in ambush lie.

If thus each day with new delight,
For me her waning beauty shine;
If e'en her age my heart invite,
And I her wrinkles own divine—

Ye, hapless! who beheld my fair,
Ere fled her cheek the recreant rose,
Or years had scored their numerals there—
Ah! who your torments may disclose!

THE TWO BELLES OF THE VILLAGE.

"AND so you have found out nothing about him," said Miss Patty, on one afternoon when the gossips of the village had assembled to tea at Mrs. Jackson's.

"Nothing more than we have heard before, that he is a young man of property, and has taken the white house on the hill."

"Well, that we might have seen without spectacles — but his name?"

And here Mrs. Ostrand, who had found it impossible to conceal it any longer, poured forth the budget of news, that her acquaintance with the sexton's wife, and her residence opposite the tavern, had enabled her to collect. The astonished gossips laid down their cups of tea, and all turned their inquiring eyes upon Mrs. O., who had only been waiting for a fitting moment to open her tale.

"He's no more nor less than son of old John Moore, or young John Moore, as they used to call him in my day. And you, Patty Saunders, may call him so still. He sat in the front pew of the broad aisle, and used to turn round and look at the singing loft."

"What, is that John Moore? Well, he has altered amazingly," said Miss Saunders.

"He is John Moore's oldest son," screamed Mrs. O., "and they say his father has made quite a fortune, and is coming back to live here, and Roderick Moore is come on to take the house." And here Mrs. O. breathed.

"I recollect," said Miss Patty, "I was quite a child when John Moore used to come up the aisle with a gold-headed cane."

"Well, he'll be a fine match for some of the young ladies. Miss Morgan and Anna Elliott will have to try for him," said Mrs. Jackson.

"Well," said Miss Patty, "I should like to have a good talk with him about old times."

"You were quite a child!" cried Mrs. O.

But here the interesting debate was interrupted by the report, that the subject of discussion was passing the window.

"He has got his father's nose," said Miss Patty. At this moment was brought in a fresh plate of bread, which reminded Miss Patty of how miserably the baker looked, and led her to wonder what would become of Mrs. Paine and all the children if he should die.

"Why, they are related to the Boothbys," said Mrs. Ostrand, "the Boothbys will never see them want."

"Well," said Miss Patty, "I don't see how you make that out! Tim Boothby married a Gozborough."

But Miss Patty found her match in Mrs.

Ostrand, who had the genealogy of the whole village at her finger's ends, and the discussion was kept up till late in the evening, when Mrs. Jackson skilfully turned the conversation to the Elliotts, as being persons against whom nothing could be said.

"Well," said Miss Patty, "they've never got up from their downfall. I guess Mr. Elliott rues the day he ever came from New York with so much money about him."

"Do tell us all about it," said Mrs. Jackson, who though she had heard the tale with all its embellishments forty times, was willing to calm the tempest by listening to it the forty-first time. So Mrs. Ostrand drew nearer the light with her knitting, and Mrs. Pettibone, to prevent any interruptions, picked up her ball of yarn, which was forming the evening's amusement of Mrs. Jackson's yellow cat in the corner of the room, closed her eyes, and with her needles kept time to Miss Patty's tongue.

"Well, they say that Mr. Elliott, having been remarkably fortunate in business in New York, where he had been for up'ards of four years, packed up his valuables, and sent his family on to his father's old house on the river. He followed himself the next week, and, very imprudently, I think, thought to tell the truth, I should not blame him for not trusting to the banks in these days, packed up his saving money in a red morocco trunk."

"It was nothing but a common black portmanteau," interrupted Mrs. Ostrand. "Mrs. Turner says it was just like Mr. O.'s, only it was not white leather, and the padlock was not lost!"

"I always heard it was a red morocco trunk with brass nails, and Sally Jones says that none of the family would bear the sight of one since."

"But what became of it?" asked Mrs. Jackson, anxiously.

"There is the mystery," said Miss Patty.

"Mr. Elliott says he never let go of it but one moment, on board the boat, and when he returned for it, the trunk was gone!"

"Mr. Ostrand told me," said Mrs. O. "that he had very foolishly entrusted it to a suspicious-looking man with one eye, and that when he got to the hotel at Providence, neither the portmanteau nor the one-eyed man could be seen. But there is Mr. Ostrand's step — good evening, Mrs. Jackson — good evening, Miss Saunders!" And the little party broke up. Poor widow Pettibone, who had to leave Miss Saunders at the corner of her dark lane, fancied she detected the form of the one-eyed man, and trembled and ran home.

It was not long before the handsome Roderick Moore found his way into the little society of the village, and his heart pretty equally divided between the charms of Ellen Morgan and Anna Elliott. Anna's mild beauty might have very soon won him, if he had not to contend with the art and coquetry of Ellen Morgan. There was no necessity for decision at present, however, and he made himself happy in the smiles of each, as chance favored him, till at last, the report was spread through the village that Anna Elliott was going away. An old aunt in the city had sent to request her to make her abode with her, and her offers were so kind and liberal, that Mr. Elliott felt as though he could not refuse them; the little Elliots were now growing large Elliots, and the little house to which they had been obliged to retire, at their hour of misfortune, would become larger, though the space would be purchased by the absence of so dear an inmate as Anna. To spend so many years of her life with old Aunt Kittredge, in her dull house, shut up in the city, when the pretty village was left behind her, with its sunny fields fanned by the free breezes, and her dear home with its walls covered with its climbing vines, and the happy ones, joyous and laughing within, was not to be thought of without tears. But they were mostly concealed, and she answered her aunt's letter in a grateful tone, and her mother's look of sorrow, with one of gayety.

Ellen Morgan was one of the first to call upon Anna after the news of her intended departure, and the family reasons for it, had been spread abroad through the village with the usual celerity with which such reports travel.

"Ah, how I envy you, Anna Elliott," she cried, as she entered the little parlor. "You are actually going to the city; what a gay, happy life you will lead, while we stay moped up in this dull place forever!"

"I shall be very sorry to leave," said Anna.

"But in bright, happy New York, you will forget us all; you'll be the belle of the city, while I, alas!"—

"I am afraid I shall not meet with much gayety, my aunt does not see much company."

"And Oh! I shall have Roderick Moore to myself." And she turned suddenly to Anna. Anna did not reply. Ellen rattled on, retailed a long letter she had received from Mary Clare, a New York friend, and then left the house.

Widow Pettibone met Anna in the street, and told her how sorry she should be to lose the sweet smile she gave her as she passed the house, and would have said more, but that Roderick Moore's great dog frightened her half out of her wits as he rushed towards

the place where Anna stood, knowing well his master would soon follow him. Miss Patty Saunders called in with a letter she wished Miss Anna would carry to her correspondent, Miss Aster, "and she'll be glad enough to see you, if you will carry it yourself. She is daughter of old General Aster, and lives in a grand house, from all I hear; not that she will think of looking down upon any of my friends." And then she whispered Anna, she had best sew her purse in her pocket. Anna blushed and followed her to the door with her usual smile. She was met by Mrs. Ostrand. "I could not help coming in to bid you good-by, dear. So you are really going. Well, I was making up such a nice little story out of you, and such a fine match. For do you know that Mr. Ostrand says he counted the number of times Roderick Moore looked round at your pew Sunday, and it was fifteen before sermon, till finally Roderick moved his seat to the cross seat at the end of the pew. You needn't blush, little one. I brought you some slips of rosemary for you to put in a pot to carry to the city. They say they don't have much green there, and likely they'll be in want of herbs."

"Mrs. Ostrand little knows," said Anna to her mother, as her kind-hearted neighbor left the house, "how sentimental a present she has given me. She might have said, 'that's for remembrance—I pray you, love, remember.'"

So the preparations were going on fast for Anna's departure, and the day was drawing near. Poor Anna had been obliged to receive and return many visits that were made her, some kindly, some officiously, and the night would come, and find her very tired. One night her father received a letter, which he opened, and examined its contents with surprise. The enclosure appeared to excite as much wonder as what it contained, though that was a check on a New York bank! Mr. Elliott at last read the letter aloud.

"Fifteen years ago, a poor and destitute man, I accompanied you in the steamer Condor, from New York. I watched you, and saw that you took a great deal of care of a small, well-guarded box, that you scarcely let go of during the whole passage. I easily imagined that it held money, and I overheard a gentleman remarking upon the value of the box. I was then sorely tempted. I followed you round, and as you walked up and down the boat, I watched you carefully. At last the boat drew near the shore: I stood near as you disembarked; you kindly beckoned me with your hand, and asked me to carry your baggage to the hotel, and at the same time you heedlessly entrusted me with the valuable box. Your eye was turned from me for a moment; that moment I seized; the temptation was too great, and loaded with

the stolen box and the remorse of my conscience, I reached a place of safety. I succeeded in breaking open the box, and examined the contents, which were less valuable to me than I had hoped. The papers, which it would be dangerous for me to keep, I destroyed with the box, and found myself possessed of sufficient money to reach one of our Northern cities, and from it gained at last a little income. I am surrounded by a happy family, but the image of him whom I have injured, perhaps ruined, rises before me. I have placed in the ——— bank of New York an amount of money equal to what I robbed you of, with interest. It will be useless for you to try to find me out, and painful to me. I am aware that I can give you nothing that can repay you for the anxiety my crime has cost you, but it will be something of a relief to fancy that none of my present earnings are stolen property. I would not have the crime of the father blacken the fate of the children, as, should my name ever become public, would be the case. May I trust to your generosity? Let me assure you that no punishment could be devised for my guilt, more horrible than I have suffered for the last fifteen years, while perhaps from your mind has passed the remembrance of

THE MAN WITH THE GREEN SHADE."

This singular letter was examined by every one of the family — but whatever wonder was felt, it was evident that Mr. Elliott was richer by this check than an hour before. Deep were the consultations that night, and Mr. Elliott determined to go to New York himself, without Anna, visit the bank, and if he found the money were really his, to tell Mrs. Kittredge, that, under the present circumstances, he could not possibly let his daughter leave his home. "For," said Mrs. E. "we can at least, with our newly gained money, build out a room into the garden, for some of the children."

The matter was soon settled; Mr. Elliott found the promised money awaiting him in New York, and made the fearful visit upon Mrs. Kittredge. She lived in a dark house, in a dark street; and as he entered the formal parlor, and felt himself grow chilly at the want of cordiality with which he was greeted, Mr. Elliott breathed a sigh of delight, to think he had not brought his daughter with him, to immure herself in this prison. Mrs. Kittredge expressed perfect indifference to whatever arrangement Mr. Elliott chose to make, and spoke of the number of nieces she could choose among, who would be happy to be her companion, and showed to how much gratitude she was entitled for giving Anna the first chance. Mr. Elliott breathed freer, as he turned homeward, and found his family still united.

But great was the mystery in the village.

The whole affair leaked out, and the Elliotts' house was pointed out to every stranger as the spot where so singular a circumstance had taken place.

Roderick Moore's visits to the Elliott cottage, for a year grew more and more frequent, when a circumstance took place that altered affairs. Ellen Morgan had not been able to bear with composure the victory that Anna's beauty was evidently making over Roderick Moore. In vain did she start early for church on Sunday, and pass directly by the Moore's avenue, with her prettiest bonnet on, and her brilliant face adorned with the brightest smiles — walk slow or fast, that provoking Anna Elliott always appeared with Roderick Moore by her side in the turning of the lane that led from her house, opposite the church. She almost thought he must get up the night before, and wait at Anna's door for her appearance, so regularly was he present to escort her on her way.

When midsummer had come, great sensation was created in the village by the appearance of an Indian woman, who, among the pine woods, a little below the village, had built up a tent, and pretended to tell fortunes. In the daytime Ellen had laughed at such superstitions, but one moonless night, when she had been sitting up late, thinking of her vain attempts at conquest, the idea of obtaining an Indian charm did not appear to be so ridiculous. It was almost midnight, then, that she ventured forth into the woods, and fearlessly went on for some time. At last the trees shut in close around her, and as she went on with noiseless steps, she could almost feel the weight of the darkness press upon her. She knew the path well, for she had heard the spot of the Indian's tent exactly described to her; but, in the woods, among the gloom, she suddenly felt herself lost — without a guide. She walked on, unable to know where she was going, till she heard, directly at her side, the murmur of the little river on which the forest stood, and near which the tent must be, and she was about to turn away from it, when she saw in the direction she was about to follow, a light. This led her on, and she saw, dimly, half built of woven branches, and half of canvass, the Indian woman's dwelling. But, presently, she heard voices, and she stopped to listen. She turned her head in the direction from which they came, and saw the Indian woman, and — she could not doubt it — Roderick Moore. Curiosity now conquered the fear which had been overpowering her, and she listened intently.

"I cannot tell what you want of me now, I have given you money enough," said his voice. "But you can't prevent my telling," said the Indian woman, not in an Aboriginal, but with a perfectly American accent — "I know very well you wrote the letter, and I

know Miss Anna would have too much pride to speak to any one who had given her money. You can give the Elliots heaps of money, and you can't afford to give me a few dollars." "But you will *never* be silent! Why did you not remain where you were, instead of dogging me here! What have you done for me that I have not repaid! But — stay — now you have called me out this dark night, I must pay you for the favor." And after giving her his purse, Roderick Moore turned away, and, following the woman's direction, left the wood. "Well, I don't know but I have got as much out of him as I can expect," she muttered. Ellen, meanwhile, had kept close under the tree, that she might not be discovered. She came forward now. "Sally Jones! is that you?" "Miss Morgan, as I live!"

"Hush! and show me the way out of the wood, and tell me all about this." Sally, who now anticipated more addition to her stock of gains than she had before expected, joyfully accompanied Miss Ellen, and with many interjections and episodes, told a story, from which Ellen discovered the substance of the following: —

Roderick Moore, in passing through the town where she lived, had sought and found Sally Jones, in hopes of finding out some particulars concerning Mr. Elliott's loss of some years ago. The facts, at the time, had been widely circulated, but these had been forgotten, and it was with difficulty that he could find anything in detail enough for his purpose. At last, he had recourse to Sally Jones, who had been a pensioner of the Elliott family at the time; fancying, in his ignorance, he could easily keep her silent. At first he could get nothing from her at all to the point, till she found an old newspaper that she had preserved for a long time, because it contained a full account of the matter. Here Roderick found an advertisement that Mr. Elliott had caused to be published, offering a reward for the detection of the thief, or the recovery of the papers; and in this Roderick discovered all he wanted. But unfortunately, he had also discovered his intention to the old woman, who had ever since persecuted him.

Imagine now the instrument in Ellen's hand. She hardly knew how to handle it. She did not even know whether it would not be of any use to employ it at all. Would not Anna Elliott marry Roderick Moore out of mere gratitude? That something must be done she knew, — and the next morning she proceeded to Anna's house. She poured forth to her all the gossip of the village, and at last repeated a most garbled account of the cause of Anna's remaining, and the mysterious letter. This Anna contradicted. "Well," said Ellen, "there are so many stories, do you think I heard last night there

was a report that Roderick Moore, wishing to pay a delicate attention, was the author of that strange note, the contents of which no one has been able to pierce; don't blush — don't look indignant — I always had my suspicions it was an offer of marriage. But I see my talk is too much for you." "Stay, Ellen, how did you hear this?" "O, don't think of it, I am ashamed to tell the source of my information. It was altogether too low. Good-by, I shall see you at church to-morrow." "What does she mean," thought Anna, "it is very evident she knows nothing about the affair — and yet" — a new light darted upon her — she rushed to her father's secretary, and took from it the anonymous letter, and then from her own desk, from her secret place of treasures, she took out a note that Roderick Moore had sent her, with a number of Master Humphrey's Clock, he had lent her the last week. She compared the two, and breathed again; the hand-writings were very different. She looked again — the *Ms* had the same flourish after them in each. She followed all the words, and they swam before her eyes, they seemed to grow more and more alike. Just then the door opened, and Roderick entered. She stood confused. He saw what she had. He could not stand before her inquiring glance. "It would all be yours, at some time — Forgive me, Anna, forgive my deceit — I could not then offer you my hand — if we parted we might never have met — let it be forgotten." Anna turned red and pale — she drew away her hand hastily — she almost laughed, and said, "You think you have a right to demand, what you have been feigning to woo. No, the debt, this deep and heavy debt, I could never repay — not even with my hand and my life." "Anna Elliott, in anger!" "Angry at deceit, I avoided you for a long time. You were above me, and poured your attentions upon me condescendingly. And then I thought your manner changed; but it is all open to me now — it was a sudden light — but it reveals all." "You need say no more," interrupted Roderick, "I find my suit rejected, before I have quite had the trouble to offer it." But Anna had left the room, and Roderick left it too, with a clouded brow and flushed cheek.

The village was again in commotion; Anna had gone to Boston; was giving music lessons, with great success too, as, after a few months, it was reported. She was giving to it all her energy — her fine talents — her remarkable voice; she exerted all to the utmost. Every particle of her earnings was preserved for one purpose. As far as possible she would save her father and brothers from *that* debt. She lived in the most rigid economy — yet still she was the beautiful Anna Elliott. The exertion of her powers, the cultivation of her energies, had given

another beauty to "gentle Anna Elliott." And when she returned home successful, her cheek was bright with health, and her eye sparkling with animation. And it was well she still had strength of mind; at least, so the neighbor's thought, when they knew that the first news that would greet her on her arrival would be that of Ellen's intended marriage, to take place the next week, to Roderick Moore!

A few days before his marriage, Roderick Moore received a wedding present; it was *the check*, and interest added, for two years.

Anna attended the wedding ceremony, and did not appear particularly affected. Ellen Morgan was splendidly dressed, and made a splendid appearance. She bade a smiling good-by to Anna as she got into the carriage that was to take the bride and bridegroom on their bridal tour. But Miss Saunders and Mrs. Pettibone, and some others, agreed that Anna Elliott, left on the church steps, with her simple dress on, was the prettier of the two. And so did the young minister who performed the ceremony.

R. B. W.

THE FOREST ELM.

I.

A hundred years he reared aloft
His branches rough and wide,
A hundred years the storm he braved
In majesty and pride:
He stood among the mossy rocks,
And tossed his arms about;
And the winter tempest piping shrill,
Beat the Old Elm, tall and stout.

II.

An emerald spray of leaves had he,
When Summer was in prime,
But the hectic flush, and sickly pale,
Came on with Harvest-time.
He roared and shrieked when frosty winds
Swept through his antlers bare,
And the armory of ice-mailed knights,
With its thousand spears, was there.

III.

He saw a hundred summers warm,
A hundred blossomings;
But he bowed him not, nor felt the sweep
Of old Time's ghostly wings.
A thousand snows dashed on his brow
From a dark and frowning sky,
But he braved it well, like a forest chief,
And laughed as the storm went by.

IV.

The wild-bird came at earliest spring,
On the Elm a home to find,
And he hung his downy cradle out,
To rock in the gentle wind.
And many a brood of plumaged ones,
Was nurtured fondly there,
And many a song was carolled forth,
Upon the scented air.

v.

Here, many a feathered emigrant
Would linger on his way,
When journeying to the sunny south,
In Autumn's chilly day ;
For many a dark battalion
Their cohorts gathered here,
Winds mournful were their rallying songs,
From out the branches sore.

vi.

The eagle, from their eyrie home,
Taught his warrior brood to fly
To the loftiest bough which the giant Elm
Stretched forth to the vaulted sky :
And the eaglet learned, on the upraised arms
Of the stout old forest king,
To gaze at the sunlight's burning eye,
And plume his new-fledged wing.

vii.

The old Elm heard the ocean waves
In deep-toned anthems roar,
And he answered them with choral voice,
As they moaned along the shore.
The spray of the green sea wet his robe,
When the time of storms was nigh ;
And the sparkling dew was changed to brine,
In the equinoctial sky.

viii.

The crow his winter station took,
On the boughs of the leafless tree,
And he gazed with solemn earnestness,
On the waste of land and sea.
He cawed, and flapped his dusky wings,
When the ice-clad branches creaked ;
And his evil-boding voice was heard,
When the tempest wildly shrieked.

ix.

And thus the hundred years passed on,
Yet still the Elm was young,
And the merry songsters nestled there,
And stirring anthems sung.
Spring still brought forth its emerald robe,
Its garment fresh and new,
And twilight gemmed the trembling folds,
With drops of sparkling dew.

x.

New summers came with pleasant song,
For the proud old forest chief,
And the fingers soft of pearly showers
Tapped light each twinkling leaf.
The Autumn came with pensive tread,
To sit on her sister's throne ;
And the tattered robe of the Elm-tree brave,
O'er land and sea was blown.

XI.

Winters still came, and the frost-king white,
 Breathed cold on the naked tree,
 And Spirits sad, from the Northern clime,
 Chimed forth their fearful minstrelsy.
 The owl in the night-watch hooted wild,
 And woke the starving crow,
 Who perched where the boughs were tangled thick,
 With wreaths of frozen snow.

XII.

Kingdoms began, and, tottering, fell,
 Yet the Elm was brave and strong ;
 As if " eternal youth " alone,
 To his kingship did belong.
 He raised his arms and shook them oft,
 With a chieftain's vaunting pride ;
 But the noiseless foot of Death e'en now,
 Was stealing to his side.

XIII.

A hunter came from a distant isle,
 O'er the waves of the ocean blue ;
 He came with a band of Pilgrim ones,
 Whose hearts were brave and true.
 Their trembling bark was anchored fast,
 On the cold and surgy flood, —
 'T was near the forest's sloping bank,
 Where the forest chieftain stood.

XIV.

The hunter laid his gleaming axe
 To the foot of the icy tree ;
 And as the noble trunk he struck,
 It shivered fearfully ;
 A groan went through the forest wide,
 It echoed in the dell, —
 A mighty crash went up to heaven,
 When the forest Elm-tree fell.

C. N. E.

DANE LAW SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

 NAHWISTA; A STORY OF THE COLONIES.

 BY CHARLES F. POWELL, AUTHOR OF ZEULIA OF MADRID, KIT THE ORPHAN, ETC.

ABOUT two centuries ago, when New England, consisted of the colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven, under the supervision of commissioners subject to the control of the governor and general court of Massachusetts, the difficulties with the Dutch at Manhattan, or New Amsterdam, commenced. Massachusetts

and Plymouth being at points farther east, and of right of possession less questionable, were not immediately involved in the contest, but being under a compact or confederation with the other colonies, were bound to aid in sustaining the rights of Connecticut and New Haven.

Among the few occurrences which led

to the quarrel, were the insolence of the Dutch agents; the burning of the English trading-houses in New Haven; selling powder and guns to the Indians, and taking from the harbor of New Haven a vessel belonging to the Dutch.

About this time the Dutch governor, Kieft, living at Manhattoes, took under his charge, to educate and bring up, an Indian maiden, named Nahwista. Her father was a Block-island Indian, aged and infirm, and having many daughters and but one son, solicited the governor to take Nahwista under his protection. It does not appear that Kieft had any children of his own, and he naturally looked on Nahwista as a member of his own family, and cherished her with more than the ordinary kindly feelings of an adopted father. Nahwista was not eighteen when she left her father's hut. Tall and graceful, and just budding into womanhood, she had attracted the attention of more than one young sachem of her tribe. The younger of the daughters, and the favorite of her father, and living as she did near to the Dutch settlement, much pains had been taken with her dress. Her small, delicate foot told that her moccasins had been more snugly fitted than they were wont to be for her sisters of the forest. Her slender waist, too, showed that she had worn a girdle from her youth; and her soft and graceful hand had been trained to the bow and quiver, which she used most dexterously. Her eye was like the eagle's, and her hair like the raven's wing; but a melancholy sadness brooded over her finely-chiselled features. She was at times thoughtful, deeply thoughtful, and it would seem that no earthly incentive could light up the smile on her countenance. At times, it is true, she was gay, and even joined in the revelries of the hour, but her joy was in her solitude, and her pleasure in her meditation.

Nahwista liked her adopted father, and her aptness led her soon to become proficient in the Dutch language. Her sisters were permitted to visit her, and she in return occasionally went to the house of her father. But her attachments to the Dutch became stronger, as she grew more acquainted with them and could converse with them more freely, and her restless anxiety to associate with the wild beings of her native home gradually subsided at a year's end.

A servant of the governor's, named Carle, an active, intelligent young man, was enamored with Nahwista, and used all the artifice in his power to win her affections. She was artless in the affairs of the heart, but had sufficient good sense and female cautiousness to be distrustful of his motives. Carle lavished presents upon the fair Indian maid, and strolled with her daily through the wild labyrinths of the governor's domains, discoursing the while the soft music of love.

He helped her to scale the cliff, or to descend the ravine, or ford the rivulet, and was constant in his attendance upon her; though perhaps his thoughts were far away and his attachments placed upon another. What civilized maiden, tender in years and in feelings, could so far control her passions as to repel the influence of constant attentions and intimacy of one she considered her equal, and who was affable and pleasing in his address. Then, was Nahwista, the simple native of the forest, impregnable against the insinuations and artful addresses of Carle, who in form and features was handsome; who possessed the dignity of a burgomaster, and the volubility of a polished gallant! She was not, and her intimacy with him grew into the form of love. Sincere and ardent, though chaste, was her attachment.

The governor had been a secret observer of what had passed between his servant and the Indian maiden; and, from motives we know not, disapproved of their conduct. But who that ever attempted to stay the progress of love, or separate the hearts thus united, have succeeded! None. Thus did the governor fail to accomplish his object. As the last resort, he proffered to raise Carle to a more honorable and profitable station, and proposed to give him the charge of a trading establishment at Hartford, which proposition was reluctantly accepted by Carle, as a favorable opportunity for his advancement, and he repaired thither, leaving Nahwista behind, as he was compelled to do.

At the close of a day in June, while the governor of New Amsterdam and the burgomasters were assembled in council, on business connected with the colony of New London, a shallop might have been seen lying under the bank near the fortress, situated on the point now called the Battery. Two or three tars were hauling in the anchor, hoisting the sails, and making other preparations for starting on a passage. The beautiful harbor, unlike its appearance at the present day, was free of sails or craft of any kind, save here and there a sloop, which lay near the shore, or an Indian canoe darting across the blue wave towards the Meitenacks. The sun had descended behind the hills of Nova Cæsarea, and the steep roofs of Manhattoes cast their dark shadows far over the water as the fading light of the west receded, when the shallop was pushed from the bluff bank into the open stream. The sails were spread, the helm borne down, and the little vessel turned her head gracefully towards the Narrows. Once directed properly, she cut swiftly through the water past Governor's Island. The full moon had risen and cast her broad beams over the mirrored surface of the deep, and the shallop was scarcely discernible from the shore, when a maiden as-

cended from the fore-castle and paced proudly across the deck. There was one who saw her from the shore ; — it was the governor, who had returned from the council, and was strolling along the beach. The maiden he saw was Nahwista. She held in her hand a piece of wampum, with which she waved an adieu to her master, until she was out of sight.

The shallop arrived safely in the Delaware bay ; but had no sooner landed than a body of Narragansets, who were lying in wait for plunder, attacked her, murdering the crew and rifling the vessel of everything on board. Nahwista, being a native, of comely appearance, was suffered to escape. She wandered for several miles until she came to a Swedish settlement, where she was hospitably received. The language of her native tongue was entirely unknown in this part of the country, but falling in with some Dutch from Manhattoes, the language she had learned at the governor's house was of great service to her. Her ultimate object, in leaving New Amsterdam, was to join Carle, and she was much chagrined and vexed on finding she was left at so great a distance from Hartford.

She remained here several months, until a marauding party was about to be started against the English, at Red Mount. She embraced the first opportunity of conferring with the Swedish governor, and entreated that she might accompany the party. Her desire was granted, and she set out on foot through the forest, with the expedition. She experienced great fatigue and trials during their long marches, having been for nearly two years unaccustomed to such hardships.

The party arrived on the banks of the Quinnepeack, when they fell in with a small company of English, who had previously received intelligence of their progress towards their territory. A conflict ensued, which resulted in the defeat of the Swedes, and the taking of three prisoners, together with Nahwista. The Indian girl had borne a bow and quiver, which she used most skillfully during the contest, killing one of the colonists, and wounding another. Her enemies were much enraged, and would have put her to death instantly, had the usages of warfare sanctioned such a course. The party of colonists, being composed of New Haven and Connecticut volunteers, and by far the greater portion belonging in Hartford, the captives were taken to the latter place, and put in confinement.

Nahwista was truly in a disagreeable and dangerous situation, having committed a crime against the laws of the colonies, by which she must suffer death, unless released by the Dutch, who were secret enemies to the English settlers.

It was the custom in Hartford, in those days, to keep the prisoners confined in a sort

of barrack or out-house, surrounded by a high wall, and guarded without by a watch or patrol guard. A young man by the name of Pierpont, an adventurer and trader, had been chosen captain of the watch. He had especially noticed the beautiful Nahwista, upon her arrival ; and at times, when he was not engaged in his occupation of trading, or in his duties as watch, he would pass his moments with her, and as far as possible learned her history. Her peculiar manner of conversation in the Dutch language, together with her goodness of temper, and simplicity of behavior, interested him in her welfare. He ascertained from her, her parentage, her former connection with the Dutch governor's family, and her unfortunate acquaintance with the Swedes, and resolved to use his influence in obtaining her release from captivity, or putting off her punishment, until some change in the affairs of the colonies took place. He succeeded so far, as to have her made his slave ; but she was not allowed to depart from the barracks, during the night time ; and during the day, only in company with Pierpont, or some of the guard.

The arrival of the prisoners from New Haven, created considerable excitement ; and it was not long ere Carle ascertained that Nahwista was one of the captives. He had made several ineffectual attempts to see her ; but the jealousy of the English toward the Dutch settlers, led them to keep a close watch upon their movements ; particularly of the Dutch Agent. Nahwista, with all the characteristic archness and cunning of her tribe, concealed from her master any knowledge she had of Carle ; and her affability towards him, and the mock delight she manifested on meeting him, led Pierpont vainly to hope that she loved him.

Months passed on, and the confidence strengthened between the master and slave. Nahwista was allowed to perambulate, unattended, the yards within the inner wickets, and occasionally to repair to the mossy bank of the river, under the eyes of the watch. Hours, she sat upon the turf, watching the bright water below. Carle had observed her habits, and could easily discern her, while at her retreat, from the door of his habitation. He was not long in planning a way of speaking with her ; and on a cloudy morning, when but a solitary watch was in sight, he descended to the water's edge, and followed the river up, until opposite the barrack. Here he remained until the loved form of Nahwista made its appearance on the bank. Her eyes fell upon the object of her attachment, and she clapped her hands with joy, and the love-lit smile played upon her cheek. She sat down upon the sward, and, bending forward, she gazed eagerly upon her lover, pushing with both her hands the dark locks

from before her eyes. Carle ascended the bank, and in a moment was at her feet. "I am happy," he said, "to see my Nahwista again. I did not prize thy love until I had left thee. I had heard you had left Manhattoes, and I shed a tear, as I thought I had lost thee for ever."

"Then you still love Nahwista?" she said, gazing intently into his face, while the tears dropped fast upon her moccasins.

"Love thee! ay; I never loved thee till now; or if I did, the past is but a mirror, whereby I see my love reflected. Here, there are many fair forms and bright faces, and each morning brings wooingly to me some beautiful maiden; but I regard them not. My thoughts have been bent on thee, and the loved retreats we used to frequent, have arisen in my fancy, like fairy isles in the midst of an ocean of darkness and gloom."

The lustrous eye of the Indian girl spoke her reply, and Carle knew too well her heart to doubt that he was beloved.

"But we must part," she said, "the watch approaches. When shall we meet again?"

"Ere long. You must be rescued. The difficulty is great, for know that thy master loves thee, and will use all precaution in keeping thee. I have resolved upon a plan to attack the guard; and this must be done to-night, and be you upon the look-out to escape by the northern gate, which will be opened for you. Fly immediately to my house and you will be safe. Farewell, Nahwista, we shall meet to-morrow." The maiden rose and returned to her prison house.

Pierpont had returned from an hunting excursion, and held in his hand a beautiful bird, a native of the forest, which he presented to Nahwista as she entered. She spread its crimson wings upon her lap, while she forced a smile, and her master seated himself beside her. "You are sad this morning, Nahwista," he at length said.

"I am in captivity, and a great way from my father and sisters."

"But are you not happy with me, Nahwista?"

"The Indian girl likes not to be a slave. Nahwista likes her father and sisters, and prefers to roam free among the hills of her native forests."

"True, but if I will set thee free, and make you my wife—"

"Wilt make me free?" she asked vehemently, clasping his hand in both of hers.

"I will, if you will be my wife."

Nahwista relaxed from his embrace, and turned her eyes sorrowfully to the ground.

"Dost doubt that I love thee, Nahwista? I will cherish thee forever, and make you happy. Why then not accept my offer?"

"I cannot be your wife," she firmly replied.

"Then be my slave," he said, and rose and left her.

It was past midnight, and the wakeful Nahwista was seated upon her pallet of boughs, when the report of a gun was heard. She bounded to her feet like a fawn, and went towards the northern gate. The gate was yet fast, and she listened for a moment. Presently the alarm was given among the watch, and immediately succeeded the clash of rapiers. There was a running hither and thither, and a firing of muskets, and a clashing of steel. There appeared at intervals an engagement between two, then between three or four, and then all seemed closed in a general meleé. The drums beat the *revillé*, and the soldiers and citizens were heard collecting in masses, and the Indians whooping and yelling in every direction. The noise and confusion increased, and Nahwista began to be alarmed for the fate of her lover, when the ponderous gate came tumbling down at her feet. She leaped over the fragments and was in the arms of Carle.

"Fly," he said, "I have broken the rapier of your master, and have disarmed two of his guard, and we must now escape. Your release was all that I desired, and I have no disposition to pursue the conflict further. I have ordered my men away; and when we are no longer to be found, the town will be quiet again."

Pierpont was picked up wounded, with the hilt of his rapier in his hand, and was assisted home. But had he known that night that Nahwista was lodged in the house of Carle, no circumstance would have stayed his vengeance.

The next day he reported the affair to the governor, and informed him of the escape of the Indian captive. It was thought expedient to make it a subject of correspondence between the commissioners and the Dutch governor. Nahwista was demanded by the magistrates, but Carle regarded not their authority. He subsequently made proffers of marriage to her, and made known his intentions to her adopted father. The Dutch governor made a virtue of necessity, and consented to the union, so soon as Nahwista should be lawfully baptized.

Carle continued to remain in Hartford until Stuyvesant came into power, when he repaired to New Amsterdam. In the meantime Nahwista's father had died, and her adopted father having sailed to a foreign land, was cast away; and being no longer inclined to join her sisters, she settled down in quiet life with her husband, and lived many years, an ornament to society and her sex.

Boston, September, 1842.

THE IMPORTUNATE AUTHOR.

WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

“ See how they shun him, — how in dread they stand,
And scatter fearfully at his approach ;
Nor see his nod, nor take his proffered hand, —
As if they feared contagion in his touch.
They barely greet him as they hurry on ;
Why stands he, in a crowd like this, alone ?

“ Is he a traitor ? have his selfish ends ;
His private plots, than honor proved more dear ;
And has he volunteered against his friends,
Whispering their secrets in your tyrant's ear ?
Serves he the state ? — and, in successful hour,
Has he forgot the friends who raised him into power ? ”

“ No ! no ! — but look upon that ink-stained scroll, —
And, now he seizes on the baron's arm,
See what a host of blackened leaves unroll,
How on his face a storm succeeds the calm ; —
He is a Poet, sir, whose taste refined
Turns from our cares to cultivate his mind.

“ His talk is strange — he harps upon the soul,
On hearts and feelings — talks of inborn powers ; —
He never stoops to flatter or cajole
To win his way — and scorns such cares as ours ; —
Says that our lives are frittering away,
If our souls do not strengthen day by day.

“ And yet his drudgery of care and toil,
His gleanings strange from Salamanca's lore ;
His noonday musing, and his waste of oil
For years — have made him nothing but a bore.
See how he walks, — the slattern hardly knows
To point his doublet or to trim his hose.

“ Those years of toil, with years on years beside
Of all the labor lavished since the flood,
Could not infuse in the plebeian tide
Of his heart's flow, one drop of noble blood : —
There's not a university on earth
Can give the privilege of noble birth.

“ The ox who pastures at the charger's side,
The weed that hides itself beneath yon rose,
May stand beside their neighbors with more pride,
Than he associate with men like those :
His hand, his foot, his mien, his eye, his face
Ought to remind him of his proper place.”

- " They ought indeed ! — Let him neglected stand,
The laughing-stock of painter and of peer ;
And yet, perhaps, there honors not your land
A nobler heart than that derided here.
What ! talk of noblemeu ? And can you find
Upon your scroll no place for noblemen of mind ?
- " Though countless quarterings decked your baron's arms,
Though centuries lengthened out his lineage-roll,
No brighter radiance of the fire that warms
The Poet's heart would flash across his soul.
The turbid river rolls more turbid still,
As it flows further from the parent rill.
- " And, as Time works his wonders, — when his call
To History has your king and court consigned ;
Who, like the shadow creeping on the wall,
Must fade away and leave no trace behind ; —
When dress, and mien, and manners, which engage
Our courtly tastes, shall, in some distant age,
Serve but to raise a smile, or deck a monthly's page,
- " The scroll, at which your lips in scorn are curled, —
The midnight toil which courtier wits despise,
May keep a hold upon the changing world,
Which sometimes knows what children it should prize.
Your king will die, your empire decay ;
True genius fire can never fade away.
- " E'en though the Poet share the common lot,
And none his lineage or his name recall ;
Although these very verses are forgot,
Swept to the tomb which yawns to gather all —
Yet when your court sinks down before Time's restless hand,
The beacon it conceals shall gladden all the land.
- " You spare your praise — *you* do not deign to nod ;
Yet, while your rabble mob, your groundlings vile,
All uncontaminate with noble blood,
Listen with joy, and greet him with a smile,
Through them his inspiration shall be spread,
On distant times a living light to shed.
True immortality outlives all fame,
All loss of honors, lineage, or name."

BITTER FRUITS FROM CHANCE SOWN SEEDS.*

BY MRS. CLAYERS, AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," "FOREST LIFE," &c.

CHAPTER II.

Region ? tu m'odii ; ecco il mio sol mis'atto.
A fieri

OLD Brand's hatred of the Indians had not
always expended itself in words. When

* The first chapter of this tale, was published in our last number, but the words "A Western Character," the title of that one chapter, were accidentally given, instead of the name of the whole story. The article so called formed the commencement, and we shall give in our next the conclusion, of the "Bitter Fruits from Chance Sown Seeds."

Ed. M sc.

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war in its worst shape ravaged the frontiers, there were, besides those regularly commissioned and paid to destroy, many who took the opportunity of wreaking personal wrongs, or gratifying that insane hatred of the very name of Indian, which appears to have instigated a portion of the original settlers. These were a sort of land privateers ; — the more merciless and inhuman that their deeds were perpetrated from the worst and most selfish impulses, and without even a pretence of the sanction of law. We may look in vain among the horrors of savage warfare for any

act more atrocious, than some of those by which the white man has shewn his red brother how the Christian can hate.

The achievement of which the old trapper boasted loudest was the burning of an Indian wigwam. He would recount, with circumstantial minuteness, every item of his preparation for the murderous deed; the stratagem by which he approached the place unobserved; and the pleasure that he felt when he saw the flames curling round the dry bark roof on four sides at once. He laughed when he told how the father of the family burst through the pile of burning brush which barricaded the only door, and how he was shot down before he had time to recognise his cruel enemy. Then the agonised shrieks of the women and children; their fleeing half-naked and half-roasted into the forest; and the mother and babe found dead in the path the next day,—these were never-failing topics; and, strange to say, old Brand, though not born a fiend, could exult in the recollection of such exaggerated wickedness. War, the concentrated essence of cruelty and injustice, gave the opportunity, and some wrong, real or pretended, committed by the red man, the excuse; and the outrage was only remembered as one of the incidental horrors of a border contest.

As Richard Brand became more infirm, his garrulity seemed rather to increase, and his grand-daughter, who was his constant attendant, used to sit for hours drinking in his wild stories, and imbibing unconsciously, something of the daring and reckless spirit of the reciter. She grew up to be a tall, majestic-looking girl, with the eye of Sappho herself; proud and high-spirited, impatient of control, and peculiarly jealous of any assumption of superiority in others; yet capable of attachment of the most ardent and generous kind to those from whom she experienced kindness and consideration. With these qualities she became an object of a good deal of interest in the neighborhood, and none the less that her grandfather was known to have saved property enough to be accounted rich where all are nearly alike poor.

Julia Brand had just completed her fourteenth year when her aged relative failed suddenly; as people who have led rough lives are apt to do; and his mind and body became so much enfeebled that it was thought advisable to remove him to the vicinity of more competent aid in case of illness, as well as to more comfortable shelter than the old shingled hive could now afford. More than one offer was made by the neighbors, and the old man, though seeming at first scarcely to understand or accede to the plan, yet showed a gleam of his former acuteness by making choice voluntarily of Allen Coddington's house as his future home.

This Coddington was a man whose early advantages had been such as to place him far above the ordinary class of settlers in point of intelligence and ability. He was an industrious and thriving farmer, whose education, begun at one of the best New England academies, had been furthered by a good deal of solid reading, and made effective by a habit of observation without which reading can be of but little practical utility. He stood decidedly in the first rank among the citizens of his town and county. He was among the earlier adventurers in that region, and, having had the wisdom or the forethought, during the time of extravagant prices, when producers were few and consumers many, to bestow his whole attention on raising food for the gold-hunters, who forgot to plough or to plant, and yet must eat, he had turned the speculating mania to good account, and become comparatively wealthy. His house was ample in size, and well provided with ordinary accommodations, and his farm presented the somewhat rare spectacle (in new country experience,) of a complete supply of every thing requisite for carrying on business to the best advantage.

Whether Allen Coddington was naturally of a self-satisfied and exclusive temper, or whether he had become somewhat overbearing through success and prosperity, or whether his good fortune, and that alone, had had the effect of rendering him an object of jealousy and ill-will,—he was certainly no favorite in his neighborhood. He had a certain influence, but it was that which arises from a sense of power, and not from a feeling of confidence and attachment. People found his advice valuable, but they complained that his manner was cold and unsympathizing; and they remembered the offence long after the benefit was forgotten. Mr. Coddington's family were still less liked than himself, in consequence of their retired habits, which were supposed to argue a desire to keep themselves aloof from the society about them.

To one man in particular the whole house of Coddington was an object of the bitterest hatred and envy. This man was their nearest neighbor; a person of violent passions, and an ambitious and designing mind, capable of almost any extreme of malignity, when his pride was hurt, or his favorite objects thwarted. Blanchard was not habitually an ill-tempered man. He had often proved himself capable of great kindness towards those whom he liked; but he belonged to a class emphatically termed good haters—a dreadful anomaly in this erring world, where every man stands so much in need of the forbearance and kindness of his fellow man. Whoever had the misfortune to excite his vindictive feelings was sure of a life-long and uncompromising enmity; and though prudence might restrain him from overt acts, yet he

was not above many mean acts and secret efforts to lower those against whom he had conceived any dislike.

To such a man as Blanchard the peaceful and softening counsels of an amiable and judicious wife would have been invaluable. Many a ruthless and violent character is kept within bounds by a gentle influence, which is not the less powerful for being exerted in a manner unperceived by all but the person most interested; perhaps unacknowledged even by him. Blessed, indeed, are such peace-makers, and all who belong to them! But Mrs. Blanchard was a spirit of another tone. Wholly uneducated, both in mind and heart; tormented with a vague and vulgar ambition to be *first*, without reference to means or ends; and especially jealous of the pretence to superior delicacy and refinement, which she conceived to be implied in the quiet and secluded habits of Mrs. Coddington and her children—this woman's soul was consumed with bitterness; and her ingenuity was constantly exercised to discover some means of pulling down what she called the *pride* of her neighbors;—a term with which we sometimes deceive ourselves, when in fact we mean only their superiority.

As was the accusation of witchcraft in olden times—a charge on which neither evidence, judge nor jury, was necessary to condemn the unfortunate suspected,—so with us is the suspicion of pride—an undefined and undefinable crime, described alike by no two accusers, yet held unpardonable by all. Once establish the impression that a man is guilty of this high offence against society, and you have succeeded in ruining his reputation as a good neighbor. Nobody will ask you for proof; accusation is proof. This is one of the cases where one has no right to be suspected. The cry of “Mad dog!” is not more surely destructive.

This powerful engine was put in operation by the Blanchard family, into every member of which the parental hatred of the Coddingtons had been instilled. They made incessant complaints of the indignities which they suffered from the pride of people whose true offence consisted in letting them alone, until the whole neighborhood had learned from them to look upon the Coddingtons as covert enemies.

When Richard Brand made choice of the great house as an asylum for himself and Julia, he unconsciously gave yet another tinge of bitterness to the hatred of the Blanchards. They had been among the most urgent of the inviters, and they felt the preference given to their detested neighbor as a new insult to their own pretensions. We have said that old Brand had shown a glimmering of his ancient sagacity in the decision. The establishment to which he was removed was one of extreme regularity,

industry and order; the Blanchards were known to be careless, wild, passionate, and rather thriftless people; whose business was done by violent efforts at intervals, instead of habitual application and method. Their children were ill-governed, and their eldest son bore a character which was by no means to be coveted, although he maintained an exterior of decency, and even affected with some success the manners of a squire of dames!

Martha Coddington was a sweet, gentle girl: lovely in appearance and manners, and in all respects a most desirable companion for Julia, whose education had not been such as was calculated to endow her with all the feminine graces, although she was far from being deficient in the stronger and more active qualities which are no less valuable if something less attractive. Martha was in very feeble health, and confined almost entirely to sedentary occupations; and she had thus enjoyed opportunities for mental cultivation which would scarcely have fallen to her rustic lot if she had been blest with full health and strength. It was partly with a view to constant companionship for this beloved daughter that Mr. Coddington had been induced to offer a home to Richard Brand. The old man himself was becoming almost a nonentity, and Julia had that indescribable something about her which attracts the attention and awakens interest without our being able to define satisfactorily the source of the fascination. Her manners were singularly simple, child-like and trustful: while her eye had a power and her step a firmness which betokened her ability to judge for herself, and to read the thoughts of others. She was as yet almost totally undeveloped; but it was impossible not to perceive at a glance that there was abundance of material, either for good or evil, as after circumstances might sway the balance of her destiny.

Once established in Mr. Coddington's family, Julia enjoyed all the privileges of a daughter of the house, and shared with Martha, and one or two younger children, the occasional instruction of the parents. Her quickness of apprehension was remarkable; and the activity of her habits and the cheerfulness of her temper made her a valuable assistant to Mrs. Coddington in the various departments of householdry which would have fallen to Martha's share if she had been stout like the rest. So that the arrangement was one of mutual advantage, and the evening of Richard Brand's life bid fair to be as calm as its morning had been boisterous.

The Blanchards made many attempts at something like intimacy with Julia, but these were quietly discouraged by her protectors, probably from a sincere belief that such asso-

ciation would be unprofitable for her. They were at this time not at all aware of the deep enmity of the Blanchards, although they had not been blind to various indications of ill-will. So, in silence and secrecy grew this baleful hatred ! as the deadly nightshade becomes more intensely poisonous when sheltered from the sun-light and the breeze. Imagination is the most potent auxiliary of the passions. Nothing so effectually moderates personal dislike as personal intercourse. Any circumstance which had thrown these neighboring families into contact, in such a way as to bring into action the good qualities of either, would have done away with much of their mutual aversion. What a world of misery would thus have been spared to both !

CHAPTER III.

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill
Heav'n in its bosom from our knowledge hides ;
And draws them in contempt of human skill,
Which oft for friends mistaken foes provides.

* * * * *

So the false spider, when her nets are spread,
Deep ambushed in her silent den does lie ;
And feels afar the trembling of the thread
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly.
Dryden.

Nearly three years had Julia Brand passed in Mr. Coddington's family ; years, for the most part, of quiet happiness and continual improvement. No care had been omitted by her kind friends to make her all that a woman should be ; and Julia had imbibed instruction eagerly, and repaid all their efforts by her attachment and her increasing usefulness. To Martha she was as a dear younger sister, whose buoyant spirits had always the power to cheer, and whose kind alacrity could make even the disadvantages of ill-health appear less formidable. Yet the untamed quality of her earlier nature broke forth sometimes in starts of strange fierceness, which struck the gentle invalid with dismay. These flashes of passion almost always originated in some unpalatable advice, or some attempt at judicious control on the part of Mrs. Coddington, who had learned to feel a mother's love for the beautiful orphan ; and, although such storms would end in showers of tears and promises of better self-government, they were a source of much grief to both Martha and her mother, who felt the dangers of this impetuosity when they reflected that no one but the imbecile grandfather possessed a natural right to direct the course of Julia's actions.

These, however, were but transient clouds. Peace and love reigned in this well-ordered household, and the old man, now reduced to absolute second infancy, received from the family all the attention that would have been due from his own children. Every fine

morning saw his easy chair wheeled into the orchard, and there, in the pleasant shade, and with Julia at his side, he would hum fragments of his ancient ditties, or touch, with aimless finger, the old violin held up for him by Robert Coddington, a boy about Julia's age, who shared with her much of the care of her helpless charge. The old man's life was certainly prolonged by the circumstances of ease and comfort which attended its setting ; to what good end, we might perhaps be disposed to inquire, were it not that he was, in his present condition at least, so like a human grasshopper, that we may suppose he was allowed existence on the same terms. His dependent state afforded certainly most ample opportunity for the exercise of kindly feeling in those about him ; and we must believe this to be no unimportant object, since one part of the lesson of life is to be learned only by such means.

Julia, loved and cherished, full of ruddy health, and exalted by intellectual culture, opened gradually into splendid womanhood ; her eye deepened in expression by a sense of happiness, and her movements rendered graceful by continual and willing activity. Even in the country, where such beauty and grace as hers are but little appreciated, she could not pass unnoticed. Though necessarily much secluded, both by the requisite attendance on her aged relative, and by the habits of the family of which she formed a part, her charms were a frequent theme with the young people of the neighborhood, and it was sometimes said, half jest, half earnest, that the Coddingtons kept her shut up, lest she should "take the shine off their sickly daughter." The Blanchards in particular, took unwearied pains to have it understood that poor Julia was a mere drudge, and that all their own efforts to lighten the weary hours of their fair neighbor were repelled by her tyrants, who evidently feared that Julia might be induced to throw off their yoke if she should have an opportunity of contrasting her condition with that of other young persons. There seems to be in the forming stages of society, at least in this Western country, a burning, restless desire to subject all habits and manners to one Procrustean rule. Whoever ventures to differ essentially from the mass, is sure to become the object of unkind feeling, even without supposing any bitter personal animosity, such as existed in the case before us. The retired and exclusive habits of the Coddington family had centered upon them almost all the ill-will of the neighborhood.

As a proof of this we may mention, that when a large barn of Mr. Coddington's, filled to the very roof with the product of an abundant harvest, chanced to be struck by lightning and utterly consumed, instead of the general sympathy which such occur-

rences usually excite in the country, scarce an expression of regret was heard. Mr. Blanchard, who was not averse to "making capital" of his neighbor's misfortunes, declared his solemn belief that this loss was a judgment upon the Coddingtons, and one which their pride richly deserved. He even went so far, in private, before his own family, as to wish it had been the house instead of only one of the barns. The tone of feeling cultivated in that house may be judged by this specimen. Evil was the seed, and bitter the fruit it was destined to produce!

Mr. Coddington felt the loss, as any farmer must; and he would still more keenly have felt the unkind sentiment of the neighborhood if he had become aware of it. But he was on the point of revisiting his native State with his family; and in the bustle of preparation, and the anxiety which attended Martha's declining health, which formed the main inducement to the journey, the venomous whispers were unheard. He left home supposing himself at peace with all the world, always excepting his nearest neighbor, whose enmity had evinced itself in too many ways to pass unregarded.

Julia and her grandfather were left in possession of the house, with the domestics necessary to carry on the affairs of the farm; and she prepared for a close attention to the household cares, and a regular course of intellectual improvement, which should make the long interval of comparative solitude not only profitable, but pleasant. Mrs. Coddington had acquired such confidence in Julia, that she scarcely thought it necessary to caution her as to her conduct during her absence. Far less did she exact a promise as to the long-settled point of free intercourse with the Blanchard family. She gave only the general advice which a mother's heart suggests on such occasions, and bade farewell to her blooming pupil, in full trust that all would go on as usual under Julia's well-trained eye.

But the Blanchard family, one and all, had settled matters far otherwise. The very first time that old Brand's chair was wheeled into the orchard, after the departure of the Coddingtons, a bunch of beautiful flowers lay on the rude seat beneath the tree where Julia usually took her station. When she snatched it up with delight and wonder, she was still more surprised to find under it a small volume of poetry. Julia loved flowers dearly, but poetry was her passion; and she not only read it with delight, but had herself made some not ungraceful attempts at verse, which had elicited warm commendations from her kind protectors. Here was a new author, and one whose style gave the most fascinating dress to passionate and rather exaggerated sentiment. Julia's attention was enchaind at once. When she first opened the

volume her only feeling was a curious desire to know whence it had come; but when she had read a page she thought no more of this. The poetry to which alone she had been accustomed, was not only of a high-toned and severe morality, but of an abstract or didactic cast; calculated to quicken her perceptions of right, rather than to call forth her latent enthusiasm of character. Cowper and Milton, and Young and Pollock had fed her young thoughts. But here was a new world opened to her; and it was not a safe world for the ardent and unschooled child of genius, who found in the glowing picturings of a spirit like her own, a power which at once took prisoner her understanding, aroused her sensibilities, and lulled that cautious and even timid discrimination, with which it had been the object of her friends to inspire her. She finished the reading at a sitting, and as she returned to the house with her grandfather, the excitement of her imagination was such that the whole face of nature seemed changed. A new set of emotions had been called into play, and the effect was proportioned to the wild energy of her character. Poor Julia! she had tasted the forbidden fruit.

In the afternoon she repeated the pleasure; and it was only when she laid the volume under her pillow before she retired for the night, that the question as to the appearance of the book recurred to her. It surely could not have been any of the Blanchards, she thought; yet who else had access to the orchard, which divided the two domains? The next day solved the doubt.

Julia was sitting by the side of her charge, holding with one hand the old violin, and clasping in the other the source of many a fair dream, in the shape of the magic volume, when a step broke the golden meshes of her reverie. She looked up, and young Blanchard stood before. She started and blushed, she knew not why, for she had seen the young man a thousand times with no other emotion than a vague feeling of dislike.

"Have you been pleased with the book my sisters took the liberty of sending you, Miss Brand?" he said; "they wished me to offer you another, knowing you were fond of reading."

Julia expressed her pleasure eagerly, and received the new volume with a thrill of delight; accompanied, however, with some misgiving as to the propriety of obtaining it just in that way.

Mr. Blanchard, encouraged by her manner, proceeded to say that his sisters would have brought the books themselves, if they had supposed a visit would be agreeable. Having accepted the civility in one shape, Julia felt that she could not decline it in another, and the invitation was given, and the visit made.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"FLY FORWARD, MY BOAT."

SCOTCH AIR.

WORDS BY T. H. BAILEY, ESQ.

In moderate time, with smoothness.

Piano
Forte.

cres.

1. Fly for - ward, my boat! hear me
2. Like beau - ti - ful birds in the
3. One mo - ment she wish - es the

o - ver the o - cean To you - der lux - u - riant meadows and
ful - ness of sea - ther, Your ves - sels un - furl all their sails to the
wind would blow strong - er, Then thinks there is dan - ger, and wishes it

trees: Com - par'd with my wish - es how slow is your mu - tion, How win!; Oh, would that we al could fly for - ward to - geth - er; But less; Now looks on the waves, and then fears to look long - er, And

fee - ble the tide, and how lan - guid the breeze. no! they leave my lit - tle boat far be - hind. prays for my safe - ty in si - lent dis - tress.

For on that sun - ny land, there is one who sits view - ing Each Yet my light lit - tle boat all those gay barks are chasing, - Fame, Though the breeze fresh - ens now, and will soon waft me o - ver, Tho'

cloud on the heav'n's and each speck on the sea, Who with love's ea - ger
for-tune, or friends far a - way o'er the sea: And they know not the
swift-ly my boat cuts her way thro' the sea, Too slow-ly she

glance ev'-ry bark is pur - su - ing: Then on - ward, for An-na is
charms of the isle they are pass - ing, They know not that An-na is
moves for the heart of a lov - er, Too slow - ly for her who sits

watch - ing for me.
watch - ing for me.
watch - ing for me.

Ornaments: *cres. tr*, *f*, *p*, *p_i*, *f*, *p*, *tr*.

BOSTON MISCELLANY.

THE MISCELLANY TO ITS READERS.

THE EDITOR'S FAREWELL.

TWELVE months have rapidly passed by, since with a few words of "THE MISCELLANY TO ITS READERS," we greeted you as new acquaintances. Month by month has added to your number, and although the usual routine of a monthly has given us in the interval no excuse for thus enduing ourselves with our personality and speaking to you as if face to face, our acquaintance has been growing up by the continuance of the intercourse. But now that that intercourse is to cease, there is again a reason for us to appear before you and to offer you at parting that hand, which you took so kindly at our first meeting.

At that first meeting we indulged rather in an expression of our hopes and intentions than in promises. To say that those intentions have been fully carried out, or those hopes fully realized, would be too much for any one leaving a work of which he has only effected the commencement; and your judgment is the best criterion of the success of our endeavors, and your gratification their highest reward. Our

views, however, of the sphere and the capabilities, or of the resources of our Magazine literature, we have seen no reason to change; and whatever may have been in your estimation our own lot—to succeed or to fail in the attempts it was our place to make—we may leave this connection with you with the same belief with which we embraced it, in the usefulness and the power of that branch of literature and in the intelligent demand for it.

The periodical literature of this country has, within a few years, taken a new stand. It has begun to stand upon real merits, and now shows to the world, in its "lists of contributors," the best writers of the land. In no other mode of publication, can the poet, or the novelist, the essayist or the critic address himself to so large a circle of readers, or secure to himself so certainly that result of his authorship, be it "*honorarium*" or "*quid pro quo*," of late so loudly demanded, as by entrusting his works to their pages. The public reap the benefit and reciprocate

it, and the worth of the currency is sustained by the extended circulation that guarantees it.

For the worth and success of the "MISCELLANY" itself we are most interested. We cannot but rejoice in the prospects of its growing value and influence. We yield it into other hands with the deep and unfeigned feeling, that with better conduct and enlarged ability, its pages will command a constantly widening sphere, and exercise an increasing power both of usefulness and entertainment. In a cause in which the possible success is so vast, and the resources so ample as this, no one can fail to appreciate the deficiencies and failures of his own individual effort, or to feel that others, even

without a stronger perception of what is due to all parties in the conduct of such a work, or a warmer faith in its capabilities, may bring to bear more extensive means upon the result, and with a far greater ability ensure a far greater success.

It is therefore with renewed hopes for the work with which we have been so pleasantly connected, and for its increasing interest with you, that we bid farewell to you both. We sent out our little work as a "letter to our unknown friends," and as we thus formally close the correspondence, it is with the hope that the sympathies and kind feelings that have grown from it may continue now that the intercourse has ceased.

BITTER FRUITS FROM CHANCE SOWN SEEDS.

BY MRS. CLAVERS, AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," "FOREST LIFE," &c.

(Concluded from page 233 of the present volume.)

The accomplishment of the first visit by the Blanchards was only the first step of a regular plan of attack. Each successive day witnessed successive advances; and the bewildering influence of poetry, music, and yet sweeter flattery, made rapid inroads upon Julia's prudence. Still she declined all invitations to visit at Mr. Blanchard's, knowing how disagreeable such a step would be to her absent friends; and the young man and his sisters found they had reached the limit of their power over her, before they had ventured upon any direct effort to alienate her from her protectors.

Whether they would have relinquished the attempt in despair we cannot tell, for the depths of malice have never yet been sounded; but a new and potent auxiliary now appeared, who all unconsciously favored their plans by attracting Julia's attention in a remarkable degree. This was a young clergyman, — a nephew of Mrs. Blanchard's — who had injured his health by study, and had come to the country to recruit. He was a tall, well-looking young man, with no very particular attractions, except a pale face, dark, melancholy eyes, and a manner which betokened very little interest in anything about him. He spent his time principally in

reading; but he played the flute very well, and was invited by the young Blanchards to join them in their visits to their pretty neighbor in the orchard.

This young clergyman, who had seen something of society, was not unobservant of Julia's beauty and talent; and although he does not appear to have had the slightest wish to interest her particularly, the silent flattery of his manner, — preferring her upon all occasions, — joined with his graceful person and delicate health, proved more dangerous to Julia than all the direct efforts of his coarser relations. In short he proved irresistible to Julia's newly excited imagination, and after that time the Blanchards found victory easy. Before many days Julia suffered herself to be led a willing visiter to the forbidden doors, conscious all the while that this was almost equivalent to a renunciation of her long-tried and still loved friends.

The main point being thus accomplished, the rest followed as of course. We are not able to trace step by step the process by which the Blanchards sought to root out from Julia's heart the love and reverence with which she regarded Mr. Coddington and his family; but sadly true it is that they succeeded in convincing her that far from having

been benefited by their care, she had been secluded from all natural and proper enjoyments, and persuaded to become a family-drudge, under the specious veil of a desire for her improvement. A thousand reminiscences were called up by these designing people in order to find materials for mischief. Long-forgotten occurrences were cited and explained in such a way as to make it appear that the Coddingtons had for their own purposes deprived Julia of the acquaintance and sympathy of the neighborhood. The seclusion in which she had grown up was represented as the fruit of a sordid desire to get as much household duty out of her as possible, while at the same time her beauty and talents were prevented from appearing to the disadvantage of the sickly Martha. These things cunningly insinuated were like "juice of cursed hebenon" in Julia's ears. In her days of calm and healthful feeling she would have scorned such vile constructions; but under such influences as we have described, and especially wrapt in the bewildering spell of a passion as violent as it was sudden, she was a transformed creature. Her virtue would have stood the test if her judgment had remained clear: but the opium-eater is not more completely the victim of delusive impressions than such a character as hers when it is once abandoned to the power of love.

And this love — it carried shame in its very life, for was it not unsought! Had its object by word or even look evinced a preference for Julia? Burning blushes would have answered if we could have asked such questions of Julia herself. Indeed, this Mr. Milgrove was a young man of reserved and rather self-enclosed habits, who, feeling himself quite superior to the people among whom he found it convenient to remain for the time, had given himself very little concern as to the impression he was making. Thus was unlimited scope given to Julia's unpractised imagination. She idolized an idea. If the object who chanced to stand for an embodiment of her dreams had made love like a mere mortal, her naturally keen perception of character would have been awakened, and she would have become aware of a cold indifference of temperament in Milgrove, with which her own could never harmonize, and which would consequently have disgusted her. But such passion as hers does most truly "make the meat it feeds on," and in the exercise of this power its growth is portentous, and all independent of the real value of its material. It soon filled the heart of the unfortunate girl to the exclusion of all better sentiments.

Time flew by, until nearly two months had endowed Julia's delirium with the force of habit. Frequent letters from her absent friends had brought intervals of self-recollection

and self-reproach; but the intoxication was too delicious; and with a sigh over the conscious disingenuousness, she wrote again and again without once mentioning her intimacy with the Blanchards or the presence of their relative. It is true, she tried to say to herself, that Mrs. Coddington had no right to control her movements; but hers was not a heart to satisfy itself with such fallacies. She felt deeply guilty, and she deliberately endured the dreadful load, for the sake of the dreams which attended it. Her fear now was the speedy return of her best friends. That must, as she well knew, put a stop at once to all intercourse with those malevolent neighbors, and deprive her of the sight of one to whom she had devoted her whole soul, unsought and unappreciated.

At length the period arrived when a letter from Mrs. Coddington, announced that the family were about to return, travelling very slowly on account of Martha's sinking state, now more alarming than ever before. Julia's emotions on receiving this intelligence were of the most violent kind. She sat with the letter before her — her eyes fixed on the account given by the afflicted mother of the state of her dying child; and as she gazed, her mind may truly be said to have "suffered the nature of an insurrection." All her better self was roused by the thought of Martha's rapid decay, and a flood of tears attested the reality and the tenderness of her affection for this excellent friend; yet, on the other side, the fascinations of the past two months were present in all their power; and as she reflected, that these must now be renounced, she groaned aloud, and grasped her throbbing temples with both hands, as if to preserve them during the agony of the struggle. In this condition she was found by one of the daughters of Mr. Blanchard, who had, by various arts, succeeded in gaining her confidence completely.

These young women, who were in every way inferior to Julia, derived all their interest in her eyes from their connection with the object of her mad attachment. She saw them as she saw him — through a medium of utter delusion. The elder, more particularly, was a designing and malicious girl, who hated Martha Coddington with a perfect hatred, and who had always assisted in fomenting the enmity which had arisen between the two families.

Julia's state of mind rendered her incapable of any disguise. Her passionate worship of the young clergyman had been a thing only suspected; but she now threw herself upon Sophia Blanchard's neck, and bewailed herself in the wildest terms, wishing for death to rid her of her misery, and declaring that she would not support an existence which had become odious to her. In the course of these frantic declarations, the whole

history of her feelings came out, and Sophia, far from reasoning with her on the destructive effects of such self-abandonment, artfully consoled with her on being obliged to remain with the Coddingtons, and urged her to break with them at once, and remove with her grandfather to a home where she would find welcome and happiness.

But courage for this step was more than Julia could assume. She had suffered herself to receive unfavorable impressions of her absent protectors, but her habitual reverence for them was such that she dared not think of braving their ill opinion. And besides, she well knew that the old man, childish as he was in many respects, could never be persuaded to the change. So she shook her head despairingly, and repeated her conviction that death alone could relieve wretchedness like hers.

Sophia Blanchard, bold and designing as she was, trembled at these words. She knew Julia well enough to believe that such feelings, acting upon such a spirit, might not improbably result in some rash act. Finding Julia resolute in her rejection of the expedient proposed, she set herself about contriving some other which should serve the double purpose of securing Julia and annoying the Coddingtons.

Are there moments when all guardian angels leave us at the mercy of the evil influences within! If it be so, such times are surely those when we have wilfully given the rein to passion, and avowed ourselves its slaves, to the scorn of that better principle which watches for us as long as we allow its benign sway. "Why hath Satan entered into thine heart?" Alas! do we not invite him? Poor Julia! his emissary is even now at thine ear!

Things too wild for fiction must yet find place in a real record of human actions. The plan which presented itself to the thoughts of Sophia Blanchard, was probably suggested by the bitter expressions she had heard under the parental roof; yet it was too outrageous to have been broached seriously by a person more advanced in age or better acquainted with the ordinary course of affairs. To set fire to Mr. Coddington's house after the family were asleep;—then to give the alarm, and remove the old man and such articles as could be saved—this was the diabolical advice which this ill-taught girl gave boldly to the wretched Julia, carefully keeping out of view the promptings of her own hereditary spite, and making it appear that the loss would be a matter of no vital importance to a man of Mr. Coddington's property, while it would set Julia free to remove at once to Mr. Blanchard's, where Mr. Milgrove had decided to remain for some time.

CHAPTER IV.

Blessings beforehand—ties of gratefulness—
The sound of glory ringing in our ears—
Without, our shame; within, our consciences—
Angels and grace—eternal hopes and fears.
Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning *sosom-sin* blows quite away!

George Herbert.

Instead of rejecting this atrocious proposal with horror, as the Julia of purer days would have done, the unhappy girl listened in silence to all Sophia's baleful whispers, and with this tacit permission the whole plan was gradually developed; Sophia's ready ingenuity devising expedients to obviate each objection as it presented itself, till all was made to appear easy of accomplishment, and secure from detection. Still Julia did not speak. She sat with glazed eyes fixed upon her tempter, and not a muscle moved, whether in approval or rejection of the plan. Frightened by her ghastly face, Sophia Blanchard took her hand: it was cold and clammy as that of a corpse. Thinking Julia about to faint, she ran for water, and was about to use it as a restorative, when her victim, rousing herself, put it back with a motion of her hand.

"Enough, Sophia," she said; "no more of this now; leave me to myself! Go—go—no more!" and no entreaties could induce her to say one word as to her acceptance of the proposition upon which her adviser had ventured. Sophia Blanchard was obliged to return home in no very easy state of mind, and all her efforts to obtain admittance again proved fruitless. Julia resolutely refused to see any one of the family.

Three days passed in this sort of suspense—an ominous pause, and one which gave Sophia ample time to reflect on the step she had taken, and to consider its consequences. The old man went not forth to his place in the orchard. He sat whimpering in the corner, scolding at Julia's laziness, and wishing that Robert Coddington would come back, that he might have somebody to take care of him. Julia, stern and silent, moved about the house with more than her usual activity, regulating matters which had of late been less carefully attended to than usual, and insisting upon extra efforts on the part of the domestics, in order that every thing might be in order for the reception of the family. On the evening of the third day all was pronounced ready, and the morrow was talked of as the time for the probable arrival.

At midnight a loud knocking and shouting at Mr. Blanchard's doors announced that a fire had broken out; and at the same moment a broad sheet of flame burst from the further end of Mr. Coddington's house. The neighborhood was soon aroused, and all the efforts that country resources allow, were

used to save the main body of the building. Meanwhile, old Brand was carried, in spite of his angry struggles and repeated declarations that he would not go, to Mr. Blanchard's, and laid on a bed in one of the lower rooms, Julia herself superintending the removal with solicitous care. This done, she took the lead in bringing out from the blazing pile, everything of value; herself secured Mr. Coddington's papers, and suggested, from her knowledge of the affairs of the family, what might best engage the attention of the assistants. Most of the effects were thus placed in safety; but with scanty supplies of water, and nothing more effectual than buckets, the attempt to preserve any part of the house was soon discovered to be hopeless. The neighbors, having done their best, were obliged to withdraw to some distance, where they could only stand and gaze upon the flames, and listen to their appalling roar.

It was during this pause that the general attention was called by the most agonizing shrieks, and Julia, who had been all composed during the agitation of the night, was seen coming from Mr. Blanchard's in a state of absolute distraction. She had hastened from the fire to look after her helpless charge, but on reaching the bed on which he had been placed, she found it empty and cold. A blanket which had been wrapped round him lay in the path through the orchard, and the conviction had struck Julia at once, as it did the minds of all present, that the old man, feeble as he was, had, with the obstinacy of dotage, taken the opportunity when all were engrossed with the fire, to return to his own chamber, now surrounded by flames. Julia darted towards the door of the burning dwelling, but she was forcibly withheld by the men present, who declared the attempt certain destruction. While she still struggled and shrieked in their arms, the whole roof fell in, and a fresh volume of flame went roaring and crackling up to the very stars. The old man was gone!—gone to his account, of which the midnight burning of the helpless formed so dread an item. And Julia—it is scarcely to be wondered at that she envied him his fate. We dare not attempt a picture of her condition.

The grey light of dawn began to chill the glare of the dying flames. The contrast produced a ghastly tint on all around, till the countenances of those who continued to watch the smouldering fire looked as if death, instead of only fatigue and exhaustion, was doing its work upon them. Julia, having resisted all entreaties of the Blanchards to go with them to their house, stood with fixed gaze, and rigid as a statue, contemplating the ruin before her; when the sound of approaching wheels was heard; and the dreary light disclosed the return of the unfortunate

family, not with one carriage only, as they left home, but with two; and travelling at so slow a pace that it seemed as if they brought calamity with them in addition to that which awaited them at their desolate home.

"They are coming!" The whisper went round, and then an awe-struck silence pervaded the assembly. Julia's perceptions seemed almost gone, although she was denied the refuge of temporary insensibility. She had already suffered all that nature could bear, and a stupid calm had succeeded her agonizing cries. Yet she drew near the carriage which contained her friends, and cast her eyes eagerly around.

"Where is Martha?" she said, in a voice so altered, so hollow, that the hearers started.

Mrs. Coddington burst into tears, but could not speak. Her husband answered with a forced calmness, "Julia, my love, our dear Martha is at rest! We have brought home only her cold remains."

Julia uttered not a sound, but, tossing her arms wildly in the air, fell back, utterly lifeless, and in this state was carried to the house of one of the neighbors.

The funeral was necessarily hurried, for poor Martha had died two days before; so that the ruins of the home of her childhood were still burning when the sad procession passed them on its way to the grave. Julia, recovered from that kind swoon, had made a strong effort to master her feelings, and to take some part in the last duties, but so violent had been the action of the overtasked nerves, that she was feeble and faint, and utterly incapable of the least exertion. No vestige of the old man's body could be found among the ruins, so that she was spared the vain anguish of so horrible a sight; yet the reality could have been scarcely more dreadful than the picturings of her own guilt-quickened fancy. She shrunk from joining, according to the custom of the country, in the funeral solemnities of her friend, and passed the dread interval alone in her chamber.

When the bereaved parents returned to the house, Mrs. Coddington went immediately to Julia.

"My daughter!" she said, "my dear—my *only* daughter! what should I be now without you! You must take the place of the blessed creature who is gone!" And she threw herself sobbing upon Julia's bosom, clasping her in her arms, and bestowing upon her all the fulness of a mother's heart.

Like a blighted thing did the wretched girl shrink from her embrace, and sinking prostrate on the floor at her feet, pour out at once the whole shameful story of her guilt. Not a shade was omitted, not even the un-

sought and frantic love which was now loathsome in her own eyes, nor the suspicions of Mr. and Mrs. Coddington, which had been instilled into her heart until its very springs were poisoned.

Mrs. Coddington shook like an aspen leaf. She tried to speak—to ask—to exclaim—but words came not from her paralyzed lips. At length—“Julia!” she faltered out,—“Julia—are you mad! You cannot surely mean, my child—you *cannot* mean all this! You cannot intend me to believe that you are the—”

She stopped, for Julia, still prostrate, groaned and shuddered, deprecating by a motion of her hand, any recapitulation of the horrors she had disclosed.

“It is true,” she said; “I am all that I have told you; I have burned your dwelling, so long my happy home; I have committed murder,—all I ask now is punishment. I have thought of all; I am ready for what is to follow; I wish for the worst; make haste, for I must die soon,—very soon!”

She concluded so wildly, and with such an outburst of tears that Mrs. Coddington again thought her mind had become unsettled by the dreadful occurrences of the last few hours.

But these tears somewhat relieved her, and she was comparatively calm after the paroxysm had subsided. And now, in a collected manner, and in the presence of Mr. Coddington, did she firmly repeat all that she had said, gathering courage as she proceeded, and anxiously entreating to have her statement taken down in legal form.

Mr. Coddington, once convinced that there was a dreadful reality in all this, felt it as any other man would; but he treated it with a calmness and forbearance which not every man could have commanded. He heard Julia's statement through, asked some questions as to certain particulars, and then, taking her hand with his old air of fatherly kindness, he said, “My poor child! you have been dreadfully deluded! Those who have led you astray have much to answer for, and I shall take care that they do not escape the reckoning. You I can forgive. The mental sufferings you must endure are atonement enough; but for those who willfully poisoned your young mind—”

“Oh no—no!” exclaimed Julia; “no one is to blame but myself. I alone am answerable for my crime! I did all with my own free will—out of my own wicked heart! And oh! how I wish this wretched heart were cold and still, even now! How I envy dear Martha her peaceful grave! Make haste and take down what I have said, for I *cannot* live!”

“Julia!” said Mr. Coddington, interrupting her, with an air of severity very different from his former manner, “do you wish me

to believe that all your expressions of remorse and self-abasement are false and hollow! What do you mean! That you would raise your hand against your own life! Rash girl! your thoughts are impious. Suicide is not the resource of the true penitent, but of the proud and self-worshipping hypocrite. If you are sincere in your desire to atone for the injury you have done me, show it by entire submission to what I shall see fit to direct. You know me; you know you have no reason to dread harshness at my hand. Be quiet then; command yourself, and tomorrow I will talk with you again.”

So saying he left the room, seeing Julia too much exhausted for further conference, but Mrs. Coddington remained long with her, soothing her perturbed spirit by every thing that a mother's love could have suggested, and assuring her of Mr. Coddington's kindness and of his forgiveness. “You have already suffered enough, my poor child,” said this kind-hearted woman; now go to rest, pray for pardon and for peace, and fit yourself by a quiet night for the duties of tomorrow.”

And such friends Julia had been persuaded to believe harsh and unsympathizing!

We shall not venture to give a fictitious conclusion to this story of real life. It might not be difficult to award *poetical* justice; but neither that nor any other was the result of Mr. Coddington's efforts. He adhered firmly to his resolution of holding Julia's advisers answerable for what she had done. She was not yet sixteen, and her account of all that had passed during the absence of her friends plainly showed a conspiracy on the part of the Blanchard family to do him a deep injury. Slandorous fabrications of the vilest character had been employed to prejudice Julia against her benefactors. She had been urged to treacherous and injurious conduct; persuaded that Mr. Coddington was planning to possess himself of her property, on her grandfather's death; and frequently reminded that whatever injury should be done to the Coddingtons, would be considered as no worse than they merited; in attestation of which the sentiment of the neighborhood on the occasion of the burning of the barn, was frequently cited. On the whole, Mr. Coddington, who was a man of strong and decided character, was fully of opinion that he had just cause of complaint against Blanchard, as answerable not only for his own share of these misdemeanors, but for those which his family, by his instigation, had carried more fully into practice. He refused, therefore, to listen to Julia's entreaties, that she alone might bear the burthen of her crime, and proceeded to seek redress from his malicious neighbor.

His first care was to obtain an interview with Mr. Blanchard, and endeavor to induce

him to make reparation and acknowledgment, from a sense of justice. But this course, however accordant with the sound principles of the injured party, was wholly lost upon the virulent enmity of his opponent. Blanchard, who did not believe in Julia's deep repentance, treated his neighbor's remonstrances with scorn and derision. He heaped abuse and insult upon Mr. Coddington, telling him that it was well known that his premises had been insured beyond their value, and more than suspected that the fire had been a matter of his own planning, in order that the insurance money might help to build a more modern house. He said, as to Julia, that the young men of the neighborhood had resolved to release her by force, in case she was not given up peaceably, since she was believed to be detained against her will. In short, this bold, bad man, strong in the knowledge that the prejudices of the country, (so easily awakened on the subject of *caste*,) had been thoroughly turned against the Coddington family, defied him with contempt, and left nothing unsaid that could exasperate his temper. Mr. Coddington now resolved to appeal to the laws, his last resort against this determined enmity. That Blanchard was morally accountable he felt no doubt; to render him legally so, he thought required only that the fact should be plainly set forth to a jury. The ends of justice seemed to sanction if they did not require such a course; since it is always desirable to ascertain what protection the laws do really afford to those who give them their support. He probably thought this necessary also on Julia's account; since her dread secret was in possession of the declared enemies of the family, and a judicial investigation, by showing the influence under which she had acted, would place the matter in its true light, and set forth the palliation with the crime. So the matter was laid before the grand jury.

It might, perhaps, be inquiring too curiously, to ask whether, in coming to this conclusion, Mr. Coddington did not consult his passions rather than his judgment. It is difficult to know exactly how much love we bear to abstract justice. That another course would better have promoted both his happiness and his pecuniary interests, is highly probable; since it is at least equally true in a new country, as elsewhere, that the law is a great gulf which is apt to swallow up both parties. Yet the desire to appeal to public justice was at all events a natural, if not a prudent one.

But a grand jury, though sworn to "diligently inquire and a true presentment make" of such matters as the foregoing, and that "without fear, favor, or affection," are far from being above prejudice, and, perhaps, not always secure from influences likely to obstruct the even flow of justice. When the matter is not a "foregone conclusion," a judgment prejudged,—it too often happens that the story first told has the advantage. There is no room for more than one set of ideas on the same theme. The prominent and tangible fact in this case was, that a young girl confessed having burned a house; this might bring her to the penitentiary, and the jury would not find a "true bill." In vain did the deeply penitent Julia make her statement in presence of the court. She was represented as under compulsion. She was taken aside again and again, at the repeated instigation of Blanchard, as if, like prince Balat, he still hoped "peradventure *she* will curse me them from thence;"—but although her story was unaltered, it remained unheeded. She was now offered half the homes in the neighborhood, and repeatedly reminded that she was under the protection of the court, and could go where she liked; but she insisted on remaining with Mr. Coddington, and declared that she only desired life that it might be spent in atoning the injury she had done him. Foiled, as we have seen, in his attempt to make the shame and the punishment due to so great an offence fall on those whom he considered most guilty, Mr. Coddington's next thought was to vindicate his own character from the boundless calumnies of his envious neighbor. But a better consideration of the case determined him to let his reputation clear itself; trusting that the past and the future would alike be his vouchers to all those whose opinion he valued. So he contented himself with having placed Julia in comparative safety, and resolved to live down the calumnies which had been so industriously propagated against him. Instead of quitting the neighborhood, as a man of weaker character might have done, he has rebuilt his house, and adopted Julia as his daughter, fully convinced of the change in her character, as well as of the violent mental excitement under which she yielded to temptation; and if there be any truth in the doctrine of compensations, it cannot be doubted that a man of his character must, in time, obtain a complete though silent triumph over the desperate malignity of such people as the Blanchards.

A FAREWELL TO NEW ENGLAND.

BY PAYNE KENYON KILBOURN.

Again I must leave thee, dear land of my fathers !
 Dim shapes in the distance are beckoning to me ;
 When dark o'er my pathway the tempest-cloud gathers,
 How fondly my spirit will fly back to thee !
 I leave thee, loved land, toil and danger despising ;
 But the bonds that unite us no distance can sever ;
One star in thy skies, from the dawn of its rising,
 Hath guided my steps, and will guide them forever.

There our dreams, in the mist of enchantment array'd,
 Told the noise we would make when we grew to be men !
 And there are the fields where in boyhood we played ; —
 And there is the dwelling that sheltered us then ;
 No more shall its ancient walls echo our tread,
 No more at its altars in prayer shall we bow ;
 The friends it enfolded are scattered or dead,
 And the faces are strange that are gathered there now.

Sweet vale of my childhood ! reluctant I turn
 From scenes that have been and must ever be dear ;
 And, long as the fires of affection shall burn,
 Thoughts of thee shall awaken a smile and a tear.
 What changes may come ere I greet thee again !
 The child may have grown to a sophist or sage —
 The bright locks of boyhood be hoary and thin,
 And the cheek of the maiden be wrinkled with age.

How many, alas ! from our presence have gone,
 Whose love gathered brightness till life neared its close !
 Sleep, sleep on, ye loved ones ! till the morning shall dawn,
 And the songs of eternity break your repose.
 Ye shall pass — ye shall pass through the grave's gloomy portal,
 On the wings of a seraph your spirits shall rise.
 And, clad in the garments of glory immortal,
 Ye shall dwell with the ransomed of God in the skies.

A grave-yard ! where, wrapped in undreaming repose
 Friends, kindred and neighbors are laid side by side !
 How it softens the wrath of the bitterest foes ! —
 How it hushes and humbles the vauntings of pride !
 " Writ in marble," are names once familiar to me,
 Of the bravest, the fairest, the gayest of all !
 How startling the thought ! — can it be, can it be,
 That the forms we have cherish'd are wrapped in the pall !

I go — but thy scenes will be none the less bright :
 O'er thy romance and legends the lover will dream ;
 Other eyes will behold, with a glow of delight,
 The lake and the landscape, the mountain and stream ;
 As gaily, as sweetly, the wild-flowers will blossom
 As erst when they yielded there perfumes for me :
 Oh ! when life shall be passed I would rest on thy bosom,
 And the dust which thou gav'st I would give back to thee !

Farewell to the past ! — Like an unwritten story,
 The future is teeming with pleasure or woe ;
 Ye angels of love, and ye phantoms of glory,
 Lead on ! I will follow wherever ye go !
 Yet long through the lapse of the fast-coming years,
 Though I bask in life's sunshine or bow to its gale,
 I will cherish alike in rejoicing and tears,
 The friends and the home that once gladdened the vale !

THE PROSE STYLE OF POETS.

BY W. A. JONES.

A WRITER in the Democratic Review for September last, speaks with great contempt, and in a corresponding spirit of ignorance and arrogant presumption of the prose style of poets. The article, in which this heresy appears, is otherwise a tolerably clever one, though deformed by paradox and written in what may be familiarly styled the *slap-dash* mode. But the heresy loses all its value as the defence of an original and ingenious paradox, when the reader is informed of its being "a new-found old invention." Hazlitt, in his essay on the same subject, has gone over the whole ground, of which this late imitator occupies but a gore or narrow slip ; and with all due deference to such critical authority, we propose taking up the affirmative side of the question (as the debating societies are wont to phrase it,) and endeavoring to reply to the admirable sophistry of the father of us modern American critics, ay, and English critics to boot.

Before proceeding to this we must remark that a few days after the appearance of the article in question, a sensible paragraph made its way into the columns of the "Daily Morning Post," (New York,) written probably by one of its editors, the son-in-law of one of our first poets, and which took a proper view of the topic, but handling it in a very meagre style, confined probably by the limits of a newspaper criticism. A week or two after, we read a more elaborate defence in the columns of the "Mirror," (a weekly journal with which our readers must be well acquainted,) by its editor, Mr. Gillespie. This was a much more satisfactory notice of the point at issue, but yet it did not reply to all objections, and left one or two points, still indefensible. To expand these views and add a few illustrations, that have been overlooked, as well as a remark or two that bears upon the general subject, we pursue the idea that ought to have been long since conclusively settled.

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Hazlitt's view is, that poets write bad prose for a variety of reasons, which we will consider in order. In the course of the essay, he also lays down certain positions that we cannot regard as tenable, and shall consequently attempt to show their unsoundness. The paper was probably written to attract attention rather than to decide the dogma ; it is brilliant and half true, but only *half* true. It contains some very fine special pleading, and certainly many valuable hints ; but it is written to suit a theory, in defiance of facts and from too narrow a generalization. We shall try to avoid doing injustice (even while advocating the opposite side) to the real merits of the essay ; to dwell upon the beauty, acuteness and eloquence of which, might alone occupy the space of a separate criticism.

The principal arguments, our critic employs, to confirm his decision are these : Poets, in writing prose, (strange as it seems,) display a want of *cadence*, have no principle of modulation in the musical construction of their periods ; but missing rhyme or blank verse, the regular accompaniment to which their words are to be said or sung, fall into a slovenly manner, devoid of art or melody. The prose works of Sydney, Milton, Cowley, Dryden, Goldsmith and Dana afford instances sufficient to disprove this assertion. At the same time it must be confessed, that rhyme has helped out many a bold thought and expanded, (by rhetorical skill,) many a half-formed idea. It is no less true, that certain eminent poets have as assuredly failed in attaining a first rate prose style, as certain capital prose writers have failed in writing even tolerable verse. We agree with Hazlitt, that Byron's prose is bad, inasmuch as he aims to make it too effective ; trying to knock down and stun an antagonist with the latter end of a sentence as with the butt-end of a coach whip. Coleridge's prose, too, is not inaptly compared to the cast-off finery

of a lady's wardrobe. The poet's prose muse being a sort of hand-maiden to his poetical (and true) mistress, and tricked out in the worn-out trappings of the latter and ornaments at second hand. The Ancient Mariner, Love, the sonnets, tragedies, and occasional poetry of this author are masterpieces, but his Watchman and Conciones ad Populum have been honestly censured as mere trash.

Hazlitt is very caustic in his remarks on poetical prose, and with great justice. It is the weakest of all sorts of prose; we prefer to it, the very boldest expressions, so they are only precise and clear. And so far from manifesting richness of fancy or imagination, it is proof only of a good memory and a liberally stocked wardrobe of metaphorical commonplaces. It is the style of most sentimental writers, of the majority of orators, of fashionable preachers, and mystical philosophers. It is not the style of a manly thinker, of a man who has anything to say, or of a man of genius. No great orator or logician employs it; we find it in no popular manuals of philosophy or politics. It is never used by a good historian or a great novelist, nor indeed by any one who can write anything else.

The critic gives a further reason for the bad prose style of the poets. He says, the same liberty of inversion is not to be allowed in prose that prevails in poetry: that there is more restraint and severity, in prose composition. Yet what can be more rigorous than the laws of verse; what style, so compressed and close, yet so pithy and "matter-full," as the style of the finest poets? Truth, adds the author of Table Talk, is the essential object of the proseman (we suspect he meant the philosopher, from the authorities that follow): but beauty is the supreme intent of the poet. At the present day, have we not learnt a better lesson than this, after the teaching of centuries? Is not the poet, the moralist and "right popular philosopher"? Do we not learn the truest and deepest metaphysics, (so far as we can learn that internal and individual science from books,) from the best poets: do we not obtain our highest ethical maxims and our truest æsthetical views from the same sources? Doth not the poet impress our hearts and arouse our inmost sympathies, with a skill far superior to that of the priest or seraphic doctor. But we need not dilate upon that head, nor repeat in plain terms, the comprehension and philosophical picture of the true poet, drawn by one * of the greatest and most eloquent of the craft, in the rich and glowing colors of fancy.

Hazlitt has very strangely fallen into the obsolete doctrines of Johnson and the Anglo-Gothic school of criticism (the English pupils of Dubos, Bossu and Bouhours); that pleas-

ure is the highest aim of the poet: that his noblest powers tend only to amuse or recreate. This is true of the minor and lighter poets, but not of poets of the first class. It holds with regard to Swift and Prior, not of Milton or Young. It refers more correctly to purely fanciful poets, than grandly imaginative writers. To restrict ourselves to a single nation — the Hebrews. Is David or Job or Solomon, a "pretty" poet? do their writings furnish merely entertainment? Are they not rather profoundly instructive, as well as sublime and impassioned? Is Homer or Dante, a trifler: or are we to estimate Shakspeare and Æschylus, as ordinary playwrights? Every critical tyro knows better. But our critic reduces the question to one of metaphysical morality. He says, in part truly; as others have written before him, that fortitude is not the characteristic virtue of poets. This, too, is a hasty assertion: it is not the virtue of the majority of the poets nor of the mass of mankind, but it is a distinguishing trait of the largest souls. If Milton and Dante, Johnson and Scott, possessed not this noble virtue, there were none ever did. And look at the manly resolution of Burnet, of Elliott, of Bryant, of Longfellow, of Cowper and Thompson. If these are not teachers of long suffering, and patient endurance, we know not where such are to be found.

From the want of sufficient self-command, reasons Hazlitt, the poets have been unable to conquer a sense of beauty, by which they were fascinated and had become enslaved. Nor need they to conquer it, save when opposed to truth, a higher and rarer form of intellectual beauty. Truth is more beautiful than what we ordinarily style beauty, or rather the highest truth is beauty itself in the abstract. Sensual beauty is truth materialized and derives its charms from the union of proportion, fitness, utility, and an innate harmony — what Hazlitt meant is, that poets too much regard ornament and fall in love with their own figurative fancies, worshipping the idols they have set up in their own imaginations, of their own creation, like the heathen of old. They seem to mistake fiction for fact and rather dally with fancy than are filled with faith. They accumulate beautiful metaphors without regard to their connection or logical sequence. They do not hunt for illustrations for the general text, so much as for striking analysis of any description, whether suited to the subject in hand or no. This, again, we conceive to be palpably a misrepresentation. Where are the reasoning Pope and Dryden; that master of the argumentum ad absurdum, Butler; those logicians of the parlor, Swift and Prior, and Wolcot and Moore? Where is the whole race of metaphysical poets, placed? Then, too, the large class of professedly didactic or

* Sidney.

speculative poets from Hesiod to Wordsworth, what becomes of them? Where is the critical Churchill, the moral Johnson, the religious Cowper? In fact, the poets are the greatest reasoners, the most accurate, brief and pointed, conveying an argument in a couplet, and a syllogism in a line. The Germans and Coleridge have settled the doctrine of the logical method of imagination, in her (apparently) wildest career, and that she has a law and sequence of her own, not to be measured by mechanical reasons. It must be conceded, besides, that poetical teaching is more beautiful than the lessons of the prose-man; that fancy's illustrative coloring affords a grateful relief to the overworked reason. In effect, too, the most captivating pictures afford the strongest arguments, an illustration is always an argument by analogy, a descriptive syllogism, or picturesque reasoning.

We have thus, concisely and categorically responded to the different points of objection, but we lay very little stress on any remarks of our own, except they be confirmed by a bulwark of testimony. Luckily we have a strong defence of this kind, behind which to entrench ourselves from sudden assaults, and we shall not hesitate to avail ourselves of the forces we have been able to collect. Sydney, our earliest prose writer, of classic rank, who was also a poet, was almost equally successful in both departments, and in his *Defence of Poesy*, at least, a writer of pure, clear, sweet Virgilian prose. Hall's contemplations rival his versified satires, and are equally excellent, the magnificent declamation of Milton and the natural eloquence of Cowley are celebrated, yet the sermons of Donne, and the prose characters of Samuel Butler, are not to be forgotten. Quarles was no less close and pointed in his *Enchiridion* than in his *Emblems*. The letter writers, Pope, Gray and Cowper, have been quoted by the critic of the "Mirror," and to them should be added, with at least equal propriety, Burns, Charles Lamb, and our own Willis. Even Hazlitt allows the perfect prose style of Dryden; yet the name of Goldsmith has been singularly overlooked.

Respectability in poetry is intolerable; yet we allow many degrees of excellence in prose. Third rate poets sometimes have been converted into prose writers of the second class. Swift and Addison are known chiefly by their prose: they wrote clever verse also; no one would call either a great poet, yet they were great writers. Johnson's *Rasselas*, and the *Lives of the Poets*, place the prose writer, where neither Irene, nor London, could by any possibility have placed him. Shenstone's maxims and essays, more than counterbalance all his poetical works, with the exception of the *School-mistress*.

Where poets fail in prose, it is from a want of the mere prosaic elements of composition. Coleridge, for instance, had little practical shrewdness, though an imagination, second only to Milton's, and much as Campbell's prose is at present censured, (the causes of the weakness of which and of his ill success in book-making, latterly, are evident); let any one turn to his early essay on English Poetry, if he would find a model of beauty supported by strength and judgment, refined by art.

The poets are not, moreover, the best prose writers, but incomparably the best critics, especially of each other. The vulgar error of the envy existing among men of genius, is as baseless as is the opinion that a fine poet is necessarily a weak critic, or the supposition that his imagination is too strong for his judgment. The greatest poets are not ignorant oracles of wisdom, but elaborate artists, who can give a reason for most of their works, though the very rarest melodies of their lyre are struck by a divine impulse above and beyond their command. There existed a crude and narrow notion of the profession of the critic, formerly: that he was a spiteful, malicious libeller, rather than an honest judge and admiring advocate. The Queen Anne wits appeared to consider a good critic to be the reverse side of a bad poet, as the best vinegar was made out of the vilest cider. To pick flaws in reputations and writings, once made a man's fame. Now, we know a little better. We can believe genuine criticism to be a labor of love, and the fruit of enthusiastic reverence.

Philosophical poetry is the deepest criticism, in the hands of the master-bards, Lucretius, Horace, Pope, Wordsworth, and Dana. We entirely believe with Owen Felltham, that "a grave poem is the deepest kind of writing." Dramatic composition is, of all others, the most artificial form of writing — and we find the first tragic and comic writers profoundly conversant with the principles of their art, Sophocles, and Racine, Aristophanes, and Moliere, learned Ben, the judicious Beaumont, witty Congreve. So too the early classical translators into English, were philologists and critics of necessity, Fairfax, Chapman, and Harrington. The musing Drummond, has left his judgment of books behind him — Dryden has written the best characters of Beaumont, and Fletcher, and rare Ben, that any critic has yet done; and he has left nothing for later writers to impair or add to his portrait of Shakspeare. "Glorious John's" prefaces are models of their kind and the earliest compounds of good criticism in England. Shakspeare and Milton, from the perfection of their works, we naturally infer to have been exquisite critics, as fine judgment pronounced impartially on an author's own writings, as critical

skill evinced by a diligent attention to the minute as well as to the leading rules of composition, afford the highest test of proficiency in the art. Butler, by his satire on the abuse of learning, and ridicule of the French critics, has disclosed a vein of caustic criticism. Cowley was a critic and philosopher, and more than a poet; he thoroughly appreciated the most opposite styles of poetry, the Pindaric and Anacreontic. "The Phenix Pindar," he has truly written "is a vast species alone" and consequently, he is himself, little more than an able follower, a capital imitator, but the spirit of Anacreon, he has caught with wonderful felicity and paraphrased him, in a style immeasurably beyond Tom Moore. In truth, the Anacreontics of Cowley, surpass even the gay flashes of Anacreon, in spirit and effect. Charles Second's wits were shrewd, sharp men of the world, satirists, and critics, not to be imposed upon by pretension. Of this assertion, the Duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal is a proof, and an inimitable satire — Rochester, Waller, St. Evremond, Roscommon, were all clear and discriminating superficial critics; but their judgment did not reach very far.

Pope's finest philosophical poem, is his Essay on Criticism, and the best imitators of Pope, Johnson and Rogers, are essentially critics with widely different tastes. Johnson rudely masculine, and Rogers delicate and fastidious to effeminacy.

To come to the present century; where

do we read finer critical fragments than in Coleridge's Table Talk, and the notes to Lamb's Dramatic Specimens. Shelley was a metaphysical critic. Hunt and Lamb, are perhaps the finest. The papers on Lear and on Shakspeare's tragedies, are the very finest criticisms ever penned, on that most fertile theme of eulogy — the Shakspearean Drama. Leigh Hunt has written a body of the most agreeable, if not the profoundest criticism of his time. Mr. Dana has produced articles on Kean's acting and Shakspeare, that entitle him to rank even with Lamb and Hunt.

As a general rule, the best prose writers are the safest critics for ordinary reading, if only from the absence of any possible competition. Where they rank with the greatest critics, it is from the large share they possess of the poetical temperament, and of fancy. The critic should be half poet, half philosopher; with acute powers of analysis, a lively fancy, deep sensibility, and close reasoning faculties. This is a very rare combination. Instances rarely occur, yet Hazlitt, Rousseau, Croly, and Emerson, might be placed in this category, with a score or two of names besides, taken from the vast array of miscellaneous authors. The poet ranks first, the critic immediately below him; and the two united, each first of his class, combine to form the highest specimen of imagination and intellectual greatness.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE MISSES DAVIDSON.

BY GEORGE H. COLTON, AUTHOR OF "TECUMSEH," ETC.

"Thou wert unfit to dwell with clay,
For sin too pure, for earth too bright!
And Death, who called thee hence away,
Placed on his brow a gem of light."

Margaret to her Sister.

The flowers that are most beautiful
Do earliest decay;
Ere breath of Time their brightness dull
They breathe their life away.
The soft South wind that woke their bloom
Reclaims full soon the sweet perfume,
Stealing it day by day;
The beams, that reared their tender birth,
Wither them back again to earth.

The fleeci^{est} cloud at noon that flies
 Fades soonest from the sight ;
 The hues that flush the evening skies
 Are quickly lost in night ;
 The aspiring flame, of brightest ray,
 With lavish glory dies away
 In its own beaming light ;
 Music, that wakes the sigh and tear,
 But lives a moment on the ear.

O wild Champlain ! thy lonely lake
 Hath known a birth as fair,
 As ever did a being take
 From sunlight or the air —
 A loveliness so passing brief,
 We could but wonder in our grief,
 That charms so soft and rare
 Should be to us a moment given,
 Then fade into their native Heaven.

The form ! the face ! the mind ! the soul ! —
 It skills not to inquire,
 How mortal dust can e'er control
 The Promethean fire,
 But gazers started to behold
 The soul illumine their earthly mould,
 And tremblingly aspire,
 As chiselled vases, pure and white,
 Shine all suffused with inward light.

And if with quick, ethereal mind
 Their very clay was fraught,
 So ne'er the visible confined
 Their young and glowing thought :
 As by some lone and lovely lake
 Two slumbering spirits should awake,
 Their nature half forgot —
 There fell on them, by fount and stream,
 A strange, sad light, as of a dream.

The running brook — the flying cloud —
 The wild-bird on the wing —
 The tempest swathed in wintry shroud —
 The sweet, low voice of spring —
 All sounds and sights of earth and sky
 Were glorious to their soul and eye,
 Yet ever seemed to bring
 Thoughts only of a loftier being
 To which they fain would flee, were fleeing.

And these found utterance in song —
 But sorrowful its tone,
 As strains *Æolian*, wild and long,
 At midnight breathed alone ;
 For saddening falls — we know not why —
 The shadow of eternity,
 Upon our spirits thrown : —
 In sight of the Immortal Shore
 They did the bright green earth deplore.

It is a fearful thing to die !
 When all is gay around,
 To bear the dim sight, faltering sigh,
 The ear in dulness bound,

Along each torpid vein to feel
 The icy sickness curdling steal,
 Then dread the damp, cold ground,
 And wet-eyed worm, as parts the breath —
 Oh ! these are terrible in death !

But they so grew before our gaze
 Still, still more pure and pale,
 So bright the spirit's restless blaze
 Shone through its mortal veil,
 We deemed they might beneath our eye
 Put on their immortality,
 Nor pass, with moan and wail,
 Through all that dreaded common doom,
 The nameless terrors of the tomb.

And lo ! at last — as softly born
 Of sun and early dew,
 Two clouds climb faintly up the morn
 Till, lost each darker hue,
 They sink into the sky's calm breast
 To be forevermore at rest —
 So passed they from our view,
 And high above the crystal sphere
 Inherit "Heaven's eternal year."

Ah ! pardon, if we prayed that yet
 Ye might with us delay !
 Ah ! pardon, if a vain request
 Still follows on the way ! —
 No more ! — We know ye thus were called,
 That ne'er your youth might be enthralled
 With pain and slow decay :
 Ye were but sent, as dreams, to win
 Our hearts away from earth and sin !

TALES OF THE KNIGHTS OF SEVEN LANDS ;

A SERIES OF ROMANCEROS OF CHIVALRY, BY J. H. INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE,"
 "KYD," "BURTON," ETC.

THE TALE OF ROTHER DE ERNEST, THE GERMAN KNIGHT.

AT the close of the fifth day of the journey of the seven knights, they came to a convent situated in the bosom of a delightful vale, and surrounded with meadows, groves and broad fields waving in the evening sun rays, like seas of golden waves. Attached to the convent was a spacious court, overshadowed with olive trees, which was appropriated, like the caravanserai of the east, to the accommodation of travellers. Hither the knights turned in just as the sun set, and were hospitably received by the Lady Superior, who, from a wicket above the gate, gave them welcome. Between the outer court and the court of the castle, was a very high

wall, which prevented all communication with the sacred retirement of the sisterhood. Provisions, in hospitable profusion, were lowered down to the knights from the wicket, and as the place was large and well roofed, the travellers fared well. After their repast had been made, the Roman cavalier, Vitelli di Braganti, seeing sundry bright eyes peeping down through the lattice, and willing to entertain the fair nuns in their loneliness as well, may be, as to display his rich voice, sung a Romancero, which, however, was better fitting beneath a lady's bower than the lattice of a holy convent. This is one of the stanzas :

"All the stars are glowing
In the gorgeous sky;
In the stream scarce flowing
Mimic stars do lie:
Blow, gentle, gentle breeze!
But bring no cloud to hide
Their dear resplendencies;
Nor chase from Zara's side
Dreams bright and pure as these."

"Such songs of love ill become a convent's walls," said the Spanish knight Don Fernando de Valor. "If we must be in a merry mood, let us sing some ballad recounting the doughty deeds of good Christian knights against the Moors. I remember a ballad recounting the achievement of Garci Perez de Vargas, that showeth how he got the name of *Machuca*, or 'The Pounder;' for, he having broken his sword in battle, pulled up by the roots a wild olive tree, and with the trunk thereof performed such wondrous deeds, that the holy maidens will esteem themselves happy in having had the pleasure to hear them."

"Nay," said the Scottish knight, "this were too warlike for a convent's ear. If you will listen, I will, by your leave, fair cavaliers, sing you a famous Scottish ballad, recounting a deed of charity of that good and gentle-hearted knight, King Robert the Bruce, and for which the Spanish bards have given credit to Rodrigo de Bivar. It is a holy ballad and befitting this place." Being requested to sing it, the Scottish knight thus began:

"The Bruce has taken some twenty knights along
with him to go,
For he will pay that ancient vow he doth St. Andrew owe;
To Holyrood, where erst the shrine did by the altar
stand,
The good Roberto of the Bruce is riding through
the land."

"Where'er he goes, much along he throws, to feeble folk and poor;
Beside the way for him they pray, him blessings to procure;
For God and Mary mother, their heavenly grace to win,
His hand was ever bountiful: great was his joy therein."

"And there, in the middle of the path a leper did appear;
In a deep slough the leper lay; to help would none come near;
Though earnestly he thence did cry, 'For God our Saviour's sake,
From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take.'

"When Robert heard that piteous word, he from his horse came down;
For all they said, no stay he made, that holy champion;
He reached his hand to pluck him forth, of fear was no account,
Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the leper mount."

"Behind him rode the leprous man; when to their hostelry
They came, he made him eat with him at table cheerfully;
While all the rest from that poor guest with loathing shrunk away,
To his own bed the wretch he led, beside him there he lay."

"All at the mid hour of the night, while good Roberto slept,
A breath came from the leprosite, which through his shoulders crept;
Right through the body by the heart, poured forth that breathing cold;
I wot he leaped up with a start, in terrors manifold."

"He groped for him in the bed, but him he could not find,
Through the dark chamber groped he, with very anxious mind;
Loudly he lifted up his voice, with speed a lamp was brought,
Yet nowhere was the leper seen, tho' far and near they sought."

"He turned him to his chamber, God wot! perplexed sore
With that which had befallen — when lo! his face before,
There stood a man all clothed in vesture shining white:
Thus said the vision, 'Sleepest thou, or wakest thou, Sir Knight?'

"I sleep not,' quoth Roberto; 'but tell me who art thou,
For, in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy brow?'
'I am the holy Lazarus, I come to speak with thee;
I am the same poor leper thou savest for charitie."

"Not vain the trial, nor in vain thy victory hath been;
God favors thee, for that my pain thou didst relieve yestreen.
There shall he honor with thee, in battle and in peace,
Success in all thy doings, and plentiful increase."

"Strong enemies shall not prevail thy greatness to undo;
Thy name shall wake men's cheek full pale — Scot and Southron too;
A death of honor shalt thou die, such grace to thee is given,
Thy soul shall part victoriously and be received in Heaven."

"When he these gracious words had said, the spirit vanished quite.
Roberto rose and knelt him down, — he knelt till morning light;
Unto the heavenly Father and Mary mother dear,
He made his prayer right humbly till dawned the morning clear."*

This ballad was listened to by all present with great attention; and when the Scottish knight had ended, the character of King Robert was commended in terms of great praise. It now being the turn, on this night, of Rother de Ernest to relate a tale in proof

* Vide Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

of the superiority of German knighthood over that of the other lands whose chivalry had been illustrated by the three foregoing tales, he placed himself in an attitude to command their attention, and the regard of the listening nuns from the casement around, and thus, in a pleasant voice, began his story :

"Next to deeds of great valor in a knight, are those noble acts which have for their base the gentler feelings of the heart, and which are shown, not so much by deeds of warlike character and high emprise of arms, as in relieving the distressed and averting wrong. The story of *Sieur de Linant*, in the history of *Don Alarcos*, has shown us that a knight may achieve the greatest acts of valor and strength and excel in skill of arms all his fellow knights, yet stain the glory and excellence of his brilliant deeds by moral actions that will degrade him as low as his bravery hath before elevated him. My story, therefore, fair dames and gentle cavaliers, will not touch so much upon doughty deeds, though we can show our share of these in Germany, I wot, but upon those higher attributes of chivalry which adorn a knight.

Olof St. Morin was the son of a woodman who dwelt in the black forest of Baden. He was, when in his eighteenth year, a tall, manly, handsome lad, with flowing brown hair, a brilliant eye and finely shaped features looking, save his sun-browned cheek and coarse attire, rather like a prince's son than a peasant's. He had already evinced great courage both to do and to endure, which latter is the nobler quality ! In his disposition he was mild and amiable to a fault, in his manners gentle, but in spirit firm and indomitable. His mind was also above his birth, and his skill in books, which the good monks in a neighboring convent loaned him, was by no means to be despised even by the holy fathers themselves ! It was a marvel how, amid the gloom of the forest, the wildness of its cata-racts and the savage character of the scenes around him, he should have become what he was ; but nature sometimes goes out of her path to strike out her best achievements.

One morning Olof was roaming the forest in search of kine which had strayed from his father's cot, when the distant winding of a bugle fell upon his ears, and in a few moments he caught a glimpse of a party of knights who were passing along the imperial road which wound through the forest. Instigated by curiosity he turned back to take a place on the high way whence he might behold the passage of the cavalcade. It came prancing on with the sound of bugles, the ringing of steel, and clangor of shields, swords and spurs. In advance, rode an imperial herald on his gorgeously emblazoned *tabard* ; then came two knights abreast attended by their esquires bearing their shields and spurs ; then pranced a company of the gentlemen of the

court in gay and gallant costume, in high and merry converse. But what especially drew the eyes of the young forester as he stood leaning upon a tree, was a beautiful palanquin with curtains of azure silk spangled with silver and a canopy of cloth of gold, beneath which sat a lovely lady whom he was assured could be none less than a princess. It was followed a few paces behind by a score of mounted men-at-arms ! He saw that amid all her splendor, her face was sad, and immediately his heart felt sympathy for her. On either hand of the palanquin which was borne on the shoulders of four strong serfs, rode in silence a lady on a white palfrey, one of whom was elderly and stern, the other a dark-eyed beauty whose dazzling charms at once struck the peasant lad with a sort of bewildering fascination ; for he could not keep from her his eyes ; and as she saw him she smiled upon him with such dazzling power that, for a moment, in the wild rushing of blood to his brain he lost all consciousness. At this moment the chief of the party riding up to the palanquin spoke to the occupant and then ordered a halt and beckoned to the young forester who alertly yet modestly advanced towards him where he sat upon his horse beside the palanquin.

"Thou seemest as if thou should'st know these forests well," said the old knight, "canst thou tell us how far it is to the convent of St Mark ?"

"It is half a league, turning to the left after you ford the wolf's glen and keeping the beaten path," he answered embarrassed, for the large sweet eyes of the lady in the palanquin were fixed upon him with an expression of interest. His own fell beneath them, and he felt as if tears would come to his eyes, he knew not wherefore. The other female whose dark glance had flashed upon him so vividly was forgotten, and his thoughts were filled with the pale and beautiful creature who appeared to him like some of the celestial beings he had seen in dreams. He looked up an instant under the influence of these feelings, and his eye met hers fixed upon him so large, blue and tearful, that for the first time in his life he felt unhappy.

The cavalcade was passing on again when a strange noise to the left in the depths of the forest drew all eyes. It increased ; and though at first faint and far distant, advanced rapidly nearer and louder, till there fell upon their appalled ears the prolonged and continuous yell of pursuing wolves, mingled with loud crackling of the underbrush and a wild indistinguishable cry that at intervals rose above all !

"Knights to your defence ! Men at arms rally before the Princess !" cried the chief of the party. "Come they along the highway or across the forest, peasant ?" he cried to Olof, who, on first hearing the well known

sound had instantly run forward to a rising ground and was now intently looking in the direction in which they seemed to be coming.

"They will cross the way!" he shouted. "They are in pursuit of a horse who is flying this way! Let me advise you, my lord, to have open-spaces between your men-at-arms that they may have clear pathway before them! There are above three hundred in the pack, and nothing can resist them!"

"Let us defend the princess with our lives, knights!" said the knight, "and throw ourselves in a body before her with our spears in rest! Hear their infernal yells! The ground shakes! Nay, lady, keep seated till this fierce storm go by!"

The forests now fairly echoed with the yells of the approaching pack, and the moment after he had spoken they beheld advancing along a glade that intersected the road, a dark cloud of wolves in close pursuit of a flying steed, who, with his mane erect, his eyes starting from their sockets, and every muscle strained, was making supernatural exertions to escape from them. Beneath his belly was a knight's saddle and his bridle and stirrups were flying in the wind. Upon his bleeding flanks hung a huge wolf, and ever and anon the victim would give vent to a wild agonizing cry that seemed human in its mortal terror!

In silence and horror the little band stood in the paths awaiting their fate. The yells of the wolves were now so clear and deafening that no voice could be heard. At this crisis Olof, who had stood in advance awaiting them, as if first to offer his body a sacrifice, bounded towards a man-at-arms who held a scarlet banner aloft, and snatching it from him, placed himself a few rods in advance of them and waved it!

The maddened steed came plunging on, and, startled by the flutter of the streamer shaken in his path by the fearless youth, turned slightly aside from his course which was directly for the palanquin, and was dashing past in his furious career, when suddenly at the sight of men and horses, he checked his speed and threw himself bleeding and exhausted upon the ground in front of them, and cast upon the party a glance of human supplication!

There was no time, however, for regarding him, as the peril of all was equal, though each good knight, as he gazed on him, felt as if he would cheerfully do battle in his defence had he none other to defend. The wolves came up at headlong leaps and the head of the pack were speared, or fell beneath blows of sword, while many rushed through the spaces left, and alarmed by the sudden encounter, by the shouts of the knights and men and the shrill shriek of the alarm bugles, kept on in flight! About a score, however, gave desperate battle around the fugitive steed, and many

of the horses were thrown down and their riders dragged to the earth.

Olof, immediately on seeing the horse turn aside, had placed a tree between him and the fierce current, which, parting on either side, rushed on leaving him unharmed! He now hastened to the assistance of the party, when he saw a wolf of enormous size, who had fled beyond the spot, turn back and make with fierce determination towards the palanquin, which was in the rear. The next instant he was flying over the shoulders of the terrified bearers and lighted upon its side.

With a cry of horror the young forester bounded to her rescue, for all around were appalled and motionless, and the palanquin had been thrown down! He was unarmed; but regardless of this he sprung upon the wolf as he laid his huge paw upon the bosom of the insensible lady, and fastening his hands upon his open jaws, broke the lower; and then grappling with the furious beast, who howled with pain, he fell with him to the ground. For a few moments a terrific contest ensued, but the courageous youth, grasping a knight's dagger from the earth, which had been dropped in the fray, succeeded in thrusting the brute through the gorget and slaying him! This act was witnessed by the princess, who had recovered from her swoon on the fall of the wolf from the palanquin, and by all the knights who, having beaten off the rest of the pack, were spectators of his achievement. The princess thanked him warmly for the preservation of her life; and after the knights had got their party together again, and each had his wounds bound up, and the march was resumed, she detained him by the palanquin and inquired his name and parentage.

When she found that he was as modest as he was brave, and had wit and gentle manners, she was greatly pleased with him, more than she dared suffer herself to express in that company.

"This forest life befits you not," she said gazing upon his blushing cheek and downcast eyes. "Will you not come to court and serve me?" she asked with a gentle voice and winning smile.

"I will serve you, noble lady, in court or forest," he answered warmly; "so that my poor services may be accepted with one so high and lovely."

"He is a courtier already, your Highness," laughed and said the dark-eyed horsewoman who had all the while been riding near. "He hath the court's tongue!"

"Hush, Rachel," said the princess; "be not pert!"

The Jewess, for such she was, and the confidential maid of the princess Brynhilda, looked vexed and displeased to be rebuked so openly, let her palfrey fall back a pace and rode moodily along.

The noble steed which had been rescued, though wounded sorely, was led behind by a man-at-arms, and numerous were the conjectures as to the fate of the unfortunate rider, for nothing of his rank could be told from his soiled and torn accoutrements, when a man was seen advancing through the forest, hailing the party. As he came nearer, it was discovered that he was a knight in a plain suit of russet mail and that he was bare-headed. On his nearer approach the chief knight exclaimed with astonishment,

"It is the emperor!" and instantly spurring forward into the forest, he threw himself to the ground and kneeled before him.

At his exclamation there was a general murmur of surprise and recognition. The effect of the announcement upon the princess was remarked with marvel by the peasant. Her face became deadly pale, and she seemed to him to be stricken with fear.

The emperor mounted the knight's horse, and came forward saluting the company, and riding up and seeing the beautiful Jewess mounted on her palfrey, which she had switched to bring him nearer the emperor, he bent towards, and gallantly saluting her upon the cheek, said, while he gazed admiringly upon her dark and voluptuous beauty;

"By my halidom, Sir Bertrand, but you have brought me a brave wife!"

"Your majesty," said the knight, who with all the company had witnessed with surprise the king's salutation, to which, be it said, the Jewess seemed nothing loth, "Your majesty has fallen into a great error! The princess Brynhilda is in the palanquin! She whom you have honored is but a Jewess!"

"Fore heaven, Bertrand, were the princess fairer than the Jewess, she were an angel," said Otho.

As he spoke he lifted the curtain and looked in, where, pale, injured in feelings, and instinctively feeling repugnance towards the emperor, reclined the princess. She had been married by proxy, at her father's court, three weeks before, and was now on her way to her husband's court, who, having taken a fancy to surprise her, whom he had never seen, rode alone into the forest, three leagues from the capital, to meet them, clad in plain armor.

He gazed upon his lovely bride an instant, with a look of evident disappointment, slightly pressed his cheek, not his lips, to hers, and dropped the curtain, leaving her in tears of grief and indignation.

"Ha, here is my horse! How rescued you him?" he inquired, with surprise, "I believed he had been, ere this, food for wolves. I was set upon, a half league hence, by a hungry pack, and only saved myself by springing from his back into the branch of a

tree, when he took flight, with the whole horde in full cry after him!"

The knight narrated their adventure, and the escape of the princess, by the gallantry of the forester, whom the emperor, after casting a searching look upon him as he stood aloof from the company, beckoned to advance.

"I am told thou art a forester, and hast shown bravery of no mean degree. I need such youths about me! Go, take leave of thy father, and follow me to court."

Thus speaking, the emperor, remounting his own horse, rode forward; and Olof saw as he followed them with his eyes, that he talked and laughed with the Jewess, as he rode, without taking notice of the palanquin, or its occupant.

The young peasant went to court the next day, in obedience to the command of the emperor, and was made a page of his person, to attend him in hunting. His courage, his manliness, and his superior excellence in all things appertaining to his new station, as if born and educated to it, won for him the emperor's regard, who did not fail to heap honors upon him. Nevertheless, Olof remained the same modest and unassuming person as before. He had been but a few weeks in the palace when he discovered that the emperor neglected the youthful empress, whom he kept almost a prisoner in her own apartments; while he spent many of his leisure hours in the company of the beautiful, artful and ambitious Jewess. Olof's heart bled for her, and he was daily contriving ways to do her kindnesses, which his position enabled him to do. At length, for some bold deed, in which he saved the emperor's life from an assassin, he was ennobled, and made a knight of the first order in the empire.

Two years he had remained attached to the emperor's person — a bold soldier and gallant warrior in the field, and a polished courtier in the palace, — when it was discovered by some means, and with certain proof, that he was a nephew of the emperor! being the son of his younger brother, who had been taken from its nurse's arms in the forest, by a bear, and borne into the wilderness, where he was supposed to have been devoured, or to have perished. He was, however, found by the forester's wife, who nurtured him as her own. This discovery produced a great change in the condition of Olof, but none in his heart! He modestly assumed the honors of his high rank, yet wore them as became his birth. During the two years he had become loyally attached to the empress, whom the emperor had now deserted for the beautiful Jewess, who became his concubine, and held great influence over his mind. At length she succeeded in prevailing upon him to imprison Brynhilda in

a remote castle on the Rhine, on the accusation of an attempt to poison him.

This act roused the indignation of the nobles, for the mild and gentle character of the empress had won their attachment, and enlisted their sympathy; and being also incensed that a Jewess should be elevated to her place in the imperial palace, they drew up a formidable petition of remonstrance at this injustice done to the empress. This bold procedure incensed the haughty and reckless emperor; and, determined, under the smarting rage of the insult, to be revenged on both her and the nobles, for their interference, he sent for Olof, who was now nearest his throne and his confidential adviser. The young prince appeared before him, tall, noble and commanding in person, the first knight, already, in arms and gentle deeds, in all Germany, though scarce twenty-two.

"Olof," said the emperor, "you are my next of blood, and heir of the empire! If this wicked empress lives, she will seek your life as she has mine! Go to her, and take with you a trusty slave, and see that she be put to the death! It is the only course I have of ensuring my own life, or you the imperial sceptre!"

The young prince started, and his eloquently-speaking countenance showed his compassion and grief. The emperor observing this, said sternly,

"On your obedience hangs your own life, and thence your crown!"

The prince bowed low, and left the imperial presence. The same night he took horse and attendants, and the third day reached the fortress, in which the hapless empress was cruelly confined.

The lady beholding him approach, from her grated lattice, and recognising him, began to hope her deliverance had come, for she could not believe she could receive evil from his gentle hands. He alighted; the

warder opened the heavy barriers! the locks gave back at his onward course through the passages! she heard his step upon the paved hall without, and the next moment the young forester-prince stood in her presence. He closed the door, and they were alone! She stood still, uncertain whether to advance or not, when he came forward, and, kneeling silently at her feet, took her hand, and she felt hot tears drop upon it!

"What means this grief, Olof!" she said, as he rose to his feet and gazed upon her with pity.

"It is the emperor's commands, lady, that you prepare to die! I am commissioned to put them into execution!"

"And will you be so cruel? I am innocent, Olof, of all he could charge against me! My guilt lies in his own dark heart! I am innocent!" and she fell on her knees and looked up to heaven!

"I know it, lady!" he said, with deep grief: "it is the emperor's command that I slay you presently."

"Then give me a moment, Olof, to make my peace with God," said the patient lady.

"Nay, I shall **not** harm thee! *Your* death or *mine* is my **alternative**! It becomes not a knight to harm woman — a subject to lay his hand upon his empress! Thus, lady, I show my loyalty and maintain my honor!"

Thus speaking the noble youth threw himself forward upon his naked sword, and died at the feet of her whom he had been commanded to slay!

Here the German knight paused!

A murmur of surprise and admiration rose both from the knights and the listening sisterhood in the casements above, and it was acknowledged, without a dissenting voice, that Olof St. Morin had shown himself worthy the appellation of a true knight; inasmuch as this deed of his was inspired by the noblest sentiments that can inhabit the bosom of a man, or give glory to chivalry.

TO M. C. H * * * * *

PECCATA CONFITEMINI.

Had I Agrippa's glass to shadow forth
From that far realm of memory, the past,
My childhood's dreams, once redolent with joy
As is the young spring now, with sunny flowers,
I'd picture to thee, lady, gorgeous scenes
Which Fancy, like a dream-lost painter drew
Too beautiful and fair to have a type
In this cold world of ours.

Of one as fair
 As Venus rising from the Cyprian wave,
 An incarnation of the holy Nine
 Who dwelt of yore beside the Castaly ;
 I'd tell thee how I wooed and won her love
 And made her name, like Petrarch's Laura, seem
 The title of a new divinity
 Whose shrine was with the very highest placed
 Within the fane of learning and of love. —
 Remember, Lady, now I speak of dreams,
 Not of the harsh realities of life.

Yet from a heart filled up with such vast hopes,
 A spirit which would soar to heaven, but bound
 Unto a body doomed to crawl on earth —
 I learned a cruel task, to tear away,
 To laugh at all my childhood's phantasies,
 And far away from every hallowed spot
 From all made holy by a smile or tear
 I bent me by the student's lamp, and pored
 O'er Themis dull and callous lore. But oft
 I would close up the ancient page, and stray
 Along the ice-bound selvage of the Charles,
 And think of green leaves and of home. Perhaps
 (For I am young though ten years since have sped)
 I'd join a band of merry souls who cared
 Right little for the future and the past
 If they could crown the present hour with joy.
 I too would lift the foamy cup, on high,
 And shout a chorus to the Satyr crew ;
 And stifling the whispering voice within,
 Become the merriest of the Bacchanals.

There is a grief deep written on my heart,
 Which, did I live a thousand years, would still
 Like letters cut in stone remain distinct
 As when my senses from long stupor roused,
 Perceived the woe, the misery I had wrought.
 Would, Lady, I could tell it all to thee,
 But I do dread to lift the veil which Time
 And many wanderings have hung before
 That ghastly scene.

Once more at home
 Friends saw no smile upon my lips, and grieved
 When e'er a shadow rested on my brow,
 But asked of me no reasons for the change.
 I wandered ghostlike o'er the cherished haunts,
 Once filled with creatures of my reveries,
 And sought to win them back again.

In vain

With one who sang in a far land, I said

Vale where oft I strayed,
 Streamlet I roamed along,
 Woods beneath whose shade
 I heard the mock-bird's song.

Stars to whom I breathed
 Earnest prayers for fame,
 Bright-hued flowers I wreathed,
 Ye are still the same.

Change has o'er me passed
Like lightning from on high,
Though ye are the same
A blasted shaft am I.

Then to the distant, e'en the farthest west,
A pilgrim and a soldier quick I passed —
And in the camp so schooled myself, that none
Did fancy I was not as happy there
As, e'en the merriest of all the throng
Who plucked green laurels from the hands of death.
Perhaps I was ; — it may be, in each heart
There was a canker gnawing as in mine.

I wandered o'er its boundless plains, amazed
I looked upon its painted chivalry,
And in the gentle smile which oft would light
A Chactà maiden's faun-like eyes. I learned —
At length forgetfulness — or if I wept
Within the darkness of the hair which veiled
Her brow, my tears uncounted fell.

Oh no,
I said just now that I forgot, but oft
Like phantoms on my lonely hours, sad thoughts
Would rush and utterance find in words like these : —

I stand beneath a starry sky and look upon a scene,
Beauteous as the fictions were, which cheered mine early dreams ;
But mournful thoughts still cling to me, and darken o'er my mind,
When on my wrecked and faded hopes I dare to look behind.

Friends whom I loved where are ye now, beneath the east and west,
Each hill and vale like mine perhaps, your weary feet have pressed —
Perhaps like me ye are sighing for the light of vanished hours,
And find that ye have grasped life's thorns, but cannot reach its flowers.

I know not if ye think of me, I trust ye may forget
The griefs which marred mine early years, and cling unto me yet.
But I have not forgotten ye, though 'mid the mirth of feasts
My "viva" has been heard full oft, the very merriest ;
Yet when the gay delirium passed, I pressed mine aching head
And wished ye were with me again, or I was with the dead.

The coming day will call me back to my ungrateful task,
From the memory of early dreams, wherein my soul would bask,
For though I sigh to think of ye, that sadness e'en is bliss
To one whose days and nights are weary listlessness.

For I have won no heart to share with me life's care or bliss,
To make me sigh to quit a scene weary and dull as this,
For I have been a weed upon the waters of the world,
Now floating on its stagnant pools, now on its torrents hurled.

But see, the sunlight breaks upon the flag-staff's tapering spire,
And the thick boughs of the tall pines grow golden in its fire,
The merry rattle of the drum, the deep-mouthed cannon's roar,
Recall the soldier to his post where he can dream no more.

I was a wanderer again. The South
Smiled on me, and I lingered in her climes
Until the tongue of old Castile, the songs
Of Andalusia and of Aragon,
Were as familiar to mine ear, as names
I heard beside the hearth-side of my sire,

And by the waters of the Canasi,
Where every wind from the Magnolia bell
Shook down its velvet leaves, or spread perfume
Just rifled from a thousand flowers, I saw
The fair Cubañas dance the wild jota,
Or trace the gay Cachucas arrowy maze.

But I had duties which recalled at length
My wandering footsteps to far other scenes,
I stood within the Ouithlagoochee's brake
And heard the waves beat loud on Tampa's strand,
Right oft the war-whoop, shrill and near, would break
My slumbers, and the rifle's startling crack
Alone would ring the knell of fading hours
And of a comrade hurried from my side.
But pass we this. No heart could e'er forget
Home and the beings that do hallow it.
I sought it once again, to stray I hope
No more from its sweet influence until
I pass to that far land — I tremble e'en
To think of.

I know a poet, Lady, who hath said
"None is so accurst of fate,
None so wholly desolate
But that some heart, though unknown,
Beats responsive to his own."
It may be so, but I have never found
That kindly heart in all my wanderings.
Mine early dreams were fatuous and vain;
But I do cherish now a feeble hope.
There is one heart whose love I yet may win;
I'll hide this hope within my bosom's cell,
Till, like a fountain bursting from its bed,
It shall reflect the sunshine of the world.
Until this hope an utterance find, do thou,
Dear Lady, deem me but a shadow cast
Upon the sunshine of my hopes and dreams.

RICHMOND, VA.

Φ. P.

THE STORY OF JOHN DOBS AND HIS CANTELOPE.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

MR. DOBS was head salesman in the wholesale jobbing store of Hinks and Whipple, and he was looked upon as one of the best judges of satinets in Cedar street, as he well might be, for he was a judge of nothing else. He knew nothing of men, manners, metaphysics, or muslins. He knew nothing of politics, pictures, poetry, or poplins. He knew nothing of sects, sciences, Shakspeare, or satins. He knew nothing of geology, geometry, geography or gingham. He knew nothing of Byron, Boz, Bulwer, or broadcloths. He knew nothing of literature,

law, linens, or love. No, he knew nothing about love, although he thought that he did. A young lady in Division street, whose mother kept a fancy store, had persuaded Dobs to marry her; he did so because he thought that he loved her; but anybody who had ever been in love, could tell at a glance that John Dobs was a stranger to the passion. His forehead was too narrow, and the back part of his head was all shrunk away, or rather it had never been filled out. There was no more love in him than in a winter squash. It was his misfortune that he did

not know how to love. Poor Dobs! I could sooner spare a tear for such a fellow-being, than for the loss of an estate like Astor's. Poor Dobs! To live in a world which has nothing in it but love worth living for, and to be denied that!

Notwithstanding that Dobs had a faint impression that he was in love, it is by no means certain that he would have married for that reason alone. His employers had made an addition of two hundred dollars per annum to his salary, and he thought that a wife would be very convenient to help him spend it. He could not spend his salary before it was raised, how then could he do so with so great an addition to it!

By some accident his employers heard that their salesman was going to get married on a certain day, for Dobs could not brace up his nerves to announce the fact himself. He was fearful that they might not approve of so rash an undertaking, and he had not the courage to act contrary to their wishes. The night before the great day that was to see Dobs a married man, he called Mr. Hinks, the senior partner aside, with the intention of asking leave of absence for a week: for the lady's friends had planned out a wedding tour to the Springs, for Dobs and his bride. But Mr. Hinks, who was fond of a joke when it was not played off at his own expense, suspecting the nature of his salesman's communication, did not give him time to open his mouth, but informed him that he must go into New Jersey the next morning by daybreak, to look after a delinquent customer. Dobs looked as horror-struck at this announcement as he well could, and before he could gather together his astonished senses, stammered out that he could not go.

"Can't go sir!" exclaimed Mr. Hinks, in a voice that was widely at variance with the expression of his face, as Dobs might have seen if he had looked at him. "But you must go Mr. Dobs. Can't go! Bless my buttons, Mr. Dobs, I never heard such an expression before."

"I'm engaged to—to—" stammered Dobs.

"Engaged to what, sir?" said Mr. Hinks fiercely, "engaged to what sir! I had an idea that you were engaged to the firm of Hinks and Whipple, sir. Have we not raised your salary two hundred dollars, Mr. Dobs?"

"You have," replied Dobs, "I have not forgotten it, and I never can; but I have got a little engagement on my hands which I cannot well put off, and I should be glad to have a week's liberty, if it be possible."

"It is impossible, quite impossible," replied the inveterate jobber, with great seriousness, "times are hard and business must not be neglected."

Dobs was beginning to look most uncom-

fortably pale, and Mr. Hinks was afraid to carry the joke further.

"Well, Mr. Dobs, since you must go," said his employer, "I will despatch Mr. Patty, the book-keeper, into New Jersey, and here is a trifle to pay for your wedding suit." Whereupon he handed Dobs a check for a hundred dollars and then broke loose into a most unjobber like explosion of mirth, in which he was joined by Mr. Whipple and all the junior clerks, who had been watching the proceedings, and dying for their employer to give them the cue that they might laugh at poor Dobs, who was so overcome that he was forced to walk off to some dark nook where he could give utterance to a heart full of feelings, which had been gathering like water in a mill-dam after a sudden thaw.

It would have been a difficult matter to decide whether Dobs or his employer went home with the lighter heart that night. There can be no doubt that, generally speaking, the giver of a gift is a happier person than the receiver; and if men would but bear this fact in mind there can be as little doubt, that gifts would become more common than they are.

Dobs made his appearance the next morning in Division street, in a white satin stock and a serene state of mind; the marriage passed off without an accident, the tour was accomplished, and time's wheels rolled round as smoothly and as swiftly as though nothing remarkable had happened. In the first wild hubbub of his feelings, Dobs made a silent vow that his first-born should be called, in honor of his employer, Hinks. But, two years had already flown by and he had not, for a very sufficient reason, performed his vow. His grateful feelings, however, had not diminished in the slightest degree, and he wished for nothing so ardently as for an opportunity to manifest them. It is true that Dobs had at times wished that his employer had been in earnest about sending him into New Jersey to look after a delinquent customer, or that something else had happened to prevent his marriage. Not that the matrimonial state was not all that he anticipated, but it proved to be a vast deal more; but that was no fault of his employers.

Dobs occupied a little frame house in the outskirts of the city, with a little dusty garden attached to it, containing a woful looking lilac bush and two very dirty poplars. He had selected this spot because he was growing dyspeptic and his physician had recommended a country residence; and had it not been for a tannery and a glue-factory in his immediate neighborhood it would have been quite delightful.

Mr. Hinks had a remarkable excrecence on his right cheek, generally of an ashy color, but every autumn it assumed a very peculiar yellowish hue. People said that he

would not be quiet a moment, and after he had kissed his sister and joked her about her husband, he rolled out into the garden and to make himself useful, took up Dobs's hoe and began, to use his own phrase, "to work a traverse among the weeds."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed his sister, "what have you done! You have went and hoed up all of Mr. Dobs's cantelopes. My, what will he say, when he comes home!"

When Dobs *did* come home he was soon informed of the full extent of his misfortune, but he could not open his mouth. It was his wife's brother who had done the deed, and wives' brothers are always privileged characters. He knew moreover, that there was no malice in the act. He had the stomach to do anything that was monstrous, if it would bring back his vines, but as no desperate deed could restore them, he had the prudence to eat his supper in a quiet manner although his mind was in a most unquiet state. The young sailor expressed a world of regret for the mischief he had done, and to console his brother-in-law, told him that he had got some first rate melon seeds in the till of his chest, which he had brought from round Cape Horn, and the next morning bright and early, he brought them up to Dobs, who was greatly astonished at the sight of them. They were as big as a dozen of those that he planted before. The young sailor took a fresh quid of tobacco, and told him that he would be more astonished at the fruit. Then they both went to work and made fresh hills, and Dobs felt once more happy at the prospect of being able to present his employer with some of his favorite fruit.

In a week the new seeds showed themselves. Never before were such promising vines seen. They were so stout, and they grew so rapidly, that Dobs was in a continued ecstasy of wonder; but when he looked out of his chamber window one morning and saw a large yellow blossom on one of the vines his admiration was boundless. He ran down to examine it, and was half disposed to be angry when he found that it was nothing but a male blossom. The vine which bore it grew very rapidly in the direction of the garden fence, and Dobs watched it with great anxiety to see whether it would run its head against the obstruction like a foolish blind creature; and his delight was immense when he perceived that it only approached within a safe distance, and then turned off to the right without rubbing a leaf against the palings. "You are a fine fellow," said Dobs, speaking to the vine, as though it had been furnished with a pair of ears like his own, "You are a fine fellow; yes you are, and I will demolish that rascal of a caterpillar that is eating one of your big leaves. The villain."

The rains fell, the sun shone bright and warm upon it; the gentle summer winds rustled among its great yellow blossoms and fan-like leaves: the dew pearled it in the morning and the bees hovered about it all the day long, and still the vine grew; trailing its long rope-like body all over the garden, to the infinite wonder of all who looked upon it. At last a little knob of pale green showed itself in the extreme end of the vine, and gave promise of fruit. It was hailed with rapture by Dobs, and even his wife condescended to cast a favorable eye upon it, out of regard to her brother, as she said, but in reality because she was fond of melons herself, and because she had secretly resolved to invite all Division Street to partake of it as soon as it should be ripe.

Dobs was constantly in a high fever through fear that somebody would tread upon the vine, and he cautioned Bridget, on pain of instant dismissal, to be cautious how she planted her big feet near it. The young melon promised to be a monster, it grew in the space of three days to the size of an apple dumpling, and Dobs put some dry leaves under it to keep it from decaying; although a slate would have been better, as he might have found out by reading Bosc. But his researches had not yet extended so far. Neither had he stumbled upon Jolyclerc or Linnæus. More was the pity, as the reader will discover.

Dobs regarded the promising appearance of his cantelope with some such feelings as a fond mother looks upon her precocious child, and sees in its premature wisdom a sign of premature decay. He dared not to hope that so remarkable a melon would be permitted to arrive at perfection. It was too much to think of. His forebodings were not without cause, for the phenomenon had not been in existence a fortnight when a hungry sow with a litter of pigs broke into the enclosure and devoured the precocious vegetable before a soul could come to its rescue.

As the readers of romantic histories are often called upon to exercise their imaginations when the descriptive powers of the author fail him, they are respectfully requested to do so now, for no pen could begin to describe the anguish of mind which Mr. Dobs experienced when he was made acquainted with the disaster which had befallen him. He knew of no suitable manner of manifesting his feelings on the occasion; it was a grief without a precedent; so he strolled into his garden in a bitter frame of mind, and began to kick pettishly at the vines and blossoms which now looked hateful to him. Soon he kicked over one of the great broad leaves, and underneath it he discovered another melon larger and fairer than the one that was lost. He clapped his hands with delight, and could hardly restrain himself from fall-

ing upon his knees to salute the precious object.

Every precaution was now taken to keep out hogs and boys and every kind of vermin. The new melon was watched over with a degree of solicitude passing belief, and it grew to a size far surpassing any melon that had ever been seen or read of. Dobs knew that professor Alpin had seen melons in Egypt so large that three of them were a load for a camel, but they were water-melons, and this was a cantelope.

Dobs watered the roots of the vine with weak pickle, after the Honfleur fashion, to give richness to the fruit; and he covered the joints with earth in place of pinching off its runner buds, to increase its size; for he had already learned enough about culture to make him reject the theory of the pinchers, for he agreed (whether truly or not, we must leave for others to decide,) that any mutilation of a plant must of necessity injure its organization. Who would think of chopping off his son's legs, said Dobs, with the expectation of increasing the length of his arms thereby!

By the end of September, the melon had increased to such a size that Dobs could hardly lift it off the ground. It had begun to assume a rich buff color, nearly as bright as a ripe Havana orange, but it did not emit that rich, delightful fragrance which ripe cantelopes usually do. But Dobs was fearful that it would decay, or that some accident might befall it if it were kept longer, and he determined to invite his employer to partake of it while he was sure of it. In truth, his determination was fixed from certain movements on the part of his wife having led him to believe that she meditated treating her numerous Division street friends to a taste of it.

A good opportunity having soon occurred, he asked Mr. Hinks to do him the favor to go home with him and partake of a remarkably fine cantelope, which he had raised in his own garden. The mark on Mr. Hinks's cheek turned yellow as Dobs spoke.

"By all means, with pleasure," replied Mr. Hinks, "but is it really a fine one, though, Dobs?"

"Very," replied Dobs, who did not care

to let out the whole truth, as he wished to enjoy his employer's surprise.

"Then I will go to-night," said Mr. Hinks. "But, have you got no more than one, Dobs? you know I am a coon at cantelopes."

"I know it, sir," replied Dobs, "but it is a caution. Big enough to feed the corporation."

"First rate, I dare say," said Mr. Hinks, and he winked his right eye knowingly, and smacked his lips, and the mark on his cheek glowed with a bright yellowish tinge.

Dobs exulted inwardly, although he said nothing more in praise of his melon; he was burning with impatience to see the effect that the great reality would have upon Mr. Hinks.

As soon as business hours were over they got into an omnibus, a very happy pair of individuals, and in proper time they were landed in front of Dobs's residence. Dobs would not allow Mr. Hinks to remain a moment in the house, but hurried him out into the garden to show him the miraculous cantelope, lest he should doubt that it grew there.

"There it is, sir," exclaimed Dobs, pointing to the monster, "isn't it a whaler?"

"Where? where?" said Mr. Hinks, gazing about.

"Here, sir, here," replied Dobs, as he patted the huge vegetable.

"That!" ejaculated Mr. Hinks, with a very red face.

"Just try and lift it, sir," said Dobs, exultingly.

"Dobs," said Mr. Hinks seriously, and the mark on his face changed from a yellowish hue to an ashy paleness, "you impertinent rascal, are you making sport of me?"

Dobs was paralyzed at the manner of his employer, and could not speak a word.

"I'll have satisfaction for this, sir," said Mr. Hinks, growing more and more indignant. "You invite me to your house to eat a Valparaiso pumpkin, do you, sir?"

"A Valparaiso pumpkin, sir!" gasped the terrified Dobs, and the truth flashed upon his innocent mind. "It wasn't me, sir, it wasn't I, sir, upon my word, it was all owing to my wife's brother. O, dear! and I shall have no cantelope after all!"

TO AN ÆOLIAN HARP AT NIGHT.

There is a spirit in thee,
A spirit wild and lone,
As of a fallen star;
And when the night-winds win thee
To muse of thy lost throne,
Thy voice is sunken far

In the night's vast hollow
So deep and low,
That the soul dare not follow
Its wandering woe :
Thine anguish sharp
Doth wring the harp
Where bitter fate hath bound thee,
And countless wings
Of dreamy things
Rustle the dark around thee,
Bending to hear
The music clear
Thy hopeless woe hath found thee.

Up from the wondrous past
When thou an angel wast,
Shapes of dim hugeness rise
Through the darkness yonder ;
And the old mysteries
With awfully calm eyes
All about thee wander :
Faces of dumb distress
Without a hope of balm ;
Of fiery gentleness
In agony kept calm ;
Of wisdom deep as death,
Older than oldest star,
O'er which a pale gleam wandereth
From suns long set afar ;
Creatures of love and awe,
Dark with the aged woe
Of Godhead long brought low,
Such as the young earth saw
In temples long ago,
When beauty gave unbroken law
And great thoughts into Gods did grow.

In thy heart's abysses
Darkness dwells forever :
Memory of old blisses
Parteth from thee never :
Thinking of thy former light
Deepeneth thy deepest night,
And puts a sadness in thy wail
So utterly forsaken,
That my hope turns deathly pale,
Doubtful of her skyey mail,
When thy moans awaken.

There is a night in thy dark heart
Which longeth for no morrow,
A glorious and awful sorrow
Wherewith thou would'st not part
Though thou could'st so regain
The ancient fulness of thy reign ;
Thou hast learned in thine unnumbered years
Of loneliness and woe
That the soil must be wet with many tears
Where the soul's best flowers grow.

There are unworded pains
Whereby the spirit gains
Home in the deepest deep ;
Our sorrow and annoy
High as the angel's joy

On wings of patience sweep ;
 In joy our bodies shine,
 Grief makes our souls divine,
 Clay washeth from us with each tear we weep.

Woe is more glorious
 Than deepest gladness,
 Great thoughts look on us
 With eyes of sadness ;
 The mournfullest melodies
 Still are the mildest,
 Filling the soul with ease
 When it is wildest ;
 There is a joyous gain
 In our tears' fiery rain,
 And well we can languish
 In sorrow and anguish
 While the soul maketh music and song of its pain.

FEBRUARY, 1842.

THE UNHAPPY STRANGER.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

I was a passenger on board one of those noble steamers which navigate the Sound. The hurly-burly attending our departure from the dock was at last ended, and I had a good opportunity to wander quietly about the boat, studying, as it is my wont to do, the variously marked countenances of my fellow passengers. When the supper bell rang, there was a general movement made towards the after cabin, and as I fell in with the crowd, I happened to cast my eyes upon the only group left behind. This was composed of a middle-aged man and his three children. The latter were getting ready to retire to rest, and the youngest one, a sweet little girl of perhaps three years of age, ever and anon, kept questioning her father as follows — "where's mother pa! — pa where's mother? When will she come back?" The kind and delicate attentions of the father, as he smoothed the pillows and laid them in their nest, tended to interest my feelings, and when at the supper table my fancy was busy with the scene just witnessed.

It was now quite late; the lazily uttered joke, and the less frequent peal of laughter seemed to announce the spiritual presence of repose. The newspaper, the book, and checker-board were gradually laid aside, and in a little while, nearly all the berth-curtains were drawn up, and their occupants in the arms of sleep. Many of the lamps were out,

and those that did remain, produced a dim solemn twilight throughout the cabin — the only part at all animated being that corner where the boot-black was engaged in his appropriate duty. The cause of my own wakefulness, it is unnecessary to relate — suffice it to say it was entirely dispelled by the following incident.

Just as I was about to retire, the sigh of a burdened heart smote my ear, and as I turned, I beheld an individual sitting near a berth, with his face resting upon the pillow — weeping bitterly. He was a fine intelligent looking man, in the prime of life, and on nearer observation, I found him to be the identical one who had before attracted my attention. I approached his seat, and, in as kind a tone as possible, inquired the cause of his unhappiness, adding that I should be pleased to do for him anything he might desire. For a moment, a fresh flood of tears was my only answer, but these he soon wiped away, and extending to me his hand, he thus began to speak.

"I am grateful to you, my dear sir, for your expressions of kindness and sympathy towards me, but the weight which is resting upon my spirit, cannot be easily dispelled. I have been sorely afflicted of late, and the associations connected with that event are what caused me to forget myself, and give vent to my emotions in tears. To be found weeping like

a child, in the midst of a multitude of strangers, may be considered a weakness, I hope not a sin, but that you may understand my conduct, I will relate to you the cause.

"One short month ago, as I paused to consider my condition, I fancied myself to be one of the happiest of men. My cottage home, which stands in one of the fairest valleys of New Hampshire, was then a perfect picture of contentment and peace. A much-loved wife, and three children, were then the joys of my existence. Every pleasurable emotion which I enjoyed was participated in by her, who was my first and only love. From our united hearts, every morning and evening, ascended a deep-felt prayer of gratitude to our Heavenly Father; and from the same source, sprang every hope concerning the temporal prospects of our children, and to us and them, of the life beyond the grave. We were at peace with God, and with regard to this world, we had everything we desired.

The time of harvest being now ended, and an urgent invitation having been received from my father-in-law, I concluded to take my family, and make a visit to the pleasant village in New Jersey, where my wife and I were children together, and where we had plighted our early love vows. All things were ready, and, leaving our homestead to the care of a servant, we started on our journey, — reaching in due time, and in safety our place of destination.

"We found our friends all well and glad to see us. Not a care or trouble rested on a single heart. Thankful for the blessings of the past and present, all our prospects of the future were as bright as heart could desire. 'Old familiar faces' greeted us at every corner, old friendships were again revived, and a thousand delightful associations crowded around us, so that we had nothing to do but be happy.

"Thus had two weeks passed away, when, on the very night previous to our *intended* departure for home, my wife was suddenly taken ill, and when the morrow dawned, — *I was a widower, and my children motherless.* The idol of my heart, instead of returning to her earthly home, was summoned by her Maker to that blessed home above the stars, where the happiness of the redeemed will never end. God is great, and His will be done, — but, alas, it almost breaks my heart to think of those bitter, bitter words — "never more". I cannot bear to think of it, — never more upon the earth, shall I behold that beauteous form, and listen to that heavenly voice, which were my delight and pride. To my eye, the green-

ness of earth is forever departed. O who can tell what a day, or an hour may bring forth! O how lonely, lonely, is my poor, poor, poor heart!"

These last words of my stranger friend were uttered in a smothered tone, and with a drooping head, and, though he held my arm after I had risen to go, I tore myself away, for I thought it my duty to retire.

When I awoke in the morning, after a troubled sleep. I found the boat was at the dock, and the day somewhat advanced. My first thought, was, concerning the unhappy stranger, with whom I longed to have another interview, but in making diligent search, I found that he was gone, and with him his three sweet orphan children. His form, and the few words he had spoken, seemed to me like a dream. Oh yes, they were indeed, the substance of a vision — a dream of human life. Surely, surely life is but a vapor, which appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away. As the great Jeremy Taylor hath eloquently written, — "death meets us everywhere, and is procured by every instrument, and in all chances, and enters in at many doors; by violence and secret influence, by the aspect of a star, by the emissions of a cloud and the melting of a vapor, by the fall of a chariot and the stumbling of a stone, by a full meal or an empty stomach, by watching at the wine, or by watching at prayers, by the sun or the moon, by a heat or a cold, by sleepless nights or sleeping days, by water frozen into the hardness and sharpness of a dagger, or water thawed into the floods of a river, by a hair or a raisin, by violent motion, or sitting still, by severity or dissolution, by God's mercy or God's anger, by everything in providence, and everything in manners, by everything in nature and everything in chance. We take pains to heap up things useful to our life, and yet our death is the purchase; and the person is snatched away, and the goods remain. And all this is the law and constitution of nature; it is a punishment to our sins, the unalterable event of providence, and the decree of heaven. The chains that confine us to this condition are strong as destiny, and immutable as the eternal laws of God."

This picture of man's condition is indeed most melancholy, but let us remember it is not a hopeless one. Only keep the commandments, and confide in the promises of the Invisible, and we shall eventually find that the laws regulating our final redemption, will prove to be as immutable as those concerning our earthly condition.

LINES TO ———

BY W. W. STORY.

It was a clear October night ;
Orion on the Eastern sky
Kneeled with his starry belt of light,
And stars kept sliding from on high ;
I promised then, some fitting time,
To weave for you a wreath of easy rhyme.

We parted, and I wandered on,
The sparkling zenith stars were clear,
And those declining dim and wan
Bleared by the earth's low atmosphere —
And then I dreamed — Life's stars are thus,
Those at the zenith bright, those waning dim to us.

Then thoughts of youth came floating round,
Memories of buoyant careless joy,
When meeting, each to each was bound —
A daring girl, an ardent boy —
Again I seemed to see and hear
Thy wild bright eyes, thy laughter ringing clear.

Great joys that then around us shone,
Have left in memory scarce a trace —
Our sky was changed — some stars have gone,
And others have usurped their place —
And hopes that made our all of life,
Are blotted out or dimmed by care and strife.

We are not now so free to dare —
Experience, the shade of Hope,
While it hath given strength to bear
Hath shorn us of our infinite scope —
Yet would I not these certain limits change,
For one of dimmer and more wavering range.

Yes, though within the moulds of art,
When we our youthful hope have cast,
The fact seems but a trivial part
Of those great dawns of the past —
To do is yet no humbler task,
Than in the misty light of dreams to bask.

'Tis easier far to sit and dream,
Than to contest with Life's stern fact —
But labor lends a serious gleam
Of light and joy to every act.
By struggling on we gather power
And earn that pleasure too, which is its dower.

Time cannot make his life be sad,
Who meets his duties face to face —
The working soul is ever clad
With an enlarged and luminous grace —
Our life is nothing but our thought,
And Joy round Duty's flowery hem is wrought.

Beauty is but a quenchless light,
 A golden floating atmosphere,
 Which halo-like in Time's dark night,
 Truth round its naked form doth wear —
 Why should we say, that life is sad,
 Because those joys are gone that once we had.

Gone? they are not — I feel them still
 Gladdening around my inward sense,
 Through thought and feeling they instil
 A sure though gentle redolence —
 And rays of light at times there be
 Which may illumine the mistiest memory.

Thus rhyming on in easy song,
 I walked, while o'er the tree-tops near
 The high stars seemed to glide along,
 And in each silent pool shone clear —
 And taking what Fate brought to me
 I bound the passing thoughts and offer them to thee.

OCTOBER 30, 1842.

A VISIT TO THE CAVES OF VIRGINIA.

BY G. H. HASTINGS.

THE hope of exploring the celebrated caves in Augusta county, had been the chief solace with me, during two days of hard staging on the great rout from Fredericksburg to Guyandotte. 'Tis a sad route for the flesh; but to the mind alive to whatever is grand, beautiful or instructive in nature, the way has charms that compensate all toil, and soothe down all irritation. To see these caves it was necessary to stop at Staunton; accordingly when my stage friends took the mud and mist at three in the morning, I quietly took another nap. There is nothing in Staunton that need delay one a moment in starting for the caves; unless it be the trouble in getting a horse. After many steps, and more words, I succeeded in obtaining from the baker a little pony, distinguished in that town and region round about, as Sugar Candy. His qualities, however, were not revealed in his name — *that* had fallen upon him in course of "social liability," from the trade of his master. He had been recommended to me as "all sorts of a horse;" would that all recommendations were as just! He had evidently seen hard service — his sides were worn by the shafts — and his mane and tail were cropped after the straightest rule of self-denial. His ears had been cropped also; probably to remove suspicion as to his lineage. His expression was that of conscious docility.

Mounted upon Sugar Candy, with portfolio under one arm, and an umbrella serving for a whip, I jolted soberly out of town, in direction of the caves, distant eighteen miles north-east. After crossing the hill, I intimated to his Candyship that if consistent with decorum, we would advance somewhat faster. He was dull of comprehension; but at length by means of the umbrella, I gave him a hint that could not be mistaken, and thereupon he gave me a specimen of gallop I should be loath to try again. We soon came to an agreement that *jog* should be the go; nature and habit on his part being too strong for the enthusiasm of the occasion on mine.

The road lay through a beautiful section of country. On the right, the Blue Ridge, stretching in a direct line northward and southward, presents an unbroken wall of verdure: on the left, and parallel with the Blue Ridge, was the first range of the Alleghanies. These mountains form the east and west boundaries of the county: their towering heights everywhere meet the eye of the traveller, to make him conscious of their majesty, and to fill him with the most delightful ideas of peace, security, and contentment. The day was perfect; and being in the latter part of October, the mountains and the rolling interval, glowed in every variety of brilliant colors. The head waters of the Shenandoah were hurrying from all sides,

to form the great stream. The road, winding from the fords to the summits of the knolls, afforded a rapid succession of picturesque views: all, gems for the painter. The bracing air, romantic scenery, and a light heart, dispelled all thoughts of past vexations in the journey. Being alone, and not restrained by any signs of inhabitants, I gave vent to the buoyancy of my spirits in songs suggested by the season and the place. "Auld Lang Syne" was not forgotten, but "Hunter's Chorus," "Mellow Horn," and the like, most woke the echoes. Even Sugar Candy seemed inspired—the stumps of his ears made motions of delight, and his jog assumed the decision of six-eight time, *staccato*.

While in full blast upon the "Mellow Horn," a turn in the road brought me suddenly upon a clearing. Before the cabin stood a man and two women; and upon the fence were two children, all gaping in the direction of my voice. The song stuck in my throat: I heard a suppressed tittering from the women, and an irrepressible giggle from the boys. I did not dare to face them, for the customary greetings; but assuming as much *nonchalance* as would come at shortest notice, kept up a low, soliloquizing hum; while Sugar Candy fell into his slowest walk. The few rods before the clearing seemed a mile; and instantly as the woods concealed us again, I whacked old Candy into his fastest gallop. That unexpected stare of droll wonder, gave my ideality a shock, from which it did not recover during the day. But the misery I experienced from this "all sorts of a horse," was not to be endured. On meeting a farmer riding toward Staunton, I dismounted, told him my sorrows, and engaged him for a shilling to lead the pony back. The pace at which Sugar Candy moved off, plainly showed he understood the bargain: but he could not have been better pleased with the arrangement than myself, for after footing it six miles, I was less wearied than upon dismounting.

It being now high noon, I sought a retreat for a siesta. None could be finer than the spot chosen; here from my pocket came forth an apology for a dinner, which, upon starting, I had seized from the breakfast table; a piece of chicken and a cube of corn bread. Nothing ever tasted better. Having quaffed deeply at the stream near by, I covered my head with my handkerchief, seated myself with my back against a beach tree, and fell asleep. An hour passed on. In dreams the air was full of voices, and hurried footsteps rustling the leaves, betrayed Diana and her nymphs, sweeping past me in the chase. Off came the handkerchief to behold; and lo! a herd of pigs having my dinner in the wind were grunting and snuffing all around me. Some stood at respectful distance, inquisi-

tively pointing their noses at my person. One was scampering about with the paper that had enveloped the chicken, while two were quarrelling for my straw hat, which the breeze had rolled off the bank. Here was poetry again. I was on foot in an instant: one yell for onset, answered by multitudinous *whews* of terror, and we were sweeping through the woods like a whirlwind. I chased them pell-mell down a very steep bank, into the stream, then returned from the inglorious pursuit, recovered my torn hat, and resumed my march for the caves. There were now five miles before me; but as the pony, the rustics, and the pigs, had subdued the enthusiasm of the morning, my reflections are not worth recording. Had any ardor remained, it would certainly have been quenched ere long; for I soon had to ford a stream, holding up my portfolio and clothes, in a bundle on the end of the umbrella. The water was very cold, and by not taking the precaution to plunge in all over, my limbs stiffened, and a girdle of pain told how high the water came round my waist. But I reached the caves at last, and my troubles were forgotten. Turning in where a great board promised "*Private Entertainment*," I was soon recruited in strength and spirits, and against the remonstrance of my host, took a guide that evening to explore Wiest's Cave.

We started for the caves at half past six. Our path ran for some distance along the base of a hill between three and four hundred feet high, and then by a zig-zag course scaled the steep face of the hill, to the mouth of the cavern. The hunter's moon showed us the Blue Ridge towering directly opposite, and a lovely valley sleeping below; but our thoughts were in the cave. Having lighted our torches in a little hall near the entrance, we descended a narrow, and at times steep, passage toward the inner courts of the temple: though a sacrilegious priesthood, has made them "chambers of imagery." The guide went boldly forward; I followed by faith alone, and rather slowly: nor was it without trembling that I descended the frail ladder to "the first landing." For a few moments I stood there fixed with awe at the yawning gulf below me. Having never entered a cavern before, the first impression was overpowering. I could see just around my feet; but all beyond was like "night frozen into substance." The torch of my guide at some distance ahead, was for a few moments an object of terror; for seeing nothing there but the gleam of the reflector, imagination felt the presence of one of those "wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever." As my eyes became reconciled to the feeble torch light, the outlines of the vast apartment were gradually revealed; then huge rocks were seen,

pendant from the roof far above — gigantic pillars stood forth from the gloom, — and great stalactites glittered in the air; cliffs towered up all around; near by was a precipice, and far below, the floor of the cavern cumbered with stalagmites, and fragments of fallen rocks. Soon the outlines of the various objects became quite distinct; the eye was satisfied, but the mind was pained by the effort to expand itself to the sublime proportions of the cave. Recovering from the first amazement, I followed on to the examination of the various apartments. By a circuitous path we descended to the chamber we had looked into from the landing. The guide placed the torches favorably, to reveal the wonders of the apartment. I stood upon a rock that had fallen, and gazed into the awful vault above, whence others seemed ready to drop. All around, and rising one above another to a great distance, were huge cliffs; their jagged sides, and sharp pinnacles glittering with crystals. The rocks piled up in all directions sparkled at every motion of the torches, and the floor seemed covered with gems. The enormous proportions of the room were now apparent. The tones of our voices hollow, sepulchral, favored the solemn impressions of the scene; then came an oppressive sense of personal insignificance. But how can such emotions be told? There is nothing upon the sunny earth like what we behold here; nowhere, as amid these vast creations, is the mind so bewildered, the heart so burdened with awe.

The guide now hurried me from one apartment to another, to the distance of two thousand feet from the entrance; all of them imposing, beautiful, bewildering. The names of the chambers and passages, with that of some distinguishing phenomenon in each, were told off with due pomp and emphasis. Curiosities were pointed out in rapid succession. I was told when to exclaim, when to laugh, and when to be still with amazement. This was the Devil's chapel, there was his pulpit, and this was the Devil's arm chair; here was the Devil's coal house, and there the Devil's iron-wooden shovel; this was an Elephant; this was "the head of a human," and that was a parrot; yonder was the big canoe, and here was the Devil's gridiron. Then there were candlesticks and rollers and bread-baskets, and pots and kettles, and the whole paraphernalia of a kitchen arsenal. So he went on, blasting everything grand and beautiful with associations of the infernal, and filling the place with all the deformities of a disgusting imagination. In vain did I implore him to be silent: vainly did I tell him there was nothing infernal, grotesque, or extravagant here; that the Devil and deformity had no place here: it was his fortune to own the cavern, his trade to point out its wonders; but it was not his privilege to

feel its beauty. His presence became intolerable. All the gross names and descriptions he had been sputtering out (he was a crude Dutchman, be it known,) now became associated with his person. The features of the elephant, the parrot, "the head of a human," and the appendages of the Devil, protruded from his black, dumpy figure, as he jumped about in the gloom ahead of me. I was anxious to be out. It was not my curiosity that was excited, and observations in detail only confused me, and weakened the emotions most true and most agreeable. I paused awhile in silence and alone upon the landing, to recover my first, simple, and sublime impression, and then passed out, feeling as a worshipper coming forth from "a temple, hewn out of the living rock, by the hand of the Almighty."

The next day was the Sabbath. The view from the Dutchman's door, harmonized with its sweetest associations, but an ungodly fiddle within, waxed frantic with mirth. There being no public worship within six or seven miles, I visited the natural temple for a more delightful kind of worship; private, without form, free, and sustained by the emotion of sublimity. My host was alarmed at the thought of my going to the cave alone. I should be lost; I should fall down some cliff — the passages were slippery and covered with sharp fragments, I should be badly cut; strangers never went in alone, *never*; his boy, of twelve years, had been in hundreds of times with himself, but he would not dare to trust him alone. I was crazy; he could not listen to my going without a guide; he was *responsible* for his guests, and any accident to me would seriously affect him. How soothing is the voice of solicitude to a stranger alone in a strange land! I told the good man I should go without a guide, but that I would *pay the same* as though I had one. Anxiety fled from his countenance, his hard features lighted up with confidence; he was satisfied I could take care of myself. There was some risk indeed, as the cave was very intricate, slippery, and had many passages that required care for safety — but this only increased the interest of my visit; while the presence of that guide was insufferable. This time I rested awhile at the mouth of the cavern, and enjoyed the splendid view of the Blue Ridge, which seemed not more than a mile distant.

A momentary shudder checked my descent to the landing. My mind, just now rejoicing in the smile of nature, and with the glow of daylight still fresh upon it, could not without horror endure this sudden transition to the abyss of darkness. My torch rays struggled awhile with the gloom, and the inner world became as beautiful as that without. It is impossible to convey any true idea of the appearance of these caves by mere de-

scription. A minute description of the beautiful objects there, is valuable to refer to after one has seen them; but before, one can learn as little from it, as from the catalogue of a library of strange books. The impressions, however, may be communicated, and through these, one may imagine the caves, if not correctly, yet with pleasure, and some approach to reality. For this reason I give prominence to my impressions, and limit my descriptions to a few peculiarities; leaving the reader to combine them and make a cavern for himself.

The first impulse is to look upward. The arch is, perhaps, ninety or a hundred feet high, and stretches far over the surrounding cliffs. Innumerable stalactites shoot down into the void. These are formed precisely as icicles are — fragments of them are sparkling all over the floor, and you perceive that some of them are hollow, though the hole is very small — they are crystallized within, and some of them on the outside too; they vary in color, size, and form — generally, they are yellow and white — some are several feet through, others are like reeds — some are regular and smooth, some swelling, some in clusters, and some like elaborately turned pendants. They are all moist, and hanging in millions, glitter at the motion of the torch like a canopy of diamonds. From some of them water is dropping, and where this is the case, they are in the process of formation, while below is rising the snowy stalagmite to meet them in mid air. The stalagmites are numerous, though very few indeed, compared with the stalactites. Most of them are large, varying from one to six feet in diameter. They look like broken columns, and where there is a row of them, you are before a ruined temple. Then there are gigantic pillars, perfect with turned bases, fluted shafts and elaborately ornamented capitals. A hundred stalactites within a small circle have, drop by drop, raised up a group of stalagmites, and forced themselves down to meet them — gradually, they run together at their bases — the opposing points have now met; the water flows down within and without, and the middle of the shaft swells, while circle after circle is added to the base. The outer circle of stalactites preserve their shape, and direct the water in flutes down the shaft; little stalactites cluster all about the top, adorning the capital with innumerable pendants. The column is formed — there it stands, snowy white, glittering on every side, the finished work of centuries. Art cannot equal its majesty as a whole, or rival its beauties in detail; it adorns a temple not made with hands.

From the centre of some apartments you behold huge cliffs towering all around you, and countless pinnacles of every shape. Sometimes the entire face of a cliff with its

several points is covered with small crystals, and masses of spar gleam on all sides. You are reminded of icebergs, and can easily discover the towers and battlements — minarets and domes and arches and spires — statues, crescents and crosses that adorn these ice cities of the north.

The caves abound in formations like drapery. Sheets of thin limestone fall from the roof to within a few feet of the floor; it is gathered as by the most tasteful design. It is translucent — a torch behind it shows you its graceful outline and massive folds — it is covered all over with half circles of small crystals, in relief, as regular as the chain-work of a coat of mail. There is a heavy border also, perfectly regular, and entirely different in formation from the body of the drapery. Sometimes this drapery hangs before a recess, from its surpassing brilliancy called the jewel room, and then it lies in heavy folds over a rock and is fringed with stalactites. It is musical too; strike it slowly with the heavy mallet that lies there, and the sound of a deep-toned bell fills the cavern, and rolls like distant thunder through the reverberating arches. Can any sound be more solemn!

You are arrested here and there by what seem little rills pouring over the cliffs and leaping from rock to rock to a pool below. It was a living rill once — but in mid career it has been turned to stone. It sparkles still, you see the foam and its shining curves, and the thin veil turning into mist — but there is no murmur, no motion. In one place there seems a torrent pouring over a succession of falls — and every object in the nook where this is seen, appears cased in ice. Whoever has seen falls in winter, when every rock is covered with icicles, and every branch and twig and bunch of moss is glittering with crystals, can see this petrified torrent. The formations here are like frostwork. The process is by water — and is precisely the same — only in one instance it takes the evanescent form of ice, and in the other the imperishable form of stone.

In a little recess, with arches in front and at the side, you may see what is called the organ. Countless stalactites of the most delicate structure, some not thicker than a pipe-stem, fill the upper part of this recess, which may be six or eight feet high, and three or four in width. The formations are all perfectly white and smooth — the light may be thrown so as to show the interior of this "organ," so called, and nothing in the caves is more wonderful, more gratifying: it is entirely dry, for not another drop of water was needed to perfect it. How long must it have been in forming! But see, where some ruthless hand has hurled a large fragment of spar against these slender pipes, breaking hundreds of them in a moment. Doubtless

he marvelled at the crash, and called this "exploring the cave." Will it be believed, that there is scarce a tangible beauty in the cave, but has been more or less defaced? Yet such is the case. Multitudes go there to feast and dance and make riot; and the work of centuries is shivered by a thoughtless blow. But whoever goes there for the love of beauty, will find the place a temple, and will linger beneath its arches, to wonder and adore. It was soon after mid day that I entered the cave on my second visit; and having abundance of time, I examined its beauties at leisure, and took time to receive the full impression from every form of grandeur. The chamber which is seen from the landing, is entered below, between a row of stalagmites, which look like the broken pillars of a temple — a small area of the floor is perfectly smooth, though all around rocks are piled in the utmost confusion. The arch above may be seventy feet. This place I called my chapel; the profound silence, and my utter loneliness, added to the impression from such a magnificent temple, filled me with awe. Yet it soon became pleasant to sit there.

"Enter; its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality."

I remained there I know not how long, forgetful of everything that did not harmonize with the imposing creations around me, and listening to the tinkling sound of water, dropping from the roof into a little pool near by. For a few moments the silence is absolute: a flash in the air from a falling drop, a quiver on the face of the pool, and a pure, silvery tone floats upon the still air until its vibrations touch the great arch above, and the voice of the cavern gives solemn response. Listen; there is another; silence again, and now another: thus age after age have those drops been falling, and their music the only sound telling that the hand of the Almighty was at work hewing this temple from the living rock. For an hour of true freedom; and to feel all that can be felt from magnificence of form, and solemnity of sound, visit this temple alone.

We pass now to different scenes, and other impressions. The confusion of the central part of the cave, gave me enough to think of in finding my way. Determined to reach the remotest chamber, I went into every recess until I found the right passage. This was no easy matter; but as every bye passage led *somewhere*, and I wished to see all, I felt neither disappointment nor fatigue. By sticking some bits of lighted candles on the cliffs here and there, I felt sure of my retreat, and was thus free to think only of progress. At length I found myself in the extreme part of

the cavern. The chamber was small and dungeonlike. Placing my torch in a recess in another apartment, having first marked well the way, and counted the steps, I returned to this gloomy den, to learn the impression from absolute silence, and utter darkness and solitude; for though no person was with me the gleam of a taper in this abyss of darkness, was a ministering spirit. There I sat; not one ray of light, not the faintest conceivable sound, nor any motion whatever in the air. It seemed as though the rocks were my body, and my spirit was imbedded in them; — thinking, but powerless to act; feeling, but bereft of all affinities. The idea was awful, and creeping back to my torch I could but exclaim, hail holy light!

On returning to the centre of the cavern, I noticed bits of candles scattered everywhere over the rocks. What could these mean? They must be the remains of a former illumination. Capital thought! They were soon gathered, and with some mud from a pool, stuck upon the tops of stalagmites, on the points of projecting rocks near the floor, and away up on the pinnacles of the cliffs. I had an illum nation all to myself. What were the palaces of monarchs to splendor like this! Standing upon a huge rock, fringed with stalactites, overlooking the obstructions of the floor, I could gaze through several apartments sufficiently lighted to reveal their grandeur. There was no unity, however, in the view, and the impression was constantly changing. Now I was amid the ruins of a mighty city. These massive fragments, these broken columns, arches, turrets and winding passages, and this majestic pillar as yet untouched by time, bespoke the power, elegance and skill of a lost people. Then all at once, the place was Pandemonium. These white stalagmites were the "princely dignities;" the countless stalactites, sparkling in the vault above,

"from the arched roof
Pendant by subtle magic."

seemed like

"many a row
Of starry lamps and blazen cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielding light
As from a sky."

The little flames, gleaming starlike, row above row, became

"The incorporeal spirits, who to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense —

and here was the "throne of royal state" where "Satan exalted sat."

Alas for my "proud imaginations," these "Demigods on golden seats" one by one began to *go out*, and soon finding myself quite alone, and with but a single light to guide me, I thought it best to make for upper air.

Once more the breath of heaven, and night too! The stars looking earnestly from their azure deep, the quivering of the leaves — the

swaying of the tree tops, the murmur of breeze through the woods, the gurgle of running water, the restless shadows on the hill side, the variations of light through the interstices of the leafy canopy above, the cheerful notes of insects filling the whole air, and occasionally the call of a bird from a distance, the rich, satisfying fragrance of the earth, and the exhilarating air, all together touched my senses as with a spell. For eight hours I had been in another world, dead to the sweet influences of earth, conscious of that death too, and experiencing for a while, existence with neither light, nor sound, nor motion, nor fragrance, nor sensible form, nor fellowship with any creation; and now, without a thought of what the change would be, save expectation that the sun was shining, I had come forth to all the harmonies, and beauties of a fair, bland evening in autumn.

The general stir of life filled me with delight, and all my senses were as if new made. Rapt in pleasant thoughts on my way to the house, I was startled by a coarse "halloa dare! dat ish you!" It was I, certainly, and the Dutchman was right glad to see me. They had become alarmed at my long absence, and the guide was going to the cave to search for me. Mine host and his family, received my admiration of the cave as complimentary to themselves; because they owned "the property." The way to all the good things of their farm-house was now perfectly smooth.

The next day I visited the cave again in company with the guide to obtain specimens; and on the same day visited Wyer's cave. These two caves, Wiest's and Wyer's, are in the same hill and their entrances are but a short distance apart; yet the interiors are entirely different. I spent nearly a whole day in Wyer's, and then looked into Wiest's

again, endeavoring to compare them. I soon found, however, that this was to make a false estimate of both. Wyer's cave has been so often described, that I shall give to it but few words. As a whole it is more imposing than Wiest's, but it has not so many minute beauties and wonders. It lights up better, and the *coup d'œil* is more magnificent, but it is not equal to Wiest's for wild, stirring views. No visiter should pay any attention to the disparagements which the rival owners of these caves put upon each other's "property." They are both too beautiful to leave unvisited, though it should require a separate journey to each; nor can their beauties be justly compared, because they are of different orders. The architecture of Wiest's cave is Grecian, that of Wyer's, Gothic. All the rocks in Wiest's run horizontally, those in Wyer's are perpendicular. Considering the proximity of the caves, this difference in formation is very remarkable, and it strikes the visiter forcibly. In one cave you seem to be amid the ruins of great temples, in the other you tread the aisles of a still perfect cathedral. But we must leave them for the present.

Having spent three days there, the morning of the fourth saw me mounted upon the favorite horse of the Dutch farmer who had entertained me. A boy was placed up behind me, to ride the horse back, and upon the pommel I held a market basket, with about thirty pounds of specimens which I was destined to tug along many a weary mile. After crossing that cold stream, we parted; the boy and the horse returning to the caves, myself and the basket going on to Staunton. Specimens should always be carried in a bag; a heavy basket is awkward any way you can fix it, and I had enough of all the ways that day to repent of having parted with Sugar Candy.

THE YOUNG REAPERS.

WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

Three children may three lessons teach,
By *them* scarce understood;
Though I, more skilled than they to preach,
May not be half so good.

First: — he who gleaned the largest share
Got wounded by the stubble; —
Then: she who bore their food, may bear
Her basket for her trouble.

Lastly, the artist did not stoop
From art to nature lorn,
Preferring drawing out the group
To drawing out *the thorn*.

"Most gains, most pains;" — "love's labor lost"
Fame charity o'erleaping,
Are the three lessons gained at cost
Of these three children's reaping.

G. Q.

SANTA CROCE.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Not chiefly for thy storied towers and halls,
 For the bright wonders of thy pictured walls ;
 Not for the olive's wealth, the vineyard's pride,
 That crown thy hills, and teem on Arno's side,
 Dost thou delight me, Florence ! I can meet
 Elsewhere with halls as rich and vales as sweet ;
 I prize thy charms of nature and of art,
 But yield them not the homage of my heart.

Rather to Santa Croce I repair,
 To breathe her peaceful monumental air ;
 The age, the deeds, the honors to explore
 Of those, who sleep beneath her marble floor ; —
 The stern old tribunes of the early time,
 The merchant lords of Freedom's stormy prime ; —
 And each great name, in every after age,
 The praised, the wise ; — the artist, bard and sage.

I feel their awful presence ; lo, thy bust,
 Thy urn, Oh ! Dante, not alas thy dust.
 Florence, that drove thee living from her gate,
 Waits for that dust, in vain, and long shall wait.
 Ravenna ! keep the glorious Exile's trust,
 And teach remorseless factions to be just,
 While the poor Cenotaph, which bears his name,
 Proclaims at once his praise, — his country's shame.

Next, in an urn, not void, though cold as thine,
 Moulders a godlike spirit's mortal shrine.
 Oh ! Michael, look not down so still and hard,
 Speak to me,* Painter, Builder, Sculptor, Bard !
 And shall those cunning fingers, stiff and cold,
 Crumble to meaner earth than they did mould ?
 Art thou, who form and force to clay couldst give,
 And teach the quarried adamant to live,
 Bid, — in the vaultings of thy mighty dome,
 Pontifical, outvie imperial Rome,
 Portray unshrinking, to the dazzled eye,
 Creation, Judgment, Time, Eternity,
 Art thou so low, and in this narrow cell,
 Doth that Titanic genius stoop to dwell ;
 And, while thine arches brave the upper sky,
 Art thou content in these dark caves to lie ?
 And thou, illustrious sage ! thine eye is closed,
 To which their secret paths new stars exposed.
 Haply thy spirit, in some higher sphere,
 Soars with the motions, which it measured here.
 Soft be thy slumbers, Seer, for thanks to thee,
 The earth now turns, without a heresy.†

* Michael Angelo, when he contemplated the statue of St. Mark, by Donatello, at Orsanmichele, used to say, "Marco, perchè non mi parli ?"

† Galileo, toward the close of his life, was imprisoned at Arcetri, near Florence, by order of the inquisition.

Dost thou, whose keen perception pierced the cause
Which gives the pendulum its mystic laws,
Now trace each orb, with telescopic eyes,
And solve the eternal clock-work of the skies ;
While thy worn frame enjoys its long repose,
And Santa Croce heals Arcetri's woes ?

Nor them alone : — on her maternal breast
Here Machiavelli's tortured limbs have rest.
Oh ! that the cloud upon his tortured fame
Might pass away, and leave an honest name.
The power of princes o'er thy limbs is staid,
But thine own " Prince " ; — that dark spot ne'er shall fade.
Peace to thine ashes ; — who can have the heart
Above thy grave, to play the censor's part.
I read the statesman's fortune in thy doom, —
Toil, greatness, woe ; — a late and lying tomb : *
Aspiring aims by grovelling arts pursued,
Faction and self baptized the public good,
A life traduced, — a statue crowned with bays,
And starving service paid with funeral praise.

Here too, at length, the indomitable will
And fiery pulse of Asti's bard are still.
And she, — the Stuart's widow — rears thy stone,
Seeks the next aisle, and drops beneath her own.
The great, the proud, the fair, — alike they fall ;
Thy sickle, Santa Croce, reapeth all !

Yes, reapeth all, or else had spared the bloom
Of that fair bud, now closed in yonder tomb.
Meek, gentle, pure ; and yet to him allied,
Who smote the astonished nations in his pride :
" Worthy his name," so saith the sculptured line, —
Waster of man, would he were worthy thine ! †

Hosts yet unnamed, — the obscure, the known — I leave ;
What throngs would rise, could each his marble heave !
But we who muse above the famous dead,
Shall soon be silent, as the dust we tread.
But not for me, when I shall fall asleep,
Shall Santa Croce's lamps their vigils keep.
Beyond the main, in Auburn's quiet shade,
With those I loved and love my couch be made ;
Spring's pendant branches o'er the hillock wave,
And morning's dew-drops glisten on my grave ;
While Heaven's great arch shall rise above my bed,
When Santa Croce's crumbles on her dead ;
Unknown to erring or to suffering fame,
So I may leave a pure though humble name.

FLORENCE, MAY 17, 1841.

* The monument of Machiavelli in Santa Croce was erected in the latter half of the last century : —
The inscription — " tanto homini nullum par elogium."

† " Ici repose Charlotte Napoleon Bonaparte, digne de son nom, 1839." The words are translated
" worthy *his* name," for an obvious reason.

BOSTON COMMON.

WITH AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

THIS beautiful piece of ground, associated with so many of the pleasures and so much of the historical pride of the inhabitants of Boston, is situated in the westerly part of the city, in front of the State House. It is surrounded upon three sides by streets upon which are some of the handsomest private residences in the city, and upon the other, resting upon the waters of Charles River bay, it lies open to the country, commanding a beautiful view of the hills and villages, of Roxbury, Brookline, Brighton and Cambridge.

The space contained in the Common proper — which expression we suppose to be no solecism, except in speaking on grammatical subjects — is about forty-eight acres, inclusive of the cemetery within its limits, which is now tastefully laid out with trees and walks. The land west of Charles Street, and held by the city as a part of the same property, as joint stock of the citizens, is now used for a public garden, and is rapidly becoming an ornament and a benefit to Boston. The Common, including this piece of land, consists of about seventy-five acres, and to the traveller entering the city from the west, forms a very extensive opening among the otherwise compact masses of brick upon the peninsula.

The malls about the Common are shaded by the most beautiful elms; and trees, mostly American elms, old denizens of colonial times and young children of city parentage, stand in numbers (to speak statistically there are over seven hundred) in every part of the Common. Near its centre is a little sheet of fresh water, which modern refinement has once christened "Crescent Pond," and once "Quincy Lake," but which Bostonians will probably ever speak of, since all men are boys once, as the "FROG POND." About this pond have been set some young and thrifty elms which we hope to see yet rivalling in beauty their older brothers in the malls. South of the pond stands the most prominent of the eminences with which the surface of the Common is varied, which until within a few years has borne the marks of a fortification thrown up by the British troops quartered here in 1775, and although its surface is now more smooth and rounded, many Boston boys will regret the destruction of "the fort."

The Common has never been, as has been supposed by some, held as the property of an individual or individuals. It appears from a

deposition of several of the then "oldest inhabitants," taken before Governor Bradstreet in 1684, for the purpose of discovering the true terms and agreement by which the peninsula was obtained by the colony under Winthrop, that after the land, (with a reservation of about six acres) had been sold to them by "Mr. William Blackstone," for a considerable sum of money made up by a subscription of six shillings from each householder, ("none," says the affidavit, "paying less, some considerably more,") "the town laid out a place for a Training Field, which ever since, and now is used for that purpose and for the feeding of cattle." This was the origin of the Common, which we first find alluded to in the town records under date of October 10, 1634, when certain commissioners appointed to divide and dispose of the unoccupied lands are instructed to leave out "such portions in Common *for the use of New Comers*, and the further benefit of the town, as in their best discretions they shall think fit."

Some further extracts from the Town Records on this subject, may be found interesting. In May, 1729, we find an admirable instance of the "when it rains, let it rain" philosophy, an attempt having been made to do something with the marsh on the west side of the common; "the Selectmen having viewed the Marsh at the bottom of the Common, and not finding any material use that can be made of it," &c. "are of opinion that it is best to lye in the condition it now is." This condition seems to have been, for a piece of land, about as precarious as that of some modern western cities, for we find an account about that time, (January 1728) of two young men, skating "at the bottom of the common," who were drowned there, from the breaking of the ice.

In March, 1733, it was "Voted that the row of trees already planted on the Common be taken care of by the selectmen, and that another row of trees be planted there at a suitable distance;" and "that a row of posts, with a rail on the top of them be set up and continued through the Common, from the Burying Place to Col. Fitch's fence, leaving openings at the several streets and lanes." In 1739 it was "Voted that posts and rails be set up from the Granary in Common Street" (the site of the present Park Street Church) "to Beacon Street."

We find subsequently two propositions for disposing of parts of the Common, one "to

sell Fox Hill on the Common," a low, sandy mound, which has been levelled and used in filling up the above mentioned marsh; and one a petition from a citizen for half an acre of land to be taken out of the Common for a house lot, but neither of them were acceded to.

The original purposes specified in the reservation of the Common as a place for "a Training Field, and the feeding of Cattle," were long subserved by it. We hope that the planting of so many trees, which has rendered it unfit for the former purpose, will preserve it from that use in future, as it has done in a great degree lately. Cattle have been kept there within the last fifteen or twenty years, and the city ordinance that forbids this, bears date as late as 1833. Many Bostonians will recollect an anecdote in connection with this case of the Common, of an exercise of privilege which would hardly be tolerated at the present time — and some of the older portion of the community may not have forgotten the spirit with which a venerable lady, now deceased, used to relate how she was unexpectedly called upon to entertain as the guests of her husband, whose mansion still overlooks the Common, a large party of French officers belonging to the

Count d'Estaing's fleet, and how her energies arose with the emergencies of the occasion. "And what do you think," would she say, "I did for the cream and milk to serve for a breakfast for such a party? Why, I sent out my people with orders to milk all the cows on the Common, and told them if any body asked any questions, to tell them to take the bill to Governor Hancock."

The Common is growing in beauty every day, and will ever be a source of pride and pleasure to Bostonians. We do not despair of the speedy arrival of the time when the city will feel prepared to act upon one or the other of the plans a few years since submitted by the Fresh Water Commission, either of which would furnish the means for a beautiful fountain here. With however, or without this additional ornament, it is a spot endeared to all the inhabitants of the city, and a theme for those praises of strangers with which we all foster our love and our vanity of home. It will remain companion of Faneuil Hall in the historical associations of the city, and will hardly need for its preservation the clause in the city charter which forbids the council to sell it.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

The reader will perceive by the article at the beginning of this number, that, with the close of this volume Mr. HALE surrenders the editorial charge of the MISCELLANY. The publishers are happy to announce that it will pass into the hands of Mr. H. T. TUCKERMAN, whose character, as a writer and a critic, in this community, needs no encomium from them. In this connection it may not be improper to state that every exertion will be made to make the "Miscellany" more and more acceptable to its readers. Among the contributors to the January number will be found Bryant, Tuckerman, W. A. Jones, T. S. Arthur, John Neal, Rufus

Dawes, George Lunt, Miss H. F. Gould, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Sigourney, and Mrs. Seba Smith, and the effort will be made to present constantly articles from the best and most cheerful writers in the country.

The publishers have also made arrangements for a series of both *line* and *mezzotinto* engravings for the forthcoming volume, and trust that the pictorial department of the Miscellany will not be unworthy of its literary character. They wish to make merely this announcement of *facts*, and to let their work maintain itself by results rather than promises.

"AVE MARIA!"

WORDS BY SIR WALTER SCOTT:—MUSIC BY MAD'ELLE MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.*

Andante.

Piano

Forte.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). It features a flowing melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with sustained notes and some moving lines.

The first system of the vocal part and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single treble staff, starting with a whole rest followed by a half note, then a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clef) with the same key signature and time signature, providing a continuous accompaniment.

A - - - ve Ma - ri - a!

The second system of the vocal part and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar texture.

Mai - den mild! List - en to a mai - den's pray - er:

* Now Madame Hensel.

"AVE MARIA."

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Thou can'st hear, though from the wild, Thou can'st save a - -

- - mid de - spair! Soft may we sleep beneath thy care, . . .

. . . . Though ban - ish'd, outcast, and re - viled. O Mai - - - den!

hear a maiden's pray - er— O Mo - ther! hear a suppliant child! O

Mai - den! hear a maiden's pray - er— O Mo - ther! hear a suppliant

child— A - ve Ma - ri - a!

dim. *pp*

The musical score is written for a single melodic line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "hear a maiden's pray - er— O Mo - ther! hear a suppliant child! O". The piano part features arpeggiated chords. The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment with the lyrics: "Mai - den! hear a maiden's pray - er— O Mo - ther! hear a suppliant". The third system concludes the piece with the lyrics: "child— A - ve Ma - ri - a!". The piano part in the final system includes dynamic markings: *dim.* (diminuendo) and *pp* (pianissimo).

BOSTON MISCELLANY.

THOUGHTS ON THE POETS.

BY THE EDITOR.

NO. I. — CRABBE.

ABOUT the period of the Gordon riots, so vividly described in *Barnaby Rudge*, a young man might have been observed, at the first glimmer of day, restlessly pacing to and fro on Westminster Bridge. Thus George Crabbe passed the night succeeding his application to Burke. It was the last of several appeals he had made to the distinguished men of the day, for relief from the inroads of poverty and encouragement in his devotion to the muse. He felt, during those wearisome hours, that the crisis of his fate had arrived. Bravely for many months he had struggled on in the perilous career of a literary adventurer. Like so many men of genius then "gathered to the kings of thought," he had come to London with a stock of poems and a manly heart, trusting to find his way, at length, in that vast metropolis, if not to honorable distinction, at least to usefulness and competence. He had vibrated from the door of the wealthy to the bookseller's counter, from his humble lodgings to the pawnbroker's shop, and hitherto without success. His spirits were elevated and soothed, at this critical season, by the love of one who became the genial companion of his days. "My heart," says one of his letters, "is humbled to all but villany, and I would live, if honestly, in any situation. * * Hope, vanity, and the muse will certainly contribute something towards a light heart ;

but love and the god of love can only throw a beam of gladness on a heavy one." Happily his claims were recognised and his merits appreciated by Burke, and from his first interview with that generous man his prosperity dates. The early life of Crabbe was passed chiefly at a fishing village on the coast of Suffolk. Nature there was rude and sterile, his fellow beings uncultivated and almost savage, and their lives given to cheerless toil. Yet sometimes a boat's shadow on the sand or a fierce smuggler basking in the sun, would suggest images worthy of Salvator's pencil. If there was in that secluded hamlet less restraint upon human passion, its exhibition was often more affecting and suggestive. If fertile grace was wanting in the scenery, there was something grand in its desolation. It is not surprising that many years after his native spot had been abandoned, — in the bosom of his family, on a beautiful inland domain, Crabbe felt one summer day, such an irrepressible desire to behold the sea, that he suddenly mounted his horse and rode forty miles to the nearest coast. A harsh father and a kind mother, menial labor and stolen hours of desultory reading, the companionship of rough mariners and the love of a charming girl, occasional rhyming and long, solitary walks, an apprenticeship to a village Galen and the thousand dreams that haunt the young and sanguine, divided the

poet's hours. His patience, industry and cheerful temper rendered him no unworthy aspirant for the world's favor; and when fortune smiled upon him in the form of his gifted benefactor, the same regulated habits and bland philosophy that had sustained his baffled youth, led him calmly to enjoy domestic peace and poetical success. His career in the church was marked by active benevolence and a happy influence. It was his singular lot, after the lapse of twenty years passed in retirement, to reappear both as an author and in the social circles of London. At home his books and children agreeably occupied the time which could be spared from professional duty. He enjoyed the warm regard of some of the choicest spirits of the day. When his various publications were finally revised and collected, Murray gave him three thousand pounds for the copyright. In his affections he was singularly blessed, and passed away full of years and honor.

Crabbe was no stoic. He could not conceal his feelings, and was a novel reader all his life. He had suffered enough to teach him to feel for others. There was a rare and winning simplicity in his manners. He was remarkably unambitious for a son of the muses; and sought mental delight according to his instincts rather than from prescribed rules. Manly and independent, with an active and exuberant mind, his character won him as many suffrages as his verse. His attachments, we are told, knew no decline and his heart seemed to mellow rather than grow frigid, with the lapse of time. We discover, in his life and writings, a kind of Indian summer benignly invading the winter of age. Such was Crabbe as a man. His fame, as a poet, is owing in some degree, to the time of his appearance. It was his fortune to come forward during one of those lapses in the visits of the muse which invariably insure her a warmer welcome. Perhaps on this very account his merits have been somewhat exaggerated and vaguely defined,—at least by those whose early taste was permanently influenced by his genius.

The kind of insight that distinguishes a man depends upon his taste and associations. A painter will be struck with an effect of light and shade, the contour of a head, or the grouping of a knot of gossips, that an engineer passes unnoticed. In visiting some Roman remains, I was amused at the delight with which an engraver surveyed the inscriptions, and remarked upon the cutting of the letters. While one of a party of travellers is absorbed in the appearance of the crops, another indulges a metaphysical turn by analyzing the characters of his companions, and a third is lost in the beauty of the landscape. We recognise a similar diversity among the poets. Some grand truth, re-

lating to human nature, excites the muse of Shakspeare. He delights to announce that

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

The bards of the visible world, who love to designate its every feature, evince their observation by a happy term or most apt allusion, as when Bryant calls the hills "rock-ribbed," and the ocean a "grey and melancholy waste." Crabbe owes his popularity both to the sphere and quality of his observation. In these, almost exclusively, consists his originality. The form of his verse, the tone of his sentiment, and the play of his fancy, are, by no means, remarkable. He interests us from the comparatively unhackneyed field he selected, and the peculiar manner in which he unfolds its treasures. He seized upon characters and events before thought unworthy of the minstrel. He turned, in a great measure, from the grand and elegant materials of poetry, and sought his themes amid the common-place and the vulgar. Nor was he aided in this course by any elevated theory of his own, like that of Wordsworth. He carried no magic torch into the dark labyrinths he explored, but was satisfied to open them to the light of day. Indeed, Crabbe seems to have reversed all the ordinary principles of the art. His effects arise rather from sterility than luxuriance. His success seems the result rather of a matter-of-fact than an illusive process. The oft-quoted question of the mathematician to the bard—"what does it all prove?" Crabbe often literally answers; and to this trait we cannot but refer the admiration in which this writer was held by Johnson, Gifford, and Jeffrey. These critics utterly failed to appreciate the more exalted and delicate displays of modern poetry; but in Crabbe there was a pointed sense and tangible meaning that harmonized with their perceptions. Of poets in general we are accustomed to say, that they weave imaginary charms around reality; and, like the wave that sparkles above a wreck, or the flowery turf that conceals a sepulchre, interpose a rosy veil to beguile us from pain. But Crabbe often labors to strip life of its bright dreams, and portrays, with as keen a relish, the anatomical frame as the round and blooming flesh. He bears us not away from the limits of the present by the comprehensive views he presents; but, on the contrary, is continually fixing our attention upon the minute details of existence, and the minor shades of experience. He seeks not to keep out of sight the meaner aspects of life, or relieve, with the glow of imagination, the dark traits of the actual. With a bold and industrious scrutiny, he plunges into the gloomy particulars of human wretchedness; and, like some of the Dutch limners,

engages our attention, not by the unearthly graces, but the appalling truthfulness of his pictures. Unlike Goldsmith, instead of casting a halo of romance around rustic life, he elaborately exposes its discomforts. He sometimes, indeed, paints the enchantments of love, but often only to contrast them with the worst trials of matrimony; and woman's beauty is frequently described with zest in his pages, only to afford occasion to dwell upon its decay.

It is evident, that to such a writer of verse many of the loftier and finer elements of the poet were wanting. The noble point, in a mind of this order, is integrity. The redeeming sentiment in Crabbe's nature was honesty, in its broadest and most efficient sense. What he saw he faithfully told. The pictures, clearly displayed to his mind, he copied to the life. He carried into verse a kind of dauntless simplicity, an almost Puritan loyalty to his convictions. He appears like one thoroughly determined to tell the homely truth in rhyme. Poetry has been called the "flower of experience." If we adopt this definition literally, Crabbe has small claims to the name of poet. He searched not so much for the meek violet and the blushing rose, as the weeds and briars that skirt the path of human destiny. Where, then, it may be asked, is his attraction? The picturesque and the affecting do not, as he has demonstrated, exist only in alliance with beauty. The tangled brake may win the eye, in certain moods, as strongly as the garden; and a desolate moor is often more impressive than a verdant hill-side. So rich and mysterious a thing is the human heart, so fearfully interesting is life, that there is a profound meaning in its mere elements. When these are laid bare, there is room for conjecture and discovery. We approach the revelation as we would the fathomless caves of the sea, if they were opened to our gaze. Some of Salvator's landscapes, consisting mainly of a ship's hulk and a lonely strand, are more interesting than a combination of meadow, forest, and temples, by an inferior hand; and, on the same principle, one of Crabbe's free and true sketches is better than the timid composition of a more refined writer. Byron calls him "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best;" and he has been well styled by another, the Hogarth of verse. There is something that excites our veneration in reality, whether in character or literature. "To the poet," says Carlyle, "we say first of all, *see*." And just so far as Crabbe *saw*, (where the object admits,) he is poetical. There is a vast range which he not only failed to explore, but did not even approach. There is a world of delicate feeling, and exalted idealism of which he seems to have been almost unconscious. Of the deeper sympathies it may be questioned if he

had any real experience. And yet we are to recognise in him no ordinary element of poetry — that insight which enabled him to perceive and to depict in so graphic a style, particular phases of life. We trace, too, in his writings a rare appreciation of many characteristics of our nature. He found these among the ignorant, where passion is poorly disguised. He acted as an interpreter between those whom refinement and social cultivation widely separated. He did much to diminish the force of the proverb, that "one half the world know not how the other half live;" and to direct attention to the actual world and the passing hour, as fraught with an import and an interest, which habit alone prevents us from discovering.

Crabbe was rather a man of science than an enthusiast. He looked upon nature with minute curiosity oftener than with vague delight. This is indicated by many of his descriptions, which are almost as special as the reports of a natural historian. He calls sea-nettles "living jellies," and speaks of kelp as floating on "bladdery beads." Like Friar Lawrence, too, he thought that "muckle is the power and grace that lies in herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities." Through life he was an assiduous collector of botanical and geological specimens. His partiality for detail is exhibited in many of his allusions to the sea-side; and they afford a remarkable contrast to the enlarged and undefined associations, which the same scene awakened in the mind of Byron. Crabbe loved nature, but it was in a very intelligent and unimpassioned way. When Lockhart took him to Salisbury Crags, he was interested by their strata far more than the prospect they afforded. How light a sway music held over him, may be realized from the fact that he once wrote the greater part of a poem in a London concert-room, to keep himself awake. The tone of his mind is revealed by the manner in which he wooed the muse. From his own artless letters we cannot but discover that much of his verse was produced by a mechanical process. His best metaphors, he tells us, were inserted after the tale itself was completed. He confesses his surprise that, in two or three instances, he was much affected by what he wrote, which is proof enough of the uninspired spirit in which many of his compositions were conceived. "I rhyme at Hampstead with a great deal of facility," says one of his letters. Accordingly his writings fall much below the works "produced too slowly ever to decay." In fact, with all his peculiar merits, Crabbe was often a mere rhymist, and the cultivated lover of poetry, who feels a delicate reverence for its more perfect models, will find many of his voluminous heroics unimpressive and tedious. But interwoven with these, is many a picture of

human misery, many a display of coarse passion and unmitigated grief, of delusive joy and haggard want, of vulgar selfishness and moral truth, that awaken sympathy even to pain, and win admiration for the masterly execution of the artist. Much of the poetry of Crabbe, however, is of such a character that we can conceive of its being written in almost any quantity. He began to write not so much from impulse alone, as motives of self-improvement and interest. When his situation was comfortable, he ceased versifying for a long interval, and resumed the occupation because he was encouraged to do so by the support of the public. Only occasionally, and in particular respects, does he excite wonder. The form and spirit of his works are seldom exalted above ordinary associations. Hence they are more easily imitated, and in the "Rejected Addresses," one of the closest parodies is that of Crabbe. The department he originally chose was almost uninvaded, and he was singularly fitted to occupy it with success. In addition to his graphic ability, and the studied fidelity of his portraiture, which were his great intellectual advantages, there were others arising from the warmth and excellence of his heart. He sympathized enough with human nature to understand its weaknesses and wants. His pathos is sometimes inimitable; and superadded to these rare qualifications, we must allow him a felicity of diction, a fluency and propriety in the use of language, which, if it made him sometimes diffuse, at others gave a remarkable freedom and point to his verses.

Illustrations of these qualities abound in Crabbe's writings. His similes convey a good idea of his prevailing tendency to avail himself of prosaic associations, which in ordinary hands, would utterly fail of their intended effect:

For all that honor brings against the force
Of headlong passion, aids its rapid course;
Its slight resistance but provokes the fire,
As wood-work stops the flame and then conveys it
higher.

As various colors in a painted ball
While it has rest, are seen distinctly all;
Till whirled around by some exterior force,
They all are blended in the rapid course;
So in repose and not by passion swayed,
We saw the difference by their habits made;
But tried by strong emotions, they became
Filled with one love, and were in heart the same.

The following are specimens of his homely minuteness.

* — cold and wet and driving with the tide,
Beats his weak arms against his tarry side.

* An oysterman.

Hence one his favorite habitation gets,
The brick-floored parlor which the butcher lets,
Where, through his single light, he may regard
The various business of a common yard,
Bounded by backs of buildings formed of clay,
By stables, sties, coops, et cetera.

A BAR ROOM.

Here port in bottles stood, a well-stained row,
Drawn for the evening from the pipe below;
Three powerful spirits filled a parted case,
Some cordial bottles stood in secret place;
Fair acid fruits in nets above were seen,
Her plate was splendid and her glasses clean,
Basins and bowls were ready on the stand,
And measures clattered in her powerful hand.
Here curling fumes in lazy wreaths arise,
And prozing toppers rub their winking eyes.

COCK-FIGHTING.

Here the poor bird th' inhuman cocker brings,
Arms his hard heel and clips his golden wings;
With spicy food th' impatient spirit feeds,
And shouts and curses as the battle bleeds.
Struck through the brain, deprived of both his eyes,
The vanquished bird must combat till he dies;
Must faintly peck at his victorious foe,
And reel and stagger at each feeble blow;
When fallen, the savage grasps his dabbled plumes,
His blood-stained arms for other deaths assumes,
And damns the craven fowl that lost his stake,
And only bled and perished for his sake.

Fresh were his features, his attire was new,
Clean was his linen, and his jacket blue,
Of finest jean his trowsers tight and trim,
Brushed the large buckle at the silver rim.

Twin infants then appear, a girl, a boy,
The o'erflowing cup of Gerard Ablett's joy;
One had I named in every year that passed,
Since Gerard wed, — and twins behold at last!

Ah! much I envy thee thy boys who ride
On poplar branch, and canter at thy side;
And girls whose cheeks thy chin's fierce fondness
know,
And with fresh beauty at the contact glow.

His fondness for antitheses is often exemplified:

The easy followers in the female train,
Led without love, and captives without chain.

Opposed to these we have a prouder kind,
Rash without heat and without raptures blind.

Hour after hour, men thus contending sit,
Grave without sense, and pointed without wit.

Gained without skill, without inquiry bought,
Lost without love, and borrowed without thought.

It is amusing, with the old complaints of the indefiniteness of poetry fresh in the mind, to encounter such literal rhyming as the following, — a sailor is addressing his recreant mistress:

Nay, speak at once, and Dinah, let me know,
Means't thou to take me, now I'm wrecked, in tow?
Be fair, nor longer keep me in the dark,
Am I forsaken for a trimmer spark?

Grave Jonas Kindred, Sybil Kindred's sire,
Was six feet high, and look'd six inches higher.

A tender, timid maid, who knew not how
To pass a pig-sty, or to face a cow.

Where one huge, wooden bowl before them stood,
Filled with huge balls of farinaceous food,
With bacon most saline, where never lean
Beneath the brown and bristly rind was seen.

As a male turkey straggling on the green,
When by fierce harriers, terriers, mongrels seen,
He feels the insults of the merry train,
And moves aside though filled by much disdain;
But when that turkey at his own barn-door,
Sees one poor straying puppy and no more,
(A foolish puppy who had left the pack,
Thoughtless what foe was threatening at his back,)
He moves about, as ships prepared to sail,
He hoists his proud rotundity of tail,
The half-sealed eyes and changeful neck he shows,
Where in its quickening colors vengeance glows;
From red to blue the pendant wattle turn,
Blue mixed with red as matches when they burn,
And thus the intruding snarler to oppose,
Urged by enkindling wrath, he gobbling goes.

No image appears too humble for Crabbe:

For these occasions forth his knowledge sprung,
As mustard quickens on a bed of dung.

When his graphic power is applied to a different order of subjects and accompanied with more sentiment, we behold the legitimate evidences of his title to the name of poet:

Then how serene! when in your favorite room,
Gales from your jasmins soothe the evening gloom,
When from your upland paddock you look down
And just perceive the smoke which hides the town;
When weary peasants at the close of day,
Walk to their cots and part upon the way;
When cattle slowly cross the shallow brook,
And shepherds pen their folds and rest upon their crook.

Their's is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapors flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care,
Parents, who know no childrens' love, dwell there,
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood's fears,
The lame, the blind, and far the happiest they,
The moping idiot and the madman gay.

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown
o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighboring
poor,

From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
Rank weeds that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land and rob the blighted rye;
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,

And to the ragged infant threaten war,
There poppies nodding mock the hope of toil,
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high above the slender sheaf,
The shiny mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the sharlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendor vainly shines around.
Here joyless roam a wild, amphibious race,
With sullen woe displayed in every face;
Who far from civil arts and social fly,
And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye;
Here, too, the lawless merchant of the main,
Draws from his plough th' intoxicated swain;
Want only claimed the labors of the day,
But vice now steals the nightly rest away.*

Ye gentle souls who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet
please:

Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go! look within, and ask if peace be there;
If peace be his — that drooping, weary sire,
If theirs, that offspring round their feeble fire;
Or hers — that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on her wretched hearth the expiring brand.

No small portion of the interest Crabbe's writings have excited, is to be ascribed to his ingenious stories. Some of them are entertaining from the incidents they narrate, and others on account of the sagacious remarks with which they are interwoven. These attractions often co-exist with but a slight degree of poetic merit, beyond correct versification and an occasional metaphor. Most of the tales are founded in real circumstances, and the characters were drawn, with some modification, from existent originals. Scarcely a feature of romance or even improbability belong to these singular narratives. They are usually domestic in their nature, and excite curiosity because so near to common experience. As proofs of inventive genius they are often striking, and if couched in elegant prose or a dramatic form, would, in some cases, be far more effective. Lamb tried the latter experiment in one instance, with marked success.† These rhymed histories of events and personages within the range of ordinary life, seem admirably calculated to win the less imaginative to a love of poetry. Crabbe has proved a most serviceable pioneer to the timid hauntings of Parnassus, and decked with alluring trophies, the outskirts of the land of song. We can easily understand how a certain order of minds relish his poems better than any other writings in the same department of literature. There is a singular tone of every-day truth and practical sense about them. They deal with the tangible realities around us. They unfold "the artful workings of a vulgar mind," and depict with amusing exactitude, the hourly

* This admirable description refers to Aldoborough, the author's birth-place.

† The Wife's Trial.

trials of existence. A gipsy group, a dissipated burgess, the victims of profligacy, the mean resentments of ignorant minds, a coarse tyrant, a vindictive woman, a fen or a fishing boat—those beings and objects which meet us by the way-side of the world, the common, the real, the more rude elements of life, are set before us in the pages of Crabbe, in the most bold relief and affecting contrast. There is often a gloom, an unrelieved wretchedness, an absolute degradation about these delineations, which weighs upon the spirits—the sadness of a tragedy without its ideal grandeur or its poetic consolation. But the redeeming influence of such creations lies in the melancholy but wholesome truths they convey. The mists that shroud the dwellings of the wretched are rolled away, the wounds of the social system are laid bare, the sternest facts

of experience are proclaimed. This process was greatly required in Great Britain when Crabbe appeared as the bard of the poor. He arrayed the dark history of their needs and oppression in a guise which would attract the eye of taste. He led many a luxurious peer to the haunts of poverty. He carried home to the souls of the pampered and proud a startling revelation of the distress and crime that hung unnoticed around their steps. He fulfilled, in his day, the same benevolent office which, in a different style, has since been so ably continued by Dickens. These two writers have published to the world, the condition of the English poor, in characters of light; and thrown the whole force of their genius into an appeal from the injustice of society and the abuses of civilization.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE LATIN.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

THE following Latin lines of Dr. Jortin, on the Shortness of Human Life, have been much admired for their beauty. The last word in the tenth line, which I have always seen printed *aestas*, I have ventured to read *acstas*, as I am convinced the author must have written it. The lines are an amplification of the pathetic close of the Idyl of Moschus on the death of Bion.

Hei mihi ! lege ratâ sol occidit atque resurgit,
Lunaque mutatæ reparat dispendia formæ,
Astraque, purpurei telis extincta diei,
Rursus nocte vigent. Humiles telluris alumni,
Graminis herba virens, et florum picta propago,
Quos crudelis hyems lethali tæbe peredit,
Cum Zephyri vox blanda vocat rediitque sereni
Temperies anni fecundo e cespite surgunt.
Nos domini rerum, nos, magna et pulchra minati,
Cum breve ver vitæ robustaque transiit aestas,
Deficimus ; nec nos ordo revolubilis auras
Reddit in ætherias, tumuli neque claustra resolvit.

Ah me ! the sun that sets doth rise again,
The moon repairs her wasted orb with light,
Stars, by the shafts of ruddy morning slain,
Revive and glitter in the friendly night.

And all the lowly children of the mould,
Green grasses, and the painted race of flowers,
Withered to death by cruel winter's cold,
Rise at the Zephyr's call in sunnier hours ;
Rise from the genial sward ; but we who own
Earth and its things, who cherish high designs,
We, when the blossom of our spring is flown,
And the brief summer of our strength declines,
Sink in the dust ; no season comes to break
The sullen tomb, and bid its prisoners wake.

Perhaps our readers may like to compare with this the very free version of Cowper.

Suns that set, and moons that wane
Rise, and are restored again ;
Stars, that orient day subdues,
Night at her return renews.
Herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth
Of the genial womb of earth,
Suffer but a transient death
From the winter's cruel breath.
Zephyr speaks ; serene skies
Warm the glebe, and they arise.
We, alas ! earth's haughty kings,
We, that promise mighty things,
Losing soon life's happy prime,
Droop and fade in little time.
Spring returns, but not our bloom,
Still 'tis winter in the tomb.

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

BY JOHN NEAL.

WOULD that people had their eyes about them, as they wander through the world. They have eyes but they see not; ears, but they hear not—and memories, bless you! good for nothing but to make themselves or others unhappy.

Just open your eyes for a moment, my young friend, or prick up your ears, or call to mind some one of the numberless pleasant or strange things that have happened to you in the course of your short life, teaching you sweet wisdom, or filling you with hope; and make yourself what belike you were intended to be from the first, neither a mope nor a dullard, but a very pleasant fellow. Wake up!—listen to the conversation about you—and contribute your appointed share. After a dance on the green sward, or the dazzling sea-beach—when a hat is passed round for the fiddler, would you refuse to *shell out*? Would you stand upon your dignity, or what you may call your reserved rights, and withhold your four pence halfpenny, out of regard to your position? What would the warm-lipped girls about you, with whom you have been romping, at other people's expense, for the last half hour; and what would their broad-cheeked sweethearts, think of your behavior? Well then, if you would not be guilty of such deplorable meanness, on such an occasion, with what face can you withhold your share from the conversation about you? We are all travellers—travelling for business or pleasure; pilgrims and sojourners all. If we look to be entertained—we must pay for entertainment; or, in other words—we must not be satisfied with listening—we must bear our part in the course of conversation, whether we find ourselves aboard a steamboat, a rail-car, a stage coach, or a magazine. Wake up, therefore! I beseech you! and tell us what you know that we do not; what you have seen or heard, that may be new to others, if not to yourself, and worth remembering. Depend upon it—however stupid and prosy; however careless, unobserving, or forgetful you may be, there is something which you know better, and ought to be able to tell better than any other living man. Let us have it. Magazines are storehouses. Their assortment should be large and complete—or, in the language of the first of articles, “too numerous to mention,” and therefore—but stop—that I may encourage you, and others who resemble you—not me—in their shyness and self-distrust—or their laziness and self-

ishness, I'll even try to tell a story myself—a story, not founded on fact, merely, and embellished out of all shape and resemblance; but a story which is altogether true; true in every particular, and yet so strange, that if a three act play were made up from it, and produced upon the stage, it would be regarded as one of the most whimsical and extravagant extravaganzas ever heard of.

You know Sully—Tom Sully of Philadelphia—the best painter of women, who are lovely, or who wish to be thought lovely—upon the face of the earth. Not so well for men—though good enough there to satisfy any reasonable judge. Well—one day, Sully was at work in his room—*studio*, I suppose I ought to call it—making faces by himself; painting the richest of crimson lips, and the glossiest of earthly hair, and lighting up eyes with a sort of inward spirit—a luminous tenderness, which while they retained their likeness to the original, made you catch your breath, in looking at them, just as if you had accidentally overheard a beautiful woman whispering to herself; and lifting your eyes, had caught her in the fact—what fact?—in the fact of listening to a love speech for the first time in all her life; or in the fact of answering somebody in that forbidden language of the lip, which all the world over makes woman so dangerous. Well, just as he had been putting in a pair of eyes, brimful of modest yearning, and half-subdued tenderness, and had stepped back from the easel to study their effect—within range—there was a rap at the door—followed by a whisper in a strange distant voice, “Mr. Sully!—Mr. Sully!—a word with you, if you please. I know you are engaged, and I know it is not the hour—but I *must* see you—hush!—whist!—sh!”

What could the poor man do? Upon his door he had wafered a half-sheet of paper, with a formal notice, “*Engaged till five*,”—but what of that? Here was somebody that *must* see him—a lady perhaps—*oh hush!*

So stepping softly to the door, he opened it, and found, not a lady, to be sure, but a lady's man—a husband, that is—a most respectable good-looking sort of a fellow, with a countenance brimful of mystery and fun. You'd swear there was something brewing, just to see how he looked about him, before he slipped through the half-open door. “Hist—hist—hush! my dear sir; I've been trying to see you for nearly a

month," said the visiter, dropping into a chair, and speaking as if still afraid of being overheard. "Do you know, Mr. Sully, that I have made up my mind to have my portrait painted — and — and" — looking archly at Sully, who stood with his pallet upon his thumb, and his maul-stick trembling rather nervously, as he tried to fix the end of it upon the toe of his slipper, — "And what is more," continued the stranger, "I mean to have it done without the knowledge of my wife; you understand — hey! — you rogue you," touching the painter on the elbow. "In a word, sir — can you manage it? Can you have it done by the twenty-fifth? and will you undertake to bring it up the afternoon or evening before if I will get my wife out of the way? What say you, my boy?"

"I think I might," said Mr. Sully, "but why in such a hurry? why on the twenty-fifth?"

"Why on the twenty-fifth? Why, bless your soul, my dear sir — that's the anniversary of our marriage, and that wife o' mine has been trying to persuade me to sit, for nobody knows how long. What a surprise, hey? — And you will undertake to manage it, hey? And to keep all snug, hey — you will, wont you now — there's a good fellow."

Sully finding there was time enough, consented, and took a sitting that very day; and the next, and the next — letting the gentleman in at hours when nobody else thought of trespassing upon him. The secret had been well kept thus far, and the third sitting was just over, and Sully was enjoying the idea of the joke by himself, and trying to imagine the delighted surprise of the wife, who had been so long teasing her husband to no purpose for a portrait by Sully, when — tap — tap — tap — somebody was heard at the door. Thinking the sitter had forgotten something, and anxious to prevent his being seen, Sully ran to the door — opened it — and found, not the man he expected, but the man's wife — the woman herself! Supposing she had got a hint of what was going forward, the painter was beginning to cast about in his mind for some excuse to get rid of her, long enough, at least, for him to turn the portrait to the wall — but she gave him no time. Entering the room on tiptoe — with a finger lifted — and speaking in a whisper, while a pleasant smile kept playing about her mouth, as if she too had a game to play, she said — gently shutting the door behind her, and making a sign to him to be quiet, as she spoke — "My dear Mr. Sully, I'm so glad to catch you alone — hush — you are alone, are you not? — nobody saw me come up — and I would'nt be seen for the world —"

"Madam," said Sully — handing the lady a chair with that courtly grace for which he has been so distinguished. — "Madam, be seated — pray compose yourself. Nothing

unpleasant has happened, I hope," — contriving to keep between her and the unfinished portrait, and to keep her eyes turned another way, under all sorts of pretences, till he got an opportunity to reverse it.

"Nothing in the world, my dear sir," answered the lady. "Nothing in the world — but this afternoon, as I was sitting by myself, an idea entered my head all at once — the drollest thing! Do you know that I have been trying these dozen years to persuade my husband to have his portrait painted — and he has always kept putting me off, and putting me off, till at last I am out of all patience. But to-day — bless me! I'd forgotten a part of my errand — how long will it take you to paint a portrait? Could you have it done by the twenty-fifth of this month — the twenty-fifth, Mr. Sully — not a day later, nor earlier?"

"I think I might," said Sully — wondering where all this would end.

"Well, then," continued the fair visiter — who saw the painter's perplexity, and was anxious to relieve it — "Well, then — would you undertake to get a likeness of me, and have it all finished and framed by the twenty-fifth?"

"Of you, Madam! I thought you wanted a portrait of your husband."

"So I do, Mr. Sully — but he won't sit; he vows he won't — and so, I have determined to take him by surprise, if I can — to get painted myself without his knowledge, and to have the picture finished and sent home, ay, and hung up in a proper place for it while he is out of the way. I wonder if you couldn't help me? The twenty-fifth is the anniversary of our marriage, and I know he would be delighted with my picture, though he would never ask me to sit, lest I should turn round upon him and make the same request. There! you see how it is."

"Can it be possible!" thought Sully, who had begun to have all sorts of misgivings, when the lady first entered upon the subject; but now that he looked into her face and saw the sincerity there — the delighted expression of her eyes, and listened to her warm-hearted affectionate language, while speaking of her husband, he could no longer doubt.

"Madam," said he, "I think it may be managed. Let me see — on the twenty-fifth you say. To have the thing done properly, however, the pictures — picture, I mean, must be finished, and framed, and got home to your house, and actually hung up, as you say, the evening before."

"The day before, if you please, Mr. Sully. I want you to hang it in the most favorable light — and — and in short you know the rooms — I shall leave everything to you."

"Perhaps," continued Mr. Sully, "you might contrive to go into the country the day

before — the twenty-fourth — and yet," — growing thoughtful — "and yet, if it should happen to rain, that would never do, to depend upon."

"Well, well — never trouble yourself about that. I'll undertake to have my husband out of the way all the afternoon and evening of the day before, if you will take it upon yourself to hang the picture, while we are abroad. Leave that to me. And now, when would you like to begin?"

"Immediately, Madam — this very moment, if you are disengaged. We have not a moment to lose." And so down sat the lady, with a magnificent shawl hanging loosely over her arm, and her dress just in the condition a painter most loves — looking a little hurried and tumbled, and altogether free from the stiffness you find in the drapery of a prepared sitter; and down sat the artist, with a sheet of brown paper, and a large crayon before him, to prepare a preliminary sketch. He was very happy — within half an hour he had attained a beautiful bit of composition, with a sort of general likeness not to be mistaken, of the lady herself — the lights being made out with chalk, and all the effects produced with that wonderful facility which characterizes the fine, faithful, free-handed draughtsman. The sketch completed, so as to give the sitter an idea of the composition, Sully got a prepared canvass upon the easel, and soon succeeded in obtaining a capital likeness for the first sitting.

"And now, Mr. Sully," said the happy wife, "when am I to come again?"

"Let me see, Madam — to-morrow, if you please, and about the same hour — say half past three, or a little later. But stay — a thought strikes me. We shall have to make friends of the family. My wife must be let into the secret, or —"

"Or — *what sir?*" and the lady smiled.

"Or," continued Mr. Sully, not much disconcerted, though sadly put to it for the moment, to contrive a plausible excuse for communicating with his wife, and thereby preventing a discovery — "Or, my dear Madam, we have so many visitors, that somebody might happen to see you, either coming or going, and so spoil your frolic."

"Well, and how are we to provide against such a catastrophe? I would'nt be seen for the world — though, to be sure, at any other time I should not have the least scruple about coming to your rooms by myself — they are so public, you know."

"Stay, Madam, I have it. If you find my door fast when you arrive, just oblige me by slipping into the parlor below."

"The front parlor?"

"No, Madam, the back parlor; and then you know there would be no difficulty in slipping a sitter out of the front door, without being seen — that is, without your being seen."

"Exactly. And beside, that would be no more than fair — because how do I know but you may have some other sitter, as anxious not to be seen as I am. If you say so, I'll come by the back way, and not enter the house till I know your sitters are gone."

Sully agreed to this — and went to work with such heart upon the two pictures, that within a week he had brought the wife's up to match with the husband's, and used to have them all day long upon two easels before him — each looking at the other, with an expression very like what might have been hoped for, had the pictures themselves been laying their heads together and thinking of the catastrophe.

Again and again did it happen that the husband was sitting when his wife called; and more than once, notwithstanding all the painter's precautions, the husband had to be slipped out by the back way, while the wife was slipping in at the front; and when the two portraits were finished, and framed, and placed together in a good light upon the walls of the room, where they could be studied by the artist as man and wife, and touched — and retouched — here a little and there a little — with express reference to the droll situation of the parties, the husband came to tell him that everything was arranged, and that — rubbing his hands and chuckling with delight — he had beguiled his wife into a promise to take a long ride in the country, which would be sure to keep them so late, as to prevent all chance of her seeing the picture before she went to bed. Would'nt that be glorious? And he valued himself the more upon his management, because the lady, somehow, had never been *very* fond of riding — and the weather was not so *very* pleasant — and she had always been averse, particularly averse to coming home late; whereas now, oddly enough, she spoke of going so far, that if she had only stopped to think for a moment, or had her wits about her, she must have seen that they could'nt possibly get back before bed-time.

Sully congratulated the gentleman, and promising to have his part of the business attended to without fail — hit or miss — rain or shine — took the liberty of showing him the door, and hinting — just in time to prevent the wife, whose step he recognised in the back parlor, from meeting the husband in the entry — that the sooner he got away the better, as he had another sitter coming.

Hardly had the husband got off — which he did on tip-toe, closing the door so softly after him, that even Mr. Sully was in doubt whether he had gone, or whether he had only got frightened and crept back into the front parlor to hide himself — when the other door opened slowly and softly, and the wife peeped out, and asked if the sitter had gone — "I thought he never would go," said she.

"He, Madam — how should you know the sitter was a *he*?"

"Oh — I knew the step!"

"Knew the step, Madam!" Here was a pretty kettle of fish! For a moment the painter believed they had tumbled head-first into the fifth act, and spoiled the catastrophe; but the next he was reassured by the lady's adding, that she knew it was a man's step, and that the person, whoever it was, happened to have a slight creak in his shoes, and was trying to step softly. And do you know, she added, playfully touching Mr. Sully on the arm, do you know that I was dying to know who it was, and was just running to the front window to look out, when —

"Bless my soul, Madam!"

"Oh, but I didn't, though! I was only thinking how pleasant it would be — and then — no, no — do as you would be done by, says I to myself; how should you like to be served so? It would have been altogether too spiteful, wouldn't it, Mr. Sully? No, no — I wouldn't have done it for the world."

"I wouldn't have had you do it for the world, Madam," said the painter, laying his hand upon his heart with unspeakable solemnity. "Just imagine how you would have felt, Madam, on looking up at the window as you left the door, to find a pair of strange eyes watching you through the blinds, or peeping through the curtains — your husband's, for example!!"

"Oh lud, Mr. Sully — don't! don't! I should have dropped down upon the spot, I'm sure I should! But — just allow me to look at the cast of the drapery, as you call it, once more" — passing him as she spoke, and running to the door of the study.

"Not for your life, madam!" cried Sully, hurrying past her, and contriving to place himself in such a position that she couldn't see her husband's picture, though it was actually upon the wall, and almost fronting her as she opened the door and was about to enter. "Not for your life, madam! — the picture is finished — the shawl is magnificent, upon my word it is — the finest bit of drapery I ever painted in my life — and, in short, madam," drawing the door to with a gentle violence, turning the key and slipping it into his pocket as he continued — "every minute is precious now. It would be *such* a pity for you to be seen here" —

"You are right, Mr. Sully, you are right, and I will go; but first let me tell you what I have done. I declare I can't help laughing! — at breakfast this morning, what should my dear good husband do, but propose a ride over to Germantown this very afternoon — a ride I detest at this season of the year; he has got some business over there, it seems, and is willing to take me with him — was ever anything so lucky? and then the weather — not bad enough to keep us at home, nor pleasant

enough to justify so long a ride. Yet we are to return late — upon my word, when it came to that, I could hardly keep my countenance, and when I told him I had no objection to the night air, and thought on the whole it might do me good — there was the strangest look in his eyes for a moment, you ever saw — just as if he thought I was laughing at him — ha, ha, ha!"

"What an escape!" thought poor Sully, as the lady disappeared. "So far so good!" — fanning himself with a large crayon sketch, and dropping into a chair all out of breath; and then turning to the two portraits, who were looking at each other for all the world, as if they were both in the plot, he added — "As I live, my excellent friends, I should not be very much surprised to find that you have both been fooling me from the first. Your eyes look like it — and the smile about your mouths. Well, well — courage — let him laugh that wins! The best way, and the only way left, indeed, is to carry the joke through."

That afternoon, by four o'clock, the two portraits were hung up, and all the windows darkened, except one that furnished a favorable light; and all the doors were shut, and nobody on earth knew a syllable of what had been done — not even the servants — so beautifully managed was the affair. Under pretence of looking at a fine landscape, Sully had been admitted by the housekeeper — and having satisfied himself, and called in a student to enjoy it with him, they were left alone together, and went away together, just as they came — nobody being the wiser.

"My dear," said the wife next morning, — "what are you up so early for?"

"Have you forgotten, my love? I couldn't sleep for my life. This is the twenty-fifth."

"So it is, I declare, and that accounts for it. I have been fidgetting this last hour, ever since daylight, indeed. I could n't help wondering what *was* the matter with me. I've tried, and tried, and tried, but all to no purpose; I could *not* get to sleep again."

"Hadh't you better get up, my dear?"

"Yes — I believe I must."

And so both of the parties got up an hour and a half earlier than usual, on that day, and equipped themselves with the greatest possible expedition for the surprise they meditated, each upon the other.

"Stop, my dear — wait for me — don't be in a hurry," said the wife, seeing her husband about to leave the room — "I shall be ready in a moment."

"Certainly — with pleasure," answered the husband, half vexed with himself that he hadn't waked earlier, or taken an opportunity to steal out of bed while his wife was asleep, and to go down into the parlor to see if the picture was there; and in a favorable light; and then comforting himself with the recol-

lection that Sully was a man to be depended upon, under all circumstances, and of course that he should find everything in apple-pie order, and had nothing to fear. "How odd!" thought he, "after having been awake so long, she didn't happen to get up—and by some chance or other drop into the room below, and spoil the joke forever!" Poor man! How little did he suspect the truth! Husband and wife both, had been awake ever since long before day-light—each pretending to be asleep, and waiting for an opportunity to steal away—or listening each to the other's breathing, in the hope that such extraordinary restlessness might end at last in a comfortable nap.

Well—they descended the stairs together, and the husband was just putting out his hand to touch the handle of the door—when—lo and behold!—his wife stopped as if she too had something to say—and then smiled—and then both looked foolish—and then the husband, being able to stand it no longer, flung open the door and begged her to walk in!

As he moved away, she entered, trembling from head to foot. Both looked up—the wife screamed!—and the husband was all aghast! "My dear!" said he—and then he stopped short, overwhelmed with aston-

ishment and perplexity.—"Oh dear!" answered the wife, and then she came to a full stop, and both stood staring at the two pictures and rubbing their eyes, very much as if to satisfy themselves that they were broad awake.

Well, and what then?

Why then—my story is finished.

What a scene for the stage!

Yes—and what a lesson to people who go through the world, gathering always and never scattering; reaping where they have not sowed—and literally spunging their entertainment out of all the rest of the world, without shame or compunction! Are there not millions of stories like this afloat in the memories of people who never think of bringing them out, or of acknowledging their existence by word or sign. To all such, allow me to say, shame on you! for a pack of mumchances. What on earth are you good for! Think you that magazine writing—or stage-coach conversation is to be made up of axioms and apothegms, of essays and homilies! No. Both should be sprightly and natural, and ever changing—mutable as the leaves of autumn playing in the sunshine, or the chiming sea, when the blue waves are flashing with perpetual evolution.

THE LOVE TEST.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

I thought she was wayward—inconstant in part,
But thought not the weakness e'er reached to her heart;
'T was a lightness of mood which but tempted a lover
The more real way to that heart to discover.

What changeful seemed then, was the play of the wave,
Which veileth the depth of the firm ocean cave;
I cared not how fitful that light wave might flow,
I would dive for the pearl of affection below.

I won it! methought, and now welcome the strife,
The burthen, the toil, the worst struggles of life;
Come trouble—come sorrow—come pain and despair,
We divide ills, that each for the other would bear!

I believed—I could SWEAR there was that in her breast,
That soul of wild feeling, which needs but the test,
To leap like a falchion—bright, glowing, and true,
To the hand which its worth and its temper best knew.

And what was the struggle which tested love's power!
What fortune, so soon, could bring trial's dark hour?
Did some *shadow* of evil first make her heart quail?
Or the worst prove at once that her truth could ne'er fail?

I painted it sternly, the lot she might share!
I took from Love's wing all the gloss it may bear;
I told her how often his comrade is CARE!
I appealed to her *heart*—and her heart it was—WHERE!

THE PHARISEE AND THE BARBER.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

— "Pour dire les choses en fidèle historien."

SHEAFE LANE, in Boston, is an almost unmentionable and plebeian thoroughfare, between two very mentionable and patrician streets. It is mainly used by bakers, butchers, urchins going to school, and clerks carrying home parcels — in short, by those who care less for the beauty of the road than for economy of time and shoe-leather. If you please, it is a shabby hole. Children are born there, however, and people die and marry there, and are happy and sad there, and the great events of life, more important than our liking or disliking of Sheafe Lane, take place in it continually. It used not to be a very savory place. Yet it has an indirect share of such glory as attaches to the birth-places of men above the common. The (present) great light of the Unitarian Church was born at one end of Sheafe Lane, and one of the most accomplished merchant-gentlemen in the gay world of New York was born at the other. And in the old Haymarket (a kind of *cul de sac*, buried in the side of Sheafe Lane,) stood the dusty lists of the chivalric old Roulstone, a gallant horseman, who in other days would have been a knight of noble devoir, though in the degeneracy of a Yankee lustrum, he devoted his soldierly abilities to the teaching of young ladies how to ride.

Are you in Sheafe Lane? (as the magnetisers inquire.) Please to step back twenty odd years, and take the hand of a lad with a rosy face, (ourselves—for we lived in Sheafe Lane twenty-odd years ago,) and come to a small house, dingy yellow with a white gate. The yard is below the level of the street. Mind the step.

The family are at breakfast in the small parlor fronting on the street. But come up this dark staircase, to the bed-room over the parlor: — a very neat room, plainly furnished; and the windows are curtained, and there is one large easy chair, and a stand with a Bible open upon it. In the bed lies an old man of seventy, deaf, nearly blind, and bed-ridden.

We have now shown you what comes out of the shadows to us, when we remember the circumstances we are about to body forth in a sketch, for it can scarcely be called a story.

It wanted an hour to noon. The Boylston clock struck eleven, and close on the heel of

the last stroke followed the tap of the barber's knuckle on the door of the yellow house in Sheafe Lane. Before answering to the rap, the maid-of-all-work filled a tin can from the simmering kettle, and surveyed herself in a three-cornered bit of looking-glass, fastened on a pane of the kitchen window; then, with a very soft and sweet "good morning" to Rosier, the barber, she led the way to the old man's room.

"He looks worse to-day," said the barber, as the skinny hand of the old man crept up tremblingly to his face, conscious of the daily office about to be performed for him.

"They think so below stairs," said Harriet, "and one of the church is coming to pray with him to-night. Shall I raise him up now?"

The barber nodded, and the girl seated herself near the pillow, and lifting the old man, drew him upon her breast, and, as the operation went rather lingeringly on, the two chatted together very earnestly.

Rosier was a youth of about twenty-one, talkative and caressing, as all barbers are; and what with his curly hair and ready smile, and the smell of soap that seemed to be one of his natural properties, he was a man to be thought of over a kitchen fire. Besides he was thriving in his trade, and not a bad match. All of which was duly considered by the family with which Harriet lived, for they loved the poor girl.

Poor girl, I say. But she was not poor, at least if it be true that as a woman thinketh so is she. Most people would have described her as a romantic girl. And so she was, but without deserving a breath of the ridicule commonly attached to the word. She was uneducated, too, if any child of New England can be called uneducated. Beyond school-books and the Bible, she had read nothing but the Scottish Chiefs, and this novel was to her what the works of God are to others. It could never become familiar. It must be the gate of dream-land; what the moon is to a poet, what a grove is to a man of reverie, what sunshine is to all the world. And she mentioned it as seldom as people praise sunshine, and lived in it as unconsciously.

Harriet had never before been out to service. She was a farmer's daughter, new

from the country. If she was not ignorant of the degradation of her condition in life, she forgot it habitually. A cheerful and thoughtful smile was perpetually on her lips, and the hardships of her daily routine were encountered as things of course, as clouds in the sky, as pebbles in the inevitable path. Her attention seemed to belong to her body, but her consciousness only to her imagination. In her voice and eyes there was no touch or taint of her laborious servitude, and if she had suddenly been "made a lady," there would have been nothing but her hard hands to redeem from her low condition. Then, hard-working creature as she was, she was touchingly beautiful. A coarse eye would have passed her without notice, perhaps, but a painter would not. She was of a fragile shape, and had a slight stoop, but her head was small and exquisitely moulded, and her slender neck, round, graceful, and polished, was set upon her shoulders with the fluent grace of a bird's. Her hair was profuse, and of a tinge almost yellow in the sun, but her eyes were of a blue, deep almost to blackness, and her heavy eyelashes darkened them still more deeply. She had the least possible color in her cheeks. Her features were soft and unmarked, and expressed delicacy and repose, though her nostrils were capable of dilating with an energy of expression that seemed wholly foreign to her character.

Rosier had first seen Harriet when called in to the old man, six months before, and they were now supposed by the family to be engaged lovers, waiting only for a little more sunshine on the barber's fortune. Meantime they saw each other at least half an hour every morning, and commonly passed their evenings together, and the girl seemed very tranquilly happy in her prospect of marriage.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the day before mentioned, Mr. Flint was to make a spiritual visit to the old man. Let us first introduce him to the reader.

Mr. Asa Flint was a bachelor of about forty-five, and an "active member" of a church famed for its zeal. He was a tall man, with a little bend in his back, and commonly walked with his eyes upon the ground, like one intent on meditation. His complexion was sallow, and his eyes dark and deeply set, but by dint of good teeth, and a little "wintry redness in his cheek," he was good-looking enough for all his ends. He dressed always in black, of course, as all religious men must, and wore shoes with black stockings the year round. In his worldly condition, Mr. Flint had always been prospered. He spent five hundred dollars a year in his personal expenses, and made five thousand in his business, and subscribed, say two hundred dollars a year to such societies as printed the name of the donors. Mr. Flint had no

worldly acquaintances. He lived in a pious boarding-house, and sold all his goods to members of the country churches in communion with his own. He "loved the brethren," for he wished for converse with no one who did not see heaven and the church at his back — himself in the foreground, and the other two accessories in the perspective. Piety apart, he had found out at twenty-five, that, as a sinner, he would pass through the world simply Asa Flint — as a saint, he would be Asa Flint *plus* eternity and a large congregation. He was a shrewd man, and chose the better part. Also, he remembered, sin is more expensive than sanctity.

At four o'clock Mr. Flint knocked at the door. At the same hour there was a maternal prayer-meeting at the vestry, and of course it was to be numbered among his petty trials that he must find the mistress of the house absent from home. He walked up stairs, and after a look into the room of the sick man, despatched the lad who had opened the door for him, to request the "help" of the family to be present at the devotions.

Harriet had rather a pleasing recollection of Mr. Flint. He had offered her his arm, a week before, in coming out from a conference meeting, and had "presumed that she was a young lady on a visit" to the mistress! She arranged her kerchief and took the kettle off the fire.

Mr. Flint was standing by the bedside with folded hands. The old man lay looking at him with a kind of uneasy terror in his face, which changed, as Harriet entered, to a smile of relief. She retired modestly to the foot of the bed, and, hidden by the curtain, open only at the side, she waited the commencement of the prayer.

"Kneel there, little boy!" said Mr. Flint, pointing to a chair on the other side of the light-stand, "and you, my dear, kneel here by me! Let us pray!"

Harriet had dropped upon her knees near the corner of the bed, and Mr. Flint dropped upon his, on the other side of the post, so that after raising his hands in the first adjuration, they descended gradually, and quite naturally upon the folded hands of his neighbor — and there they remained. She dared not withdraw them, but as his body rocked to and fro in his devout exercise, she drew back her head to avoid coming into farther contact, and escaped with only his breath upon her temples.

It was a very eloquent prayer. Mr. Flint's voice, in a worldly man, would have been called insinuating, but its kind of covert sweetness, low and soft, seemed, in a prayer, only the subdued monotony of reverence and devotion. But it won upon the ear all the same. He began with a repetition of all the most sublime ascriptions of the psalmist, filling the room, it appeared to Har-

riet, with a superhuman presence. She trembled to be so near him with his words of awe. Gradually he took up the more affecting and tender passages of Scripture, and drew the tears into her eyes with the pathos of his tone and the touching images he wove together. His hand grew moist upon hers, and he leaned closer to her. He began after a short pause, to pray for her especially—that her remarkable beauty might not be a snare to her—that her dove-like eyes might beam only on the saddened faces of the saints—that she might be enabled to shun the company of the worldly, and consort only with God's people—and that the tones of prayer now in her ears might sink deep into her heart as the voice of one who would never cease to feel an interest in her temporal and eternal welfare. His hand tightened its grasp upon hers, and his face turned more towards her; and as Harriet, blushing spite of the awe weighing on her heart, stole a look at the devout man, she met the full gaze of his coal-black eyes fixed unwinkingly upon her. She was entranced. She dared not stir, and she dared not take her eyes from his. And when he came to his amen, she sank back upon the ground, and covered her face with her hands. And presently she remembered with some wonder, that the old man, for whom Mr. Flint had come to pray, had not been even mentioned in the prayer.

The lad left the room after the amen, and Mr. Flint raised Harriet from the floor and seated her upon a chair out of the old man's sight, and pulled a hymn-book from his pocket, and sat down beside her. She was a very enthusiastic singer, to say the least, and he commonly led the singing at the conferences, and so, holding her hand that she might beat the time with him, he passed an hour in what he would call very sweet communion. And, by this time the mistress of the family came home, and Mr. Flint took his leave.

From that evening, Mr. Flint fairly undertook the "eternal welfare" of the beautiful girl. From her kind mistress he easily procured for her the indulgence due to an awakened sinner, and she had permission to frequent the nightly conference, Mr. Flint always charging himself with the duty of seeing her safely home. He called sometimes in the afternoon, and had a private interview to ascertain the "state of her mind," and under a strong "conviction" of something or other, the excited girl lived now in a constant reverie, and required as much looking after as a child. She was spoiled as a servant, but Mr. Flint had only done his duty by her.

This seemed all wrong to Rosier, the barber, however. The bright, sweet face of the girl he thought to marry, had grown sad, and her work went all amiss—he could see

that. She had no smile, and almost no word, for him. He liked little her going out at dusk when he could not accompany her, and coming home late with the same man always, though a very good man, no doubt. Then, once lately, when he had spoken of the future, she had murmured something which Mr. Flint had said about "marrying with unbelievers," and it stuck in Rosier's mind and troubled him. Harriet grew thin and haggard besides, though she paid more attention to her dress, and dressed more ambitiously than she used to do.

We are reaching back over a score or more of years for the scenes we are describing, and memory drops here and there a circumstance by the way. The reader can perhaps restore the lost fragments, if we give what we remember of the outline.

The old man died, and Rosier performed the last of his offices to fit him for the grave, and that, if we remember rightly, was the last of his visits, but one, to the white house in Sheafe lane. The bed was scarce vacated by the dead, ere it was required again for another object of pity. Harriet was put into it with a brain fever. She was ill for many weeks, and called constantly on Mr. Flint's name in her delirium, and when the fever left her, she seemed to have but one desire on earth—that he should come and see her. Message after message was secretly carried to him by the lad, whom she had attached to her with her uniform kindness and sweet temper, but he never came. She relapsed after a while into a state of stupor, like idiocy, and when day after day passed without amendment, it was thought necessary to send for her father to take her home.

A venerable looking old farmer, with white hairs, drove his rough wagon into Sheafe lane one evening, we well remember. Slowly, with the aid of his long staff, he crept up the narrow staircase to his daughter's room, and stood a long time, looking at her in silence. She did not speak to him.

He slept upon a bed made up at the side of hers, upon the floor, and the next morning he went out early for his horse, and she was taken up and dressed for the journey. She spoke to no one, and when the old man had breakfasted, she quietly submitted to be carried towards the door. The sight of the street first seemed to awaken some recollection, and suddenly in a whisper she called to Mr. Flint.

"Who is Mr. Flint?" asked the old man.

Rosier was at the gate, standing there with his hat off to bid her farewell. She stopped upon the sidewalk, and looked around hurriedly.

"He is not here—I'll wait for him!" cried Harriet, in a troubled voice, and she let go her father's arm and stepped back.

They took hold of her and drew her to—

ward the wagon, but she struggled to get free, and moaned like a child in grief. Rosier took her by the hand and tried to speak to her, but he choked, and the tears came to his eyes. Apparently she did not know him.

A few passers-by gathered around now, and it was necessary to lift her into the wagon by force, for the distressed father was confused and embarrassed with her struggles, and the novel scene around him. At the suggestion of the mistress of the family, Rosier lifted her in his arms and seated her in the chair intended for her, but her screams

began to draw a crowd around, and her struggles to free herself were so violent, that it was evident the old man could never take her home alone. Rosier kindly offered to accompany him, and as he held her in her seat and tried to soothe her, the unhappy father got in beside her and drove away.

She reached home, Rosier informed us, in a state of dreadful exhaustion, still calling on the name that haunted her; and we heard soon after, that she relapsed into a brain fever, and death soon came to her with a timely deliverance from her trouble.

THE YOUNG TUTORS.

[SEE PLATE.]

Two children sat among the sheaves
While the clear, summer air
Slept warmly on the cottage eaves,
And cheered the blithesome pair.
Contentedly they conned their book,
Till Fangs came sporting by,
And turned on them a pleading look,
With frolic in his eye.
They thought it hard that he should roam
Uncurbed by wisdom's rule,
While they sat listlessly at home,
And conned their task for school;
So calling him their toil to share,
One held his shaggy head,
The other with pedantic air,
Would trace the words he read!
As strolling by I marked him then
Look on with knowing eyes,
I thought of certain silent men
Who pass for very wise.

ON PREFACES AND DEDICATIONS.

BY W. A. JONES.

THE day of prefaces and courtly dedications, is well nigh past. The readers of the present generation are generally in too great a hurry to penetrate the inner courts of the Temple of Truth, or oftener of Pleasure, to linger long about the sacred Porch, and are too apt to neglect the formal compliments and elaborate address of the janitor, at the gate. With a disregard and indifference

(more especially with us Americans) to the amenities of social intercourse, has also been introduced a carelessness on the part of authors. Rarely we meet a conciliatory poem or an affectionate salutatory; still less frequently we encounter a critical introduction, or argument of the work. Modern society laughs at the studied courtesies of the old school of politeness; and modern critics are

equally inclined to ridicule the hyperbolical praises and scholastic introductions of their literary forefathers. But let us discriminate. At the same time, that the herd of authors, (not very different in the most unpleasant aspects, at any one period, from what they are at all others,) ran riot in extravagant adulations, and prolix, stupid and tiresome self-eulogium, or worse yet, self-censure, there were writers living who have made the Preface and the Dedication classical provinces of elegant composition; whose skill in spirited portrait and delicate flattery, in the last department and whose clear, acute and copious analogies and illustration, in the first, have rendered them indispensable appendages to the work, we are accustomed to regard as standards in their class.

A preface may be regarded as having the same relation to the work that follows, as the symphony bears to the opera or oratorio; a prologue to a play; or when extended and explanatory, as an overture to an opera. It should give the reader, the key-note to the book itself, and the harmonies, it is supposed to contain. Or else, it should in a bird's-eye view, display the whole scope of the theme, with all its bearings. It should rarely admit of an apologetic tone and never deprecate the honest severity of just criticism. That is a bad book as well as a feeble character, that *begs* off from a close inspection. There should be no *petitio principii*, no morbid modesty; neither any false fears, nor artful affectations. Its business is to speak the truth, yet not necessarily the whole of the truth. It is well to keep something in reserve; to promise too little rather than too much; to know how to disappoint one's friends the right way.

In the Dedication, the writer makes his bow and presents his compliments; addressing himself to a near friend, or heart's idol, (a great author or public character, who stands on an elevation far above him, yet whom he cherishes with an affectionate veneration;) and, although the custom is rapidly falling into disuse, it seems to us as disrespectful to the reader for a writer to omit this piece of introductory civility, as it would appear to any well bred company for a person to enter without saluting any member of it, and depart, in the same graceless manner. A similar omission in letters, of an epithet of attachment or regard, strikes us much in the same way, as if one stopped another in the street and fell at once into conversation with him, without shaking of hands, a smile, an inquiry after the person's health who is addressed, a passing good-morrow, or even a civil nod. When a man wishes to assume a magisterial air, to write in the imperative or *minatory* mood, he may waive all forms of address. But between friends, it is one of the indispensable bonds of connexion, and

furnishes one of the strongest ties (however slight it may appear,) to lasting attachment.

Not to trench farther upon the confined limits to which our lucubrations are restricted, we must make an end of these preface remarks and come to the point.

In looking through the Index to the First Series of the Curiosities of Literature, we remarked a section on Prefaces; and began to think we had chanced upon a topic already exhausted by the learned research and ingenious criticism of the elder D'Israeli. But a reference to the paragraph in question, speedily satisfied us how much more had been left for subsequent essayists; that the liberal antiquary had by no means employed a tithe of his researches, had merely indicated a point or two, leaving the multifarious instances for future inquirers to accumulate and dispose. Of what he has written, however, (a page or two only,) we readily avail ourselves, for who has more justly gained the title of the Literary Antiquary than D'Israeli, and from whose books can our later critics gain a better insight into many varieties of letters and the profession of authorship, than from the fragmentary note-books of the same author?

Prefaces, it appears, are no modern inventions. Cicero is said to have kept a volume by him fitted for all sorts of works; a species of assorted common-places cast into the form of an address. Prefaces then, as more lately, even down to the time of Johnson, were written to order, by authors who wrote only that part of the published book. Some introductions, too, were and have been written which might have answered equally well for any productions of a similar cast. This is well-known of Sallust's introductory paragraphs to his two histories. And, if we are not mistaken in the recollection, Clarendon's preface to his history of the Rebellion, might with slight alteration have answered for a narrative of any popular revolution. Sir W. Raleigh's preface might be prefixed to any universal history; and Hooker's, to any treatise on Ecclesiastical polity, so far as the bearing of the introduction, on the work that follows, is concerned. All of these are, in themselves, intrinsically noble, but with little individuality or close connexion with the particular subject.

A friend reminds us that the same criticism may be applied to Voltaire's preface to his history of Charles XII.; we had forgotten this instance, but adopt it on the testimony of a witness so likely to be correct. Many other examples, we dare say, might be produced; but a few are sufficient.

If we were to fix an era when prefaces might be said to be emphatically in fashion in England, we should be obliged to include a couple of centuries at least; from the beginning of the reign of James I. to the end of

the reign of George III. We might commence nearly a century earlier, but restrict ourselves within pretty well defined limits. A book published at that period, whatever its character or pretensions, without a preface of some description, or a dedication of some kind, might have been regarded as an anomaly. With this necessary requisition, it was not expected, however, that all prefaces and all dedications should be cast into the same mould. It was enough, if the usual form and style of the one, and the customary spirit and length of the others, were observed. It is curious, therefore, to remark the variety of styles, and the difference of manner. Flattery wore a number of elegant disguises, from the magnificent hyperbole of Bacon to the easy grace of Steele. Criticism was one thing in the hands of the harmonious Dryden, and quite another thing in the pages of the brilliant and sententious Pope.

Perhaps the finest preface in the language is Pope's Preface to his *Miscellanies*, most of them written before the age of twenty-five. And, for our own parts, we regard the dedication of the *Lover*, by Steele, as the noblest dedication we ever read. As the volume is very scarce, we quote the entire epistle, as a masterpiece of its kind :

" *To Sir Samuel Garth, M. D.*

" Sir—As soon as I thought of making the *Lover* a present to one of my friends, I resolved, without further distracting my choice, to send it *To the best-natured Man*. You are so universally known for this character, that an epistle so directed would find its way to you without your name, and I believe nobody but you yourself would deliver such a superscription to any other person.

" This propensity is the nearest akin to love ; and good nature is the worthiest affection of the mind, as love is the noblest passion of it ; while the latter is wholly employed in endeavoring to make happy one single object, the other diffuses its benevolence to all the world.

" As this is your natural bent, I cannot but congratulate you on the singular felicity, that your profession is so agreeable to your temper. For what condition is more desirable, than a constant impulse to relieve the distressed, and a capacity to administer that relief ! *When the sick man hangs his eye on that of his physician, how pleasing must it be to speak comfort to his anguish, to raise in him the first motions of hope, to lead him into a persuasion that he shall return to the company of his friends, the care of his family, and all the blessings of being.*

" The manner in which you practise this heavenly faculty of aiding human life, is according to the liberality of science, and demonstrates that your heart is more set upon doing good than growing rich.

" The pitiful artifices which empirics are guilty of, to draw cash out of valetudinarians, are the abhorrence of your generous mind, and it is as common with Garth to supply indigent patients with money for food, as to receive it from wealthy ones for physic. How much more amiable, Sir, would the generosity which is already applauded by all who know you, appear to those whose gratitude you every day refuse, if they knew that you resist their presents lest you should supply those whose wants you know, by taking from those with whose necessities you are unacquainted ?

" The families you frequent receive you as their friend and well-wisher, whose concern, in their behalf, is as great as that of those who are related to them by the ties of blood, and the sanctions of affinity. This tenderness interrupts the satisfactions of conversations, to which you are so happily turned, but *we forgive you that our mirth is often insipid to you, while you sit absent to what passes amongst us, from your care of such as languish in sickness.* We are sensible their distresses, instead of being removed by company, return more strongly to your imagination by comparison of their condition to the jollities of health.

" But I forget I am writing a dedication ; and, in an address of this kind, it is more usual to celebrate men's great talents, than those virtues to which such talents should be subservient ; yet, where the bent of a man's spirit is taken up in the application of his whole force to serve the world in his profession, it would be frivolous not to entertain him rather with thanks for what he is, than applause for what he is capable of being. Besides, Sir, there is no room for saying anything to you, as you are a man of wit, and a great poet ; all that can be spoken in the celebration of such faculties has been incomparably said by yourself to others, or by others to you. You have never been excelled in this kind but by those who have written in praise of you : I will not pretend to be your rival, even with such an advantage over you, but assuring you, in Mr. Codrington's* words, that I do not know whether my admiration or love is greater,

" I remain, Sir, your most faithful friend, and most obliged humble servant,

" RICHARD STEELE."

If this be not writing from and to the heart we know not what is. This was one of those rare occasions where both writer and patron have a generous spirit, and where praise can be given without servility, and received without loss of self-respect.

To return to the earliest writers of dedications in English : (we have forsaken regula-

* Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy ;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

Codrington to Dr. Garth, before the Dispensary.

richness of method in the present paper, but shall endeavor to regain it ;) Bacon's dedication of the *Advancement*, to the King, is a piece of keen satire and magnificent eulogium united, forming a composition of wonderful ingenuity and eloquence. Dryden's dedications are equally splendid and fulsome : we cannot help admiring his rich musical style, and copious matter, (a *Field of Cloth of Gold*), but at the same time we lose all confidence in the sincerity of a man who could address the most insipid peer of the realm in the same glowing colors with which he would depict the features of the prince of poets. His critical prefaces are even finer yet, and may be justly styled æsthetical treatises. Mere prefaces, in a confined sense, Dryden did not write, but rather rich, copious, critical essays. On his own premises, and with his artificial education, Dryden reasoned vigorously, and illustrated his views with beauty, and even splendor of ornament. He has left on record the finest portraits of the Elizabethan dramatists, Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher. But Dryden is not without defects. He is tediously minute in criticising his own dramatic pieces, and displays too much of erudition on points of comparatively trifling importance.

Steele's dedication to the *Lover* we have extracted. The dedications of the volumes of the *Tattler* are hardly less fine. They are much shorter, and less personal, but graceful and natural. In the dedication of the first volume, to Mr. Maynwaring, he thus admirably sets forth, (what should have been placed in a preface, for it relates to the work itself, and not to its patron,) the sum of his endeavors, and which might be assumed, with the greatest propriety by every work of the kind : "The general purpose of this paper is to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behavior." In the dedication to the second volume, to Mr. Ed. Wortley Montague, he thus delicately compliments his benevolent generosity : "I know not how to say a more affectionate thing to you, than to wish that you may be always what you are ; and that you may ever think, as I know you now do, *that you have a much larger fortune than you want.*" The third volume opens with a perfect specimen of amenity and courteous eloquence. It is addressed to Lord Cowper, in Steele's proper person, and includes a brilliant portrait of the great statesman, and forensic orator. The concluding volume of the series is presented to Lord Halifax, the *Mæcenas* of the day, to whom every author of eminence offered the first fruits of his genius, and dedicated the choicest productions of his maturer taste. He was the nobleman, ambitious of literary fame, who was "Fed

with soft dedications all day long," by Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, (who afterwards changed his tune, upon being neglected by him,) &c.

Addison's dedications have not so genial a tone as his fellow-laborer's ; yet they are unquestionably impressed with the habitual elegance of his style. He was fortunate in his patrons, the first four volumes of the *Spectator* being addressed to Somers, Halifax, Boyle, and Marlborough.

Pope's preface, we remarked, was perhaps the finest in the language. It is curt, polished, full of sense, with a dash of caustic irony and refined sentiment curiously blended, and written as with a pen of steel. The same antithetical manner, precision of thought and brilliancy of expression, that made the epigrammatic verse of the *Wasp* of Twit'nam ; prevail in his prose, and in none of his prose pieces do they appear in such a vivid light as in the preface to his *Miscellaneous Works*.

We can only refrain from transcribing passage after passage by the apprehension of exceeding our prescribed space, and by the reflection that as the works of Pope are so universally accessible, that quotation would only tend to encourage indolence in the reader, who can turn to it readily.

Mr. Chalmers speaks of Johnson's dedications as "models of courtly address : " they might have been such in the reign of the dull Dutchman, George II., but now-a-days they read a little too much like the pompous flourishes of the ancient regime. Goldsmith's dedications are much briefer, but more to the point, and more graceful. In an introduction, despite of the triptology of his style, Johnson was at home. And his style was admirably suitable to occasions of moment and themes of weight and importance. From the sonorous music of his best writing, we can readily admit, that Temple (as has been asserted), was one of the models of Johnson's prose. In point and vigor Johnson was superior, but he wanted Temple's simplicity and ease. Johnson used to say, there were two things he knew he could do well ; state what a work ought to contain, and then relate the reasons or deduce the causes, why the writer had failed in executing what he proposed. The first of these talents he possessed to perfection, as we see by his prefaces, most of which were written to order, and are often vastly superior to the book they introduced to the reader. The preface to Roll's Dictionary of Trade and Commerce is a striking instance. Johnson had never seen the book, but was asked to give a preface, which he wrote accordingly. He said he knew what such a book ought to contain, and marked out its expected contents. According to Chalmers, the production was almost worthless. When a bookseller's drudge, the noble old moralist indited many an introduc-

tion to books of travel and science, school treatises, translations, catalogues. Only a few of these have been preserved in the correct editions of his works.

Johnson possessed great faculties of method and classification. He had clear and strong, though not fine and subtle powers of analysis and classification. Hence resulted this talent of telling what a book should contain. In a preface it was not his business to go farther. But in his lives and extended criticisms he was equally happy in assigning the causes of ill success and of certain failure, on particular grounds. Goldsmith's prefaces were less rigorous, less pointed, but more graceful and simply beautiful.

After the dissolution of the Johnsonian school of writers, we read few classical prefaces save by pupils of the old classical school. Irving is the last of these. Scott expended considerable pains on his introductions, and proposed rewriting all of his prefaces to the Waverly novels, just before his death. Much of Sir Walter's pleasantest writing occurs in these rambling preludes to his animating narratives. Bulwer's prefaces are distorted by the narrowest egotism and unbounded assumption, yet they are such as a man of his great talents alone would write. The poets have written the best prose and the best prefaces, too; such are (wide apart to be sure) Hunt's lively gossiping introductions, and Wordsworth's elevated lectures, for such they amount to, on the dignity and nobleness of his art.

We trust the day is coming when writers will return to the composition of prefaces, if only to preserve an historical interest in their works. Much of the interest of the old prefaces is derived from the names at the top and bottom of the page, with the date of publication. Prefaces thus afford authentic materials for literary history, and if carefully executed, for literary criticism. They preserve, too, a regard for the good and well-

tested standard forms of writing, and in themselves require a species of talent that should not be neglected. To declare his principal aims, and explain his chief intentions, thereby giving the reader a proper clue to the argument of the whole work, with a candid and open avowal of deficiencies, is the proper business of a preface, and of a writer of books. To address his friend, or at least the reader, with cordiality or respect, in accordance with the spirit of the production; to bespeak his favorable notice, or seek to avoid unmerited neglect, is the province of the dedication. To accomplish these ends, a recurrence to standard models cannot be hurtful, since there is something of a formal and as it were, of artistical etiquette in the matter, and which is not to be lost sight of. The author, who is also a gentleman, and it is the effect of letters to make him such, will certainly endeavor to carry himself with as genteel an air on paper as in company. In every place, he will observe the universal laws of polite regard and the local observances of conventional decorum. One of these is to write a preface to every book he publishes, which should also be accompanied by a dedication. In the first, he addresses the public; and in the last he acknowledges the claims of private affection or personal gratitude, of admiration for talents or virtue in one of the stars of contemporary literature, or of worth and excellence in obscure genius and unobtrusive merit. The preface pleads, apologizes, defends or attacks: the dedication conciliates and compliments. Let an author be friendless and humble, he still can appeal to the "gentle" reader for sympathy and confidence.

To the lovers of literature, and especially of its curiosities and antiquities, and we hope among the readers of the Miscellany to number many such, we dedicate this *petit morceau* of criticism and research.

A FAREWELL TO FANCY.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

With thee no more, O Fancy, may I stray,
My dreamy eye through thee all things beholding —
No more with loitering feet, and hands enfolding
I seek the bower where flickering sun-beams play;
Farewell, O cheerful spirit, we must part —
Thou hast no portion in a weary heart.

Farewell! the dew within the floweret's cup
An Angel's face to me no more revealing,
Glad voices now, no more around me stealing,
Fann'd by thy wing, may lift my spirit up,
The world is all too drear for thee, sweet sprite,
And I will bid thee one, long, last good night!

Yet linger thou — Oh! when the stars are out,
 Let thoughts of thee, the weak, lone heart beguiling,
 Steal gently in, and lure the lip to smiling —
 Though darkness and distress may be about,
 The waving of thy robe I fain would see,
 Though thou forever now art lost to me.

I know that thou art deemed a lesser sprite,
 Thy rainbow wing unfit for lofty soaring,
 Yet not the less for thee was my adoring,
 I, who have shrank in terror from a flight
 That leaving lowlier things, too oft hath left
 The aching heart of all its love bereft.

Thou wilt not bide — thy shadowy form each day,
 More faint and faintly on my vision gleaming,
 May not the Real screen with thy sweet seeming,
 And yet, thou wilt not turn thy face away —
 Though form be lost, thy saddened eyes remain,
 Fond gentle eyes, that lure me from my pain.

Farewell — in all the ministry of life —
 Though visions fade, and such as once were keeping
 Bright vigils round, vigils that knew no sleeping,
 May leave for others better armed for strife,
 Yet blessed ones, 't is sweet to think that ye,
 And such as ye, have watched our destiny.

THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

[SEE PLATE.]

It was toward the close of what had been a fine day in June, 1813, when the last rays of the departing sun, as though loth to leave so sweet a spot, were gilding the solitary spire and chimneys and house-tops of the little village of Montcaon — one of the prettiest in the south of France — and pouring down a dazzling flood of golden light along the highway leading to it, and the broad tract of surrounding country, that a way-worn traveller, afoot and alone, entered the environs of that quiet place. He was a man whose appearance was well calculated to excite curiosity and interest. He was not very young — perhaps some five and thirty summers had cheered him with their brightness — yet though he had passed through scarce half the period of years allotted to the common life of man, it was evident that those years had not been spent in idleness and ease, but had been attended with activity, adventure, and misfortune. He was habited in the well-known uniform of the infantry of the leader of the armies of gay and conquering France, but it was soiled and tattered — having, without doubt, been through much service. He wore

an apology for a cap fitted closely to his head. His knapsack, cartouch-box and an old and ragged cloak were strapped to his back; his sword in its iron scabbard dangled at his side, and in his hand he carried a long, steel-pointed staff, upon which he was obliged to lean for support at every step he took. His slow and faltering pace, his trembling limbs and the pale and haggard cast of his countenance, evinced that disease was preying on his vitals, and afforded but one of the melancholy instances of broken constitution and crippled body, which fall to the lot of many of those who blindly followed the fortunes of the bright-starred Napoleon, through his early, brilliant and glorious yet mad career. The thick coats of dust and mud upon his habiliments and accoutrements told, too, that he had travelled far that day. Yet there was something more in his appearance which excited the pity and commiseration of the passers-by. His left leg from his knee downward was bound up and bandaged with strips of an old uniform coat, and though he suffered his foot barely to touch the ground, and bore but lightly on it, yet much pain

seemed to attend the act, and it was plain that the limb was yet suffering from the effects of some severe wound.

Slowly through the village the wounded soldier dragged his wearied body, and though he often paused for a few moments to rest and gaze around him, yet he tarried not long at any spot, but immediately resumed his course toward the heart of the little place. It would seem — notwithstanding that all who passed him, young and old, male and female, appeared to know him not — that he was not an utter stranger in those parts, and looked not upon surrounding objects for the first time. Occasionally his eyes brightened and his step became rather more elastic as he drew near to some well-remembered spot, and as he approached the market-place his breath came shorter and quicker, and an expression of anxiety and fear of learning unwelcome tidings, was manifested in his looks. Thus on he went until he arrived in front of a little two-story wooden house, at the side of the street, with an overhanging porch, and bench beneath for idlers and loungers, (which, at this hour of the day, was generally as was the case now, well covered with a motley crew of various ages and condition, smoking and gossiping together, and enjoying themselves, at the close of their day's labors after their own manner,) and a swinging sign over the door, on which a rude attempt had been made to paint a huge, massy tankard overflowing with some kind of frothing liquid, and with letters of rambling proportions to convey the information to all whom it might concern, that travellers were there taken in, fed and lodged at ten sous a head. Pausing in front of the door of this house, the soldier begged of a stout muscular man, (who, from his appearance, had probably never known what a day's sickness was, and who was now tipped back in his chair and puffing dense clouds of tobacco smoke from his mouth, listening the while very attentively to all that was passing between his companions,) a cup of cold water to quench his thirst. This speedily brought the landlady to the door, who thinking from the sickly and impoverished appearance of the wayfarer, that the probability was that he had but little if indeed any money to pay for anything that might be given to him, began to rail at him somewhat sharply, and threw out sundry hints and threats of loosing upon him the house dog, who at that moment, as if to add effect to his mistress's words, commenced barking furiously. The soldier turned away from her without a word of comment on this unfeeling conduct, and had made several steps from the door, when one of those who were sitting in the porch and quaffing from their overflowing cans, touched with his sad condition, called to him to turn back.

"For shame, Goody," he said to the woman, as the soldier paused at the first kindly

accents that had greeted his ears for many a day, "for shame Goody, to treat thus one who has without doubt bled in the service of our darling Napoleon. Come hither, friend: you shall share my cup if it is the last that I ever have. I love soldiers well; I should have been one myself but my poor old father — may he rest in peace — took a strap when, foolish boy that I was, I wanted to enlist, and beat my military fever out of me. Come hither friend. From the army?"

"From Moscow," replied the soldier, receiving with grateful looks the can of wine which the kind villager had tendered him and drinking off the sparkling liquor at a single draught.

"From Moscow!" repeated all, while he who had performed this benevolent office toward the stranger, turned his eyes with something of a gleam of triumph in them, upon the hostess and his companions, and said,

"Served you through the whole of that sad campaign?"

"I did. I was among the first drafted to leave Paris. I crossed the Katocza with Murat, and received this wound in my leg at the assault upon Borodino, and was in the first division of the advanced guard, that entered Moscow. I saw the city of the Czars in flames — I saw the Kremlin blown up when Napoleon, in despair, quitted the place to return home, and I saw him who had led us into all this danger and, to many, death, desert those who would have given their heart's best blood for him, and seek his own safety in flight."

These words had a magical effect upon the company. Closely they collected around the soldier, and besought him to be seated, and narrate his adventures in detail. This, however, he refused, answering their pressing importunities by inquiring the way to the Rue Le Pont.

The man who had been previously very kind to him, now volunteered to go with him and show him the street, and then drawing the soldier's arm within his own, he motioned to start, and the two moved off slowly toward their destination. As they progressed, the soldier became much agitated. His limbs trembled, and, occasionally when he spoke, there was a faltering in the tones of his voice which told that his mind was ill at ease. "You are ill," suddenly exclaimed his kind-hearted conductor, noticing his agitation. "Sit you down; sit down on this stone, I will go and get something to revive you."

"No; no, I shall be better soon," replied the soldier, "old memories have a strange effect upon one. Tell me, does an old, yellow, wooden house still stand in the street to which we are going?"

"What, old Pierre Matthieus's dwelling? that it does," responded the other, "and a nice comfortable nest it is too."

"And the—the old man—Pierre Matthieu, is he living?"

"Living? yes, and hale and hearty, though he's over sixty years of age, and somewhat lame with the rheumatism, as well as stone-blind, yet he is strong and vigorous, and bids fair to live some years yet. There's many a man in this village much younger than he is who would give good round sums could they be as healthy."

The soldier raised his eyes to the evening sky above, and his lips moved for a few moments as though he was holding intercourse with beings of another world, and then heaving a long, deep-drawn sigh, he turned his gaze again upon the ground.

"Blind, said you?" he said musingly.

"As blind as a bat," replied the other.

"He was once noted for the keenness of his sight," rejoined the soldier.

"Very likely, but we can't help the ravages of time and disease," was the response.

"Ah! here is our street."

They turned now down a short, narrow street which branched off from the main one. The first thing that met the soldier's glance—and it may be supposed he was upon the look-out for it—was an old house, situated about half-way down the street, once painted yellow, but now so much faded and defaced, that it would have been almost impossible to tell what its color then was, with a bench at the side of the door, and honeysuckles trained up on each side of the same, a large capacious garden around it, and a neat rail fence with one of the prettiest of white gates in front, extending around the boundaries of the lot.

"That is the house," said the villager, "and there is old Pierre Matthieu and his daughter sitting at the door."

The soldier had perceived sitting on the bench, an old man habited in a faded suit of regimentals, and by his side the form of a young and rather pretty girl, dressed very plain and scantily, yet neat and tidy in the costume of the French peasantry of the day, and as he laid his hand upon the latch to open the gate, the latter left the side of her parent—for such he was to her—and advanced toward him.

"Will you give food and shelter for one night to one of the survivors of the flight from Russia?" inquired he.

"Who is that?" exclaimed the old man, as these words fell upon his ear, and the mention of that melancholy disaster struck a chord of sympathy in his bosom. "Who is that, *ma chere Lucie*, that you are talking with?"

"It is one of the emperor's soldiers, father, just got back from Russia. Will you give him a meal and rest for the night?"

"To be sure, girl, to be sure," responded the old man, "Let him come in by all means.

Perhaps he can give us some news of our poor long lost Jacques. Give him welcome, *Lucie*."

Thus cordially welcomed, the soldier opened the little gate and entered the garden, while his friendly conductor, having fulfilled his mission, left him, after bidding him good night, and returned to the tavern where he was immediately assailed by his friends there congregated, with questions as to the stranger's history, of all of which he professed to be, as he was in reality, entirely ignorant. In the mean time, the soldier had been received with open arms by old Pierre Matthieu, for the sake of the service to which he was once attached himself, while his daughter busied herself in bringing out a small table from the house and placing on it several dishes of the good things of this life, well calculated to tempt the appetite of any one, who like the stranger—as he averred—had tasted naught save the cup of wine at the tavern, since morning. A bottle of the juice of the grape was added, and a chair being then placed close up, he was bidden to be seated, and to satisfy his hunger. He did ample justice to the plain, but substantial meal set before him, and smacked his lips right well when he had swallowed the wine. Having finished the repast, the old man, who, during the time he had been eating, had appeared to be laboring with something on his mind, abruptly demanded,

"How long have you served in the army, friend?"

"Twenty years."

"Indeed!"

"Even so. Just twenty years since I ran away from my good father, and enlisted in the army under Jourdan, and in three weeks from that time I was in my first battle."

"Where? where?"

"At Toulon."

Old Pierre Matthieu clasped his hands together, and the perspiration rolled down his forehead in big drops, as he said,

"Go on; go on! I am anxious to know more—I have a reason for it—go on, where else have you been?"

"In many places. I was in Flanders, in 1794. I was at Lodi, when the desperate charge across the bridge carried the day. I trod the burning sands of Egypt. I crossed the Alps with Napoleon, and I was at the bloody fight of Merango, and stood within five yards of the brave Desaix, when he was struck down by a musket ball. I was at Austerlitz, and our detachment was following close upon the enemy when the ice on one of the lakes gave way and engulfed them, and we barely escaped the same fate. I was at Jena too, and at Corunna, where Sir John Moore, as brave an officer as ever led on troops to battle, fell to rise no more. Russia was my last field, and there I received, at

Borodino, the ball in my leg which I shall feel the effects of to the day of my death."

Pierre Matthieu listened with deep attention to the recital of this short summary of the soldier's past fortunes, and when he had concluded, he exclaimed eagerly,

"Did you—did you know my Jacques? His history is near like yours, for I have never failed, until within a few years, tracing his course by the means of friends. But where he is now!—alas! I know not. Like you, he ran away from me, and singular enough, it is just twenty years ago. He was about your age, and one very easy to become acquainted with. You must have known him."

"I did, well and intimately," answered the soldier, "he was a staunch friend to me, and never, while I live, will I forget him or cease to love him. Poor fellow!"

"Ha! what say you?" exclaimed old Pierre, as his quick sense of hearing caught this expression of pity, "why poor fellow!"

"Alas! he fell at Austerlitz."

The old man clasped his hands together again and bowed his head upon his knees. He spoke not, moved not, and for a few moments, so completely were his feelings shocked, and his whole system paralyzed, that it seemed as if his soul had left its tenement of clay. At last, raising his head, he turned his sightless eyes upon the stranger, and as the big tears coursed down his cheeks he said, in a voice broken with deep emotion,

"Your last words have crushed the little hope that was springing up in my bosom. I deemed—something, I know not what, told me that you was my long lost, my darling boy. Ah! woe's me. I never shall again hold him, as I had fondly hoped, in these old arms—I could not see him—but I might have pressed him to my bosom, and welcomed him home again. I might have told him that I had forgiven all, and once more heard his voice answering mine. Alas! alas! I shall no more meet him here. Did he ever speak of me?"

"Often. He ever loved you, and often spoke of your teaching him when quite young,

to fence and to go through the exercise in which you was schooled under Marschal Richelieu, in the war of the alliance against the great Frederick."

"My brave boy!" ejaculated the old man, and then said, "How died he? I doubt not bravely."

"He fell like a soldier, upon a redoubt at Austerlitz, with his face to the foe, his musket in his hand which he had clubbed when ammunition failed him, and the shout of 'vive Napoleon!' ringing on his lips."

"And the emperor," gasped old Pierre Matthieu, "did—did Napoleon place on his body, when dead, that which he denied him living?"

"The Cross of the Legion of Honor?"

"Yes; yes."

"It was affixed to his breast upon the field of battle and never taken from him."

The old man again clasped his hands together while tears of joy ran down his cheeks.

"Come to my arms," he exclaimed, "stranger though you are, I love you for my poor boy's sake, and for the tidings that you have brought me. Come, you shall henceforth fill the place of my poor Jacques."

"I will," replied the stranger, springing toward him, "I can conceal it no longer. Father, father, I am that Jacques whom you have mourned so long, returned to be forgiven, and to die in peace. Think not hard of the deception that I played upon you. I did indeed, fall at Austerlitz, but not in death. Receive me penitent and broken-hearted to your arms and bless me."

Pierre Matthieu's joy was too intense to be expressed in words. He caught him in his arms, but ere he pressed him to his bosom, his fingers had crept over his left breast in search of the prized token of bravery and merit, while the maiden, whom the noise and confusion of the moment had called to the door, now looked with surprise and a new-born feeling of strange pleasure, upon the brother who had left his paternal home when she was an unconscious infant, and whom with her beloved father she had long mourned as dead to them.

R. L. W.

TO ———.

They say thou art wayward, untruthful and vain,
As fickle and wild as the air,
Too fond of display, too remorseless of pain,
Love's noble devotion to share.
I know not how true is the frequent surmise,
For they say woman's heart is unread,
But revelling thus in the light of thy eyes,
I wish thy traducers were dead!

HAL.

WE ARE SPIRITS.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

We are spirits — wildered spirits,
Errant from our native sphere ;
Busy now, but with to-morrow,
Who of us will still be here ?
We 're amid this dust and vapor,
Chasing shadowy shapes about,
Each by life's uncertain taper,
Which a moment's wing puts out.

We are spirits — burdened spirits,
Masked, and wearing cloaks of clay ;
Grieved and care-worn ; wrung and stricken ;
Robbed and wounded where we stray.
Yet, on earth, the common mother
Of the forms that veil us here,
Do we feign to one another,
Use the smile to hide the tear.

We are spirits — restless spirits,
Eager still for something more,
Something we shall ne'er determine
Till our mortal search is o'er.
Grasping, losing, self-deluding,
What we clasp we cannot stay —
That o'er which our hearts are brooding,
Is but fledged to fly away !

We are spirits — light-winged spirits,
While our pinions never-furled
Bear us on, we know not whither,
Till we 've left a passing world.
With an heirship to recover
In the country of our birth,
Fondly do we hang and hover
O'er our little heaps of earth.

We are spirits — fearful spirits,
Having powers we do not know,
Which, with use of talents lent us,
Light eternal is to show.
Time is ever onward hasting :
Endless life, or endless death,
While the moments fast are wasting,
Hangs upon a transient breath.

We are spirits, born of Spirit,
God our Father, heaven the home
He would have us seek, as children,
Never, never more to roam.
Yet like one with baubles playing
On the way at fall of night,
We may perish by delaying,
With our Father's house in sight.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

THE VILLAGE POET.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Brama assai, poco spera e nulla chiede."

Tasso.

How deep, how powerful, is the influence of association! How completely will it overcome the effect of present objects, and convert the gayest scene into one of sadness! We are accustomed to associate the musings of pensive thought with the season of autumn; we call its days the saddest of the year, and, therefore, though its gorgeous tinted foliage, its genial breezes, and its warm sunshine, all speak of cheerfulness and enjoyment, we remember only the desolation which they herald, and yield our hearts to the desponding fancies which such presentiments awaken. I look out, now, upon a brighter scene than ever summer painted. The grass wears its rich emerald hue, the trees have put on regal splendor, the trailing grape vines seem like scions from Aladdin's enchanted garden, for their foliage is golden, and the clusters of rich fruit glow in the sunbeam like amethysts. How beautifully the glancing shadows flicker upon that spot of matted turf! With what mellowed softness the light falls upon yonder picturesque old tree, marking out, with wonderful distinctness of outline, every knot on the scarred trunk, every curve in the gnarled branches, every tiny leaf-stem, that quivers in the breeze. The air is as balmy as if it were a breath from the sweet south, and musical with the hum of bees and the carol of birds. All is brightness and beauty, and, as it would seem, gladness; but how different are the influences now abroad from those awakened in the joyous spring! Then, the pulse seems to bound with the buoyancy of renovated youth, and in the budding loveliness which meets the eye on every side, we find, or make analogies, to suit our own feelings; but autumn's gayest garb is one of mourning; we know it is the glory which precedes decay, and we yield our hearts to memory rather than hope. It is the season of quiet thought, of melancholy fancies, of poetic dreams. Alas! are not such dreams ever the shadows of past sorrows? for, what is poetry but the oracular utterance of sad and solemn truths!

To one whose moods of mind are swayed even by the passing breeze, the fall of the leaf must ever bring sober visions of life. I may not weave a merry tale for thee, gentle reader; the "griefs and cranks," which

might amuse a gay circle around a Christmas fire, are all forgotten; and, instead of winning thy smiles, I can only hope to awaken thy sympathies, in the fate of one of those gifted and fore-doomed beings whom the world calls poets.

From his earliest infancy, Herbert Langdale was a feeble and sickly child, resting ever, as it seemed, on the very threshold of the grave, and only retained in life by the watchfulness of maternal tenderness. For years he was utterly helpless — a dwarfed, decrepid, little creature, swathed like a new born babe, and unable to move a limb by his own volition. His mother, who with true womanly feeling, loved her suffering child far more than all the world beside, devoted to him every hour that she could spare from other duties, while Herbert looked to her for all his solace under privation, and all his pleasures during moments of comparative ease. The merry shouts of his hardier brothers, as they sported in all the wild joy of animal existence, beneath the window where he lay in utter helplessness, never came with so harsh a sound to his ear, if his mother was at his side. Her eye seemed ever to shed sunshine upon him; her voice was the music of his life; her love the measure of his existence; and deceived by his quiet, unrepining gentleness, the fond mother dreamed not of the morbid melancholy which was gradually sapping the foundations of mental strength in her afflicted but gifted boy.

Mrs. Langdale was one of those persons, who, to an excitable nervous temperament, unite great vigor of character. She had married early, and, as her husband was a man of ordinary mind, plainly educated, and possessing that good sense which renders the American farmer so useful, so respectable, but at the same time so *un-romantic* an individual, she would probably have lived and died unconscious of the enthusiastic tenderness of her own nature, had not love for her helpless child stirred the deep fountains of her heart. Those profound and gushing affections which God has placed in the bosom of every woman, affections which sometimes waste themselves in the girlish romance of early love, sometimes lose themselves in the destructive overflow of passion, and sometimes, alas! too rarely, are gathered into the

broad deep channel of conjugal and maternal love, seemed in this case to be poured out in all their fulness, upon the blighted life of her child ; and if the freshening influence of such tenderness could have availed, the boy's future path would have been one of verdure and flowers. Herbert could not analyze the emotions of her who bent over him with looks of such pitying love, but he could feel their influence, and sympathize in their expression. The sensitiveness of nature, the extreme susceptibility of mind, which usually characterize physical deformity rendered him too like his mother, and she, forgetting that while it is the lot of woman to endure, the destiny of man calls him to actual conflict with his fellows, cherished the tenderness which should have been subdued. Possessing that great precocity of intellect, which, to the philosophic observer appears only as another and more fearful proof of bodily disease, he became the object of his mother's pride as well as love, and with that ill-judged ambition which has hurried many a feeble child into an early grave, she urged him forward in the pursuit of knowledge. Reclining on his couch in moments of such excessive debility that even the utterance of a word was painful to him, he tasked his brain to remember and collate the wisdom which came to him from the sages of past time, and was repeated from a mother's lips. She read books which she would once have deemed perfectly incomprehensible ; she studied subjects, from which her mind turned with indifference and dislike, in order that she might impart new light to the developing mind of her son ; and when his excited imagination began to find utterance, in the vague sweet language of poetry, nothing could exceed her happiness and exultation.

Mrs. Langdale had always predicted, that as Herbert's mind strengthened, his physical powers would receive new vigor. She seemed to be impressed with a presentiment, that he was destined to some lofty fate, and to maternal love no miracle seemed improbable. Whether in this case, as in many others, the prophecy produced its own realization, by awakening a belief in its possibility, may not be determined, but certain it is, that ere he had passed his twelfth summer, the boy was able to leave the couch on which he had lain during so many weary years ; and, though he still remained dwarfed and distorted in figure, he was no longer helpless and suffering. The devoted mother beheld the first reward of her cares, and confidently anticipated the moment when Herbert's mental gifts would so overpower his physical defects, that the world would learn the value of the priceless gem which so frail a casket now enclosed. But that day she was destined never to see. A slight cold, a few days of apparently trifling indisposition, were suf-

ficient to sever the fragile thread of life, in one whose strength had been for years overtasked, and a very few months after Herbert had shaken off the fetters of sickness, he sat in mute agony beside the death-bed of his idolized mother.

To describe his terrific emotions, to depict the harrowing wretchedness of the boy's spirit, would exceed the power of language. He seemed crushed to the earth, and the low moans, which issued from his pale lips, were like the last vibrations of his heart to breaking chords. In her last moments Mrs. Langdale had implored her husband to guard with especial tenderness the child on whom so much of her love had been lavished. She had no fear for the hardy, robust, and joyous little ones, whose tears were but as the dew-drop on the flower, and whose shouts of ringing laughter would mingle with the faint echo of the passing bell. But for Herbert, who had lived but in her presence, and to whom her tender and gentle care had been more than life itself, for him she uttered her love's last prayer. The sorrowing husband promised all she asked, and doubtless, in that moment of softening grief, felt himself fully equal to any affectionate duty. But Mr. Langdale knew little of the nature of his child. The boy's agony startled and terrified him ; he could not understand his wild, fierce, grief ; he was unable to contend with so unmanageable a sorrow, and after a few vain attempts at common-place consolation, he left Herbert to the soothing influences of time.

If there be anything which can make us sensible of our own utter insignificance in life — anything which can convince us that we are mere ciphers in the vast sum of human existence, deriving a factitious value only from our position — it may be found in the fact, that the world, even the little world of love which surrounds each one of us, revolves as quietly, and apparently as regularly, when deprived of our presence, as it did when we considered ourselves indispensable to its movements. Who has not felt this, when returning from a long absence ? We remember the gloom which separation seemed to leave upon the hearts of dear friends ; we recall the bitter moment, when the agony of a life seemed concentrated in the single word "farewell ;" and we return to find, that but for the hope of a distant reunion, our memory would long since have faded from the minds of those who loved us best. Let us contemplate, for a moment, some sweet picture of domestic happiness : Behold the husband, seeking in the calm seclusion of home, a refuge from the turmoil of the busy world, looking in the eyes of his gentle wife for the sunshine which lights his whole existence, and hearing in the prattle of his little ones, a music sweeter than the me-

lody of birds ; see the wife reigning, by the right of chosen affection, a queen over the little realm of love, while she bows in the lowly submission of that sweet devotion which is a woman's richest heritage ; observe the blending of those two hearts, the unity of feeling, the oneness of sentiment, the transfusion of spirit, the apparent indivisibility of the bond which unites them. How could one of these exist without the other ? Would we not say,

" When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart, must perish too ! "

But it is not so. Death crosses the threshold of that quiet home : the wife, the mother, she who never ceased to minister in all things to those for whom she lived, is called to leave them ere her task be done. The sun is yet high in Heaven, she has borne the heat and burden of the day, and she is looking forward to the quiet evening hour, when she may find repose amid those for whom she has toiled. A summons from the grave calls her to lay aside her cares ; death waits to lead her to a more unbroken rest, and within the precincts of that narrow house, appointed for all the living, she lies down to sleep in peace. The voice of wailing is heard, the sound of grief goes up to heaven, and the tears of the widowed and the orphaned water the flowers upon the untimely grave.

Wait but a few brief months, and then let us look into that desolated home. The children in the gaiety of frolic infancy have forgotten the grief, which to them was but a dark cloud in a sky of sunny hopefulness ; they remember no more the dreariness which came upon them when the retreating footsteps of the burial train had left them alone with their sorrow ; they have learned to live without her who fancied herself so essential to their welfare. And he, who felt the very fibres of his heart torn asunder when the hand of death had stilled the pulses of his dearer self, how has he endured the loneliness of life ?

" All suffering doth consume, or is consumed
E'en by the sufferer ; " —

he has wrestled with the agony of his wounded spirit ; he has struggled against the crushing weight of his affliction ; he has gone out into the world, a saddened and heart-sick man, striving, amid the turmoil of business, to drown the voice of hopeless wailing within his bosom. Time, the comforter, has laid his hand of healing upon him, and the bereaved one, who fancied that the life of life was fled forever, is once more numbered amid those who are scheming for future happiness. It may be that the grief is not forgot ; for, " what deep wound ever closed without a scar ? " and it would be hard indeed, if the endearing tenderness of wedded love had left

no trace more lasting than that which the gliding keel leaves on the unfurrowed wave ; it may be that in the solemn silence of the midnight hour, the image of past happiness rises before him in all its former beauty ; but such thoughts are hushed, such remembrances buried in his bosom, and new hopes, and, it may be, new loves once more spring up around him.

" Alas ! how vain our noblest feelings,
How idle would affection seem ;
Did not God give us bright revealings,
Of life, where love is not a dream. "

Herbert had been a sick and suffering child, but he could scarcely be deemed an unhappy one, until the hour when death's dark shadow interposed between him and his idolized mother. When the first violence of his grief had subsided, he became silent, moody, almost morose in his deportment, and any approach to gaiety in the words or looks of those around him seemed to him like a species of sacrilege, which was sure to be met with fierce and violent indignation. His father beheld, without comprehending, the changes in the boy's temper, and fancying that he was now suffering the consequences of his mother's past indulgence, it was determined that his mind should be diverted by new scenes. He was accordingly sent with his brothers to the village school, and for the first time in his life, the shrinking and sensitive child was thrown into collision with his fellows. Most of us enter the schoolroom at too early an age to be able fully to recollect the blank dismay with which we first found ourselves in the midst of the noisy and unsympathizing crowd who usually assemble to gaze on the new scholar. We remember it, however, as a season of pain and mortification, while if the feeling of strangeness be accompanied by the consciousness of such personal peculiarities as are likely to attract the notice of all and the ridicule of many, that hour becomes an epoch in existence from which to date our first acquaintance with sorrow. Herbert suffered all that a delicate mind must necessarily endure when thrown amid the coarse, the thoughtless and the unfeeling. He was but a child, one of those young creatures who are supposed by wiser people to be incapable of feeling anything but a blow or a physical privation, and yet never did the sensitive nature of man or woman writhe under severer tortures than those inflicted upon him by the rude jests of his companions. One only solace enabled him to bear all with patience and even with stoical indifference ; the tenderness of a female heart again consoled him in his trials.

Laura Tracey, then a fair and gentle child of some twelve summers, was the daughter of a wealthy English gentleman, who, after having made a large fortune in one of our

commercial cities, had retired to a beautiful estate in the village of Ellesmere, where, amid the charms of American scenery he had gathered around him all the refined luxuries of European life. In her early years Laura had appeared to droop like a delicate exotic, and by advice of a judicious physician, she was sent to the village school, as the only means of securing to her the advantages of that regular instruction and healthful exercise which were essential to the completion of both mental and physical education. The sickly hot-bed culture which would probably have made her a most delicate and useless scion of aristocracy was abandoned; and she soon became one of the prettiest and gayest little romps that ever made the pride and torment of a village schoolmaster. Possessing a penetrating and vigorous mind, together with a great degree of ambition, she had acquired a name for scholarship which enabled her to rule by right of favoritism, and if she sometimes played the tyrant over her young companions, she was always forgiven for the generous tenderness which she lavished upon the feeble and the unresisting. The pity which she felt for the poor deformed boy, who had seemed so very helpless amid his tormentors, first awakened her interest in Herbert Langdale, and the talent which, in a short time, elevated him far above all others, won her respect. She became, on all occasions, his champion, and by her example no less than by the influence of her bolder nature, she taught him how to command respect and attention from his companions. She was his friend, his counsellor; and strange indeed was it to see linked in the bonds of innocent affection, two children so utterly unlike in person and in feelings as that timid, morbid boy, and the frank, fearless creature whose beauty seemed to bring out in stronger relief the painful defects in the person of her companion. From the moment Herbert became aware of the kindness of Laura's character, he was susceptible to the charm of her beauty. Men learn to admire first and then love, but with the fresh, innocent heart of youth the case is different, and the affection which is born of gentleness and goodness precedes all admiration of mere personal attractions. Herbert learned to watch for Laura's coming, to listen for her step, to await her bidding in all things, and in short to enact in every respect the boy-lover. To those who have forgotten their own childish feelings, such things may seem very absurd, very improper; I can only say they are very natural.

Perfectly guileless in heart, neither sought to disguise the interest they felt in each other, and Laura, asserting the privilege of a petted child, insisted on imbuings her father with a similar regard for one whom she thought entitled to every good man's sympathy. Incited by her glowing description of his

talents, and moved by her appeals to his kindness, Mr. Tracey became really interested in the unfortunate boy. Astonished at his wonderful precocity, and charmed by the brilliancy of his fancy, he determined to lend the aid of his influence to improve his future fortunes. Accordingly he brought him to his house, assisted the efforts of his powerful but ill-regulated mind by judicious counsel, and allowed him free access to his library, — a privilege beyond all others valuable to one who thirsted for knowledge. From the moment when the world of literature was thus opened before him, the shy and silent boy became transformed into a new creature. At first, bewildered with the extent of the prospect so suddenly disclosed, he hesitated, as if at a loss which path he should first pursue, but his irresolution was only of momentary duration, and with an earnestness only equalled by his delight, he flung himself amid the woods and wilds of poesy. He looked around with dazzled eye, like one to whom the sense of vision had just been given after a life of darkness. The emotions which had been so long crushed within his heart, the struggling tenderness of a nature which shrunk from the utterance of its own emotions, the beautiful fancies which gathered around his couch, making the night more glorious than the day, — all were depicted on the speaking page of the poet of truth and nature; and the agitated boy might have exclaimed, in the impassioned language of the gifted Correggio, when for the first time the veil was lifted from his own glorious genius, "*Anch'io sono pittore.*"

Shall I go on? Shall I describe the rapid development of poetry and passion in the youthful aspirant after love and fame? Shall I depict the gradual expansion of the soul? the swift unfolding of the heart's sweet flowers? Alas! how few would listen with interest to the tale; how few would believe that my words were dictated by truth; how few would sympathize in the vagaries of wayward genius!

At sixteen, Herbert Langdale had already given promise of that poetic excellence which his after life, brief though it was, so nobly fulfilled. But he seemed destined to work out his future fame in loneliness and sorrow, for the absence of his gentle friend, who had visited England for the completion of her education, saddened everything in life. His was but a boyish passion, and in another heart would perhaps have scarce survived the briefest season of separation; but it had colored his whole existence with brightness and beauty, and time which might have faded, only seemed to mellow its rich tints. He lived but in the past and in the future. The present was only the period of toilsome preparation, while memory brought solace from by-gone days of happiness, and hope sketched

vague but blissful visions yet to come. He formed no schemes for himself, but with the unselfish, uncalculating spirit of the true poet, he gave himself up to that dreamy existence in which love best grows and thrives.

Six years passed away, but time wrought little change in the youthful bard. Shunning the society of men, he had made himself companions among the illustrious dead — they, who from the grave, yet speak to us in the language of wisdom. He had learned to measure his own powers, — the beautiful visions of his poetic fancy were no longer like shadows moving in misty vagueness before him; he had learned to paint them in the glowing language of minstrelsy, and the music of his lonely harp had been echoed by many a gentle heart. His name was cherished in many a quiet dwelling, where his face would have been that of a stranger, and yet he was destined to become a stranger in the home of his childhood. Too feeble to engage in the active business of life, he had remained in his father's house, a dependant upon his bounty, until the entrance of a second wife, who to his view, seemed an usurper, drove him from this shelter. Too proud to live on the charity of the friends who would willingly have contributed to his support, he sought employment, and, by the kindness of Mr. Tracey, who had never lost sight of his interests, he was placed in charge of the school where his own education had been conducted. Was this the end of all his dreams of fame? Was this the fortune Laura had predicted to the gifted poet? Yet Herbert was content with his lot, for he well knew that with the opening spring Laura would return to her home, and what was obscurity to him who anticipated happiness in its shades?

Laura returned to Ellesmere. Herbert knew the very hour when she reëntered her father's door, but, chained to his desk, he was denied the privilege of greeting her first among her former friends. Full of pleasant fancies he mechanically hurried through his duties, and dismissing his school at an early hour, prepared to visit her who for years had been the idol of his dreams. With that desire to please, so inherent in the minds of all, he arranged his simple garb with unusual care, and bestowing great pains upon the flow of his fine hair — the only beauty he could boast — proceeded with light heart and buoyant step to meet the lady of his love. But what a meeting was that to him who had lived so long upon its anticipation! Laura had forgotten him; and the irrepressible shudder of aversion with which she looked upon his unshapely form, evinced too plainly the feelings which he now inspired. Herbert's blood seemed to become ice as he marked her expression of disgust; he felt that she regarded him as one might regard some hideous and

monstrous creature, and slowly and mechanically, as one might wander in a dream, he went out from her presence forever.

It was not long after, that a painful and only half-uttered rumor began to be whispered about the village. Always gentle and quiet in his demeanor, Herbert now became so abstracted, so silent, so absorbed in his own thoughts, and so neglectful of the common forms of society, that men began to ask wherein consisted the difference between such eccentricity and positive insanity. Gradually he sank into a state of mind and body so nearly resembling perfect imbecility that it was found necessary to watch over his safety as one would guard a child. Of all his intellectual gifts only imagination remained to him, and in the wild, erratic, unmeasured strains of a poetic fancy he found his only solace. As long as his strength permitted, he wandered about among the beautiful scenery which surrounded Ellesmere, as if in the companionship of nature he sought the sympathy denied by human hearts. When too feeble to drag his weary steps abroad, he entered the little chamber where his early years of suffering had been passed, and lying down upon his couch as quietly as if for a noon-day slumber, awaited the summons of death. No disease seemed at work in his system, — no fever parched his veins — his malady had no name in the vast catalogue of physical ills which men of science have collected from the records of experience, — he was dying of a breaking heart.

One bright autumnal morning, about six months after Laura Tracey's return, a gay party was assembled to witness her bridal. She had plighted her troth to one whom she loved as worldly women love, and now, decked with jewels and brilliant in beauty, she was about to become a wife. The last touch had been given to her rich array — the folds of her snowy drapery fell with the proper degree of grace, — her curls were carefully arranged in careless simplicity, and she was just clasping a costly bracelet upon her delicate wrist, when a note was handed to her. It was without signature, and a hand tremulous and feeble had apparently traced the irregular characters. The page was blotted too as if with tears, and it was with some difficulty she read these words:

They deck *thee* as a bride, lady,
They dress *me* for the bier;
Thy bosom thrills with pride, lady,
And mine with solemn fear,
For love is at thy side, lady,
While death to me draws near.

No longer on the blast, lady,
My heart's deep wail I pour;
My lifelong dream is past, lady,
And passion rules no more,
I've loved thee to the last, lady,
But now e'en love is o'er.

but such as it has not profaned. It was solitude with light, which is better than darkness. But anon, the sound of the mower's rifle was heard in the fields, and this, too, mingled with the herd of days.

This part of our route lay through the country of hops. Perhaps there is no plant which so well supplies the want of the vine in American scenery, and reminds the traveller so often of Italy, and the South of France, as this, whether he traverses the country when the hop-fields, as now, present solid and regular masses of verdure, hanging in graceful festoons from pole to pole, the cool coverts where fresh gales are born to refresh the way-farer, or in September, when the women and children, and the neighbors from far and near, are gathered to pick the hops into long troughs, or later still, when the poles stand piled in immense pyramids in the yards, or lie in heaps by the roadside.

The culture of the hop, with the processes of picking, drying in the kiln, and packing for the market, as well as the uses to which it is applied, so analogous to the culture and uses of the grape, may afford a theme for future poets.

The mower in the adjacent meadow could not tell us the name of the brook on whose banks we had rested, or whether it had any, but his younger companion, perhaps his brother, knew that it was Great Brook. Though they stood very near together in the field, the things they knew were very far apart; nor did they suspect each other's reserved knowledge, till the stranger came by. In Bolton, while we rested on the rails of a cottage fence, the strains of music which issued from within, perhaps in compliment to us sojourners, reminded us that thus far men were fed by the accustomed pleasures. So soon did we begin to learn that man's life is rounded with the same few facts, the same simple relations everywhere, and it is vain to travel to find it new. The flowers grow more various ways than he. But coming soon to higher land, which afforded a prospect of the mountains, we thought we had not travelled in vain, if it were only to hear a truer and wilder pronunciation of their names, from the lips of a farmer by the roadside; not *Way-tatic*, *Way-chusett*, but *Wor-tatic*, *Wor-chusett*. It made us ashamed of our tame and civil pronunciation, and we looked upon him as born and bred farther west than we. His tongue had a more generous accent than ours, as if breath was cheaper when it wagged. A countryman, who speaks but seldom, talks copiously, as it were, as his wife sets cream and cheese before you without stint. Before noon we had reached the highlands in the western part of Bolton, overlooking the valley of Lancaster, and affording the first fair and open prospect into the west, and here, on the top of a

hill, in the shade of some oaks, near to where a spring bubbled out from a leaden pipe, we rested during the heat of the day, reading Virgil, and enjoying the scenery. It was such a place as one feels to be on the outside of the earth, for from it we could, in some measure, see the form and structure of the globe. There lay the object of our journey, coming upon us with unchanged proportions, though with a less ethereal aspect than had greeted our morning gaze, while further north, in successive order, slumbered the sister mountains along the horizon.

We could get no further into the *Æneid* than

— atque altæ mœnia Romæ,
— and the wall of high Rome,

before we were constrained to reflect by what myriad tests a work of genius has to be tried: that Virgil, away in Rome, two thousand years off, should have to unfold his meaning, the inspiration of Italian vales, to the pilgrim on the New England hills. This life so raw and modern, that so civil and ancient, and yet we read Virgil, mainly to be reminded of the identity of human nature in all ages, and by the poet's own account, we are both the children of a late age, and live equally under the reign of Jupiter.

"He shook honey from the leaves, and removed fire,
And stayed the wine, everywhere flowing in rivers,
That experience, by meditating, might invent various arts
By degrees, and seek the blade of corn in furrows,
And strike out hidden fire from the veins of the flint."

The old world stands severely behind the new, as one mountain yonder towers behind another, more dim and distant. Rome imposes her story still upon this late generation. The very children in the school we have this morning passed, have gone through her wars, and recited her alarms, ere they have heard of the wars of the neighboring Lancaster. The roving eye still rests inevitably on her hills. She still holds up the skirts of the sky, and makes the past remote.

The lay of the land hereabouts is well worthy the attention of the traveller. The hill on which we were resting makes part of an extensive range, running from south-west to north-east, across the country, and separating the waters of the Nashua from those of the Concord, whose banks we had left in the morning, and by bearing in mind this fact, we could easily determine whither each brook was bound that crossed our path. Parallel to this, and fifteen miles further west, beyond the deep and broad valley in which lie Groton, Shirley, Lancaster, and Boylston, runs the Wachusett range, in the same general direction. The descent into the valley

on the Nashua side, is by far, the most sudden: and a couple of miles brought us to the southern branch of that river, a shallow but rapid stream, flowing between high and gravelly banks. But we soon learned that there were no *glide valleys* into which we had descended, and missing the coolness of the morning air, feared it had become the sun's turn to try his power upon us.

"The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh,"

and with melancholy pleasure we echoed the melodious plaint of our fellow-traveller Haman, in the desert,

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schina's walls I bent my way."

The air lay lifeless between the hills, as in a seething caldron, with no leaf stirring, and instead of the fresh odor of grass and clover, with which we had before been regaled, the dry scent of every herb seemed merely medicinal. Yielding, therefore, to the heat, we strolled into the woods, and along the course of a rivulet, on whose banks we loitered, observing at our leisure the products of these new fields. He who traverses the woodland paths, at this season, will have occasion to remember the small drooping bell-like flowers and slender red stem of the dogs-bane, and the coarser stem and berry of the poke, which are both common in remoter and wilder scenes; and if "the sun casts such a reflecting heat from the sweet fern," as makes him faint, when he is climbing the bare hills, as they complained who first penetrated into these parts, the cool fragrance of the swamp pink restores him again, when traversing the valleys between.

On we went, and late in the afternoon refreshed ourselves by bathing our feet in every rill that crossed the road, and anon, as we were able to walk in the shadows of the hills, recovered our morning elasticity. Passing through Sterling, we reached the banks of the Stillwater, in the western part of the town, at evening, where is a small village collected. We fancied that there was already a certain western look about this place, a smell of pines and roar of water, recently confined by dams, belying its name, which were exceedingly grateful. When the first inroad has been made, a few acres levelled, and a few houses erected, the forest looks wilder than ever. Left to herself, nature is always more or less civilized, and delights in a certain refinement: but where the axe has encroached upon the edge of the forest, the dead and unsightly limbs of the pine, which she had concealed with green banks of verdure, are exposed to sight. This village had, as yet, no post-office, nor any settled name. As we entered upon its

street, the villagers gazed after us, with a complacent, almost compassionate look, as if we were just making our debut in the world, at a late hour. "Nevertheless," did they seem to say, "come and study us, and learn men and manners." So is each one's world but a clearing in the forest, so much open and inclosed ground. The landlord had not yet returned from the field with his men, and the cows had yet to be milked. But though we met with no very hospitable reception here at first, we remembered the inscription on the wall of the Swedish inn, and were comforted, "You will find at Trol-hate excellent bread, meat, and wine, provided you bring them with you." But I must confess it did somewhat disturb our pleasure, in this withdrawn spot, to have our own village newspaper handed us by our host, as if the greatest charm the country offered to the traveller was the facility of communication with the town. Let it recline on its own everlasting hills, and not be looking out from their summits for some petty Boston or New York in the horizon.

At intervals we heard the murmuring of water, and the slumbrous breathing of crickets throughout the night, and left the inn the next morning in the grey twilight, after it had been hallowed by the night air, and when only the innocent cows were stirring, with a kind of regret. It was only four miles to the base of the mountain, and the scenery was already more picturesque. Our road lay along the course of the Stillwater, which was breaking at the bottom of a deep ravine, filled with pines and rocks, tumbling fresh from the mountains, so soon, alas! to commence its career of usefulness. At first a cloud hung between us and the summit, but it was soon blown away. As we gathered the raspberries, which grew abundantly by the roadside, that action seemed consistent with a lofty prudence, as well as agreeable to the palate, as if the traveller who ascends into a mountainous region should fortify himself by eating of such light ambrosial fruits as grow there, and drinking of the springs which gush out from the mountain sides, as he gradually inhales the subtler and purer atmosphere of those elevated places, thus propitiating the mountain gods, by a sacrifice of their own fruits. The gross products of the plains and valleys are for such as dwell therein; but surely the juices of this berry have relation to the thin air of the mountain tops.

In due time we began to ascend the mountain, passing, first, through a maple wood, then a denser forest, which gradually became dwarfed, till there were no trees whatever. We at length pitched our tent on the summit. It is but nineteen hundred feet above the village of Princeton, and three thousand above the level of the sea; but by

this slight elevation, it is infinitely removed from the plain, and when we have reached it, we feel a sense of remoteness, as if we had travelled into distant regions, to Arabia Petrea, or the farthest east, so withdrawn and solitary it seems. A robin upon a staff, was the highest object in sight, thus easily triumphing over the height of nature. Swallows were flying about us, and the chewink and cuckoos were heard near at hand. The summit consists of a few acres, destitute of trees, covered with bare rocks, interspersed with blueberry bushes, raspberries, gooseberries, strawberries, moss, and a fine wiry grass. The common yellow lily, and dwarf cornel, grow abundantly in the crevices of the rocks. This clear space, which is gently rounded, is bounded a few feet lower by a thick shrubbery of oaks, with maples, aspens, beeches, cherries, and occasionally a mountain-ash intermingled, among which we found the bright blueberries of the Solomon's Seal, and the fruit of the pyrola. From the foundation of a wooden observatory, which was formerly erected on the highest point, forming a rude hollow structure of stone, a dozen feet in diameter, and five or six in height, we could dimly see Monadnock, rising in simple grandeur, in the north-west, nearly a thousand feet higher, still the "far blue mountain," though with an altered profile. But the first day the weather was so hazy that it was in vain we endeavored to unravel the obscurity. It was like looking into the sky again, and the patches of forest here and there seemed to flit like clouds over a lower heaven. As to voyagers of an aerial Polynesia, the earth seemed like an island in the ether; on every side, even as low as we, the sky shutting down, like an unfathomable deep, around it. A blue Pacific island, where who knows what islanders inhabit! and as we sail near its shores we see the waving of trees, and hear the lowing of kine.

We read Virgil and Wordsworth in our tent, with new pleasure there, while waiting for a clearer atmosphere, nor did the weather prevent our appreciating the simple truth and beauty of Peter Bell:

"An! he had lain beside his asses,
On lofty Cheviot hills."

"And he had trudged through Yorkshire dales,
Among the rocks and wintry fells,
Where deep and low the hamlets lie
Beneath their little patch of sky,
And little lot of stars"

Who knows but this hill may one day be
a Helvellyn, or even a Parnassus, and the
Muses haunt here, and other Homers frequent the neighboring plains,

Not unconcerned Wachusett rears his head
Above the field, so late from nature won,
With patient brow reserved, as one who read
New annals in the history of man.

The blueberries which the mountain afforded, added to the milk we had brought, made our frugal supper, while for entertainment, the even-song of the wood-thrush rung along the ridge. Our eyes rested on no painted ceiling, nor carpeted hall, but on skies of nature's painting, and hills and forests of her embroidery. Before sunset, we rambled along the ridge to the north, while a hawk soared still above us. It was a place where gods might wander, so solemn and solitary, and removed from all contagion with the plain. As the evening came on, the haze was condensed in vapor, and the landscape became more distinctly visible, and numerous sheets of water were brought to light,

*Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
Majoresque cadunt attis de montibus umbræ.*

And now the tops of the villas smoke afar off,
And the shadows fall longer from the high mountains.

As we stood on the stone tower while the sun was setting, we saw the shades of night creep gradually over the valleys of the east, and the inhabitants withdrew to their houses, and shut their doors, while the moon silently rose up, and took possession of that part. And then the same scene was repeated on the west side, as far as the Connecticut and the Green Mountains, and the sun's rays fell on us two alone, of all New England men.

It was the night but one before the full of the moon, so that we enjoyed uninterrupted light, so bright that we could see to read Wordsworth distinctly, and when in the evening we strolled on the summit, there was a fire blazing on Monadnock, which lighted up the whole western horizon, and by making us aware of a community of mountains, made our position seem less solitary. But at length the wind drove us to the shelter of our tent, and we closed its door for the night, and fell asleep.

It was a rich treat to hear the wind roar over the rocks, at intervals, when we waked, for it had grown quite cold and windy. The night was, in its elements, simple even to majesty in that bleak place — a bright moonlight and a piercing wind. It was at no time darker than twilight within the tent, and we could easily see the moon through its transparent roof as we lay; for there was the moon still above us, with Jupiter and Saturn on either hand, looking down on Wachusett, and it was a satisfaction to know that they were our fellow-travellers still, as high and out of our reach, as our own destiny. Truly the stars were given for a consolation to man. We should not know but our life were fated to be always grovelling, but it is permitted to behold them, and surely they are deserving of a fair destiny. We see laws which never fail, of whose failure we never conceived;

and their lamps burn all the night, too, as well as all day, so rich and lavish is that nature, which can afford this superfluity of light.

The morning twilight began as soon as the moon had set, and we arose and kindled our fire, whose blaze might have been seen for thirty miles around. As the day-light increased, it was remarkable how rapidly the wind went down. There was no dew on the summit, but coldness supplied its place. When the dawn had reached its prime, we enjoyed the view of a distinct horizon line, and could fancy ourselves at sea, and the distant hills the waves in the horizon, as seen from the deck of a vessel. The cherry-birds flitted around us, the nesthatch and flicker were heard among the bushes, the titmouse perched within a few feet, and the song of the woodthrush again rung along the ridge. At length we saw the sun rise up out of the sea, and shine on Massachusetts, and from this moment the atmosphere grew more and more transparent till the time of our departure, and we began to realize the extent of the view, and how the earth, in some degree, answered to the heavens in breadth, the white villages to the constellations in the sky. There was little of the sublimity and grandeur which belong to mountain scenery, but an immense landscape to ponder on a summer's day. We could see how ample and roomy is nature. As far as the eye could reach, there was little life in the landscape; the few birds that flitted past did not crowd. The travellers on the remote highways, which intersect the country on every side, had no fellow-travellers for miles, before or behind. On every side, the eye ranged over successive circles of towns, rising one above another, like the terraces of a vineyard, till they were lost in the horizon. Wachusett is, in fact, the observatory of the state. There lay Massachusetts, spread out before us in its length and breadth, like a map. There was the level horizon, which told of the sea on the east and south, the well-known hills of New Hampshire on the north, and the misty summit of the Hoosac and Green Mountains, first made visible to us the evening before, blue and unsubstantial, like some bank of clouds which the morning wind would dissipate, on the north-west and west. These last distant ranges, on which the eye rests unwearied, commence with an abrupt boulder in the north, beyond the Connecticut, and travel southward, with three or four peaks dimly seen. But Monadnock, rearing its masculine front in the north-west, is the grandest feature. As we beheld it we knew that it was the height of land between the two rivers, on this side the valley of the Merrimack, or that of the Connecticut, fluctuating with their blue seas of air. These rival vales, gradually extending

their population and commerce along their respective streams, to what destiny who shall tell! Watatic, and the neighboring hills in this state and in New Hampshire, are a continuation of the same elevated range on which we were standing. But that New Hampshire bluff—that promontory of a state—causing day and night on this our state of Massachusetts, will longest haunt our dreams.

We could, at length, realize the place mountains occupy on the land, and how they come into the general scheme of the universe. When first we climb their summits, and observe their lesser irregularities, we do not give credit to the comprehensive intelligence which shaped them; but when afterward we behold their outlines in the horizon, we confess that the hand which moulded their opposite slopes, making one to balance the other, worked round a deep centre, and was privy to the plan of the universe. So is the least part of nature in its bearings, referred to all space. These lesser mountain ranges, as well as the Alleghanies, run from north-east to south-west, and parallel with these mountain streams are the more fluent rivers, answering to the general direction of the coast, the bank of the great ocean stream itself. Even the clouds, with their thin bars, fall into the same direction by preference, and such is the course of the prevailing winds, and the migration of men and birds. A mountain chain determines many things for the statesman and philosopher. The improvements of civilization rather creep along its sides than cross its summit. How often is it a barrier to prejudice and fanaticism? In passing over these heights of land, through their thin atmosphere, the follies of the plain are refined and purified. As many species of plants do not scale their summits, so many species of folly do not cross the Alleghanies; it is only the hardy mountain plant that creeps quite over the ridge, and descends into the valley beyond.

It adds not a little grandeur to our conception of the flight of birds, especially of the duck tribe, and such as fly high in the air, to have ascended a mountain. We can now see what landmarks they are to their migrations; how the Catskills and Highlands have hardly sunk to them, when Wachusett and Monadnock open a passage to the north-east—how they are guided, too, in their course by the rivers and valleys, and who knows but by the stars, as well as the mountain ranges, and not by the petty landmarks which we use? The bird whose eye takes in the Green Mountains on the one side, and the ocean on the other, need not be at a loss to find its way.

At noon we descended the mountain, and having returned to the abodes of men, turned our faces to the east again; measuring our progress, from time to time, by the more ethe-

real hues, which the mountain assumed. Passing swiftly through Stillwater and Sterling, as with a downward impetus, (the reader will excuse the abruptness of the descent,) we found ourselves almost at home again in the green meadows of Lancaster, so like our own Concord, for both are watered by two streams which unite near their centres, and have many other features in common. There is an unexpected refinement about this scenery; level prairies of great extent, interspersed with elms, and hop-fields, and groves of trees, give it almost a classic appearance. This, it will be remembered, was the scene of Mrs. Rowlandson's capture, and of other events in the Indian wars, but from this July afternoon, and under that mild exterior, those times seemed as remote as the irruption of the Goths. They were the dark age of New England. On beholding a picture of a New England village as it then appeared, with a fair open prospect, and a light on trees and rivers, as if it were broad noon, we find we had not thought the sun shone in those days, or that men lived in broad daylight then. We do not imagine the sun shining on hill and valley during Philip's war, nor on the war-path of Pausus, or Standish, or Church, or Lovell, with serene summer weather, but a dim twilight or night did those events transpire in. They must have fought in the shade of their own dusky deeds.

At length, as we plodded along the dusty roads, our thoughts became as dusty as they; all thought indeed stopped, thinking broke down, or proceeded only passively in a sort of rhythmical cadence of the confused material of thought, and we found ourselves mechanically repeating some familiar measure which timed with our tread; some verse of the Robin Hood ballads, for instance, which one can recommend to travel by.

"Swearers are swift, sayd lyttle John,
As the wind blows over the hill;
For if it be never so loud this night,
To-morrow it may be still."

And so it went up hill and down till a stone interrupted the line, when a new verse was chosen.

"His shoote it was but loosely shot,
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,
For it met one of the sheriffe's men,
And William-a-Trent was slaine."

There is, however, this consolation to the

most way-worn traveller, upon the dustiest road, that the path his feet describe is so perfectly symbolical of human life — now climbing the hills, now descending into the vales. From the summits he beholds the heavens and the horizon, from the vales he looks up to the heights again. He is treading his old lessons still, and though he may be very weary and travel-worn, it is yet sincere experience.

Leaving the Nashua, we changed our route a little, and arrived at Stillriver village, in the western part of Harvard, just as the sun was setting. From this place, which lies to the northward, upon the western slope of the same range of hills, on which we had spent the noon before, in the adjacent town, the prospect is beautiful, and the grandeur of the mountain outlines unsurpassed. There was such a repose and quiet here at this hour, as if the very hill-sides were enjoying the scene, and as we passed slowly along, looking back over the country we had traversed, and listening to the evening song of the robin, we could not help contrasting the equanimity of nature with the bustle and impatience of man. His words and actions presume always a crisis near at hand, but she is forever silent and unpretending.

We rested that night at Harvard, and the next morning, while one bent his steps to the nearer village of Groton, the other took his separate and solitary way to the peaceful meadows of Concord; but let him not forget to record the brave hospitality of a farmer and his wife, who generously entertained him at their board, though the poor wayfarer could only congratulate the one on the continuance of hayweather, and silently accept the kindness of the other. Refreshed by this instance of generosity, no less than by the substantial viands set before him, he pushed forward with new vigor, and reached the banks of the Concord before the sun had climbed many degrees into the heavens.

And now that we have returned to the desert life of the plain, let us endeavor to impart a little of that mountain grandeur into it. We will remember within what walls we lie, and understand that this level life too has its summit, and why from the mountain top the deepest valleys have a tinge of blue; that there is elevation in every hour, as no part of the earth is so low that the heavens may not be seen from, and we have only to stand on the summit of our hour to command an uninterrupted horizon.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

Oft have I read, in many a foreign tale,
Of the sweet Nightingale ;
Pouring, the livelong night, from her clear throat
The ravishing note ;
While such entrancing melody would gush
That winds grew hush,
As every funeral fall and conquering rise
Challenged the skies !

Thus often, where the fragrant summer roses,
Thessalian groves,
And wind-swept isles of beauty nightly sigh
To the sweet elegy ;
And lover's vows grew rapturous, as they heard,
Listening the bird.
So could the solemn song enchant the sense
To joy intense ;
While Grief's poor heart, by that Æolian strain
Rapt of its pain,
Forgot the memory of its midnight tears
And wasting years.

There, under bowers and wreathed canopies
Of moonlit trees,
And starry constellations, gleaming through
The twilight dew,
The poet's heart in that delicious stream
Bathed every dream,
And thence some hue of heaven his fancy stole,
With music's soul ;
And the deep measure, loaded with such freight,
Floated elate ;
Till o'er the worldly way and common haunt
Rose the clear chant ;
As the first bud, that, ere the day is born,
Mounts to the morn,
Leaves night below and catches, as she springs,
Heaven on her wings.

Oh ! for a draught of vintage such as this,
To meet my kiss !
Filled to the blushing brim with dreams of old,
And bubbling gold !
Those sad deep minstrelsies, oh, Nightingale,
Like thy lorn wail ;
That fill the minstrel-heart, 'till raptures make
The heartstrings break,
Breathing life out in the sad melody
Of a sweet sigh !

TALES OF THE KNIGHTS OF SEVEN LANDS;

A SERIES OF ROMANCES OF CHIVALRY, BY J. H. INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE,"
"KYD," "BURTON," ETC.

THE STORY OF PIER FARNESE, THE VENETIAN KNIGHT.

"No amethyst or garnet now shineth on his brow,
No crimson sleeve, which damsels weave at Tunis decks him now;
The belt is black, the hilt is dim, but the sheathed blade is bright;
He has mailed his barb in an iron garb, but yet her hoofs are light."

THE fourth day of their journey, as the sun was declining below the Sierra Moëda, leaving a golden effulgence suffusing all the sky, the company of cavaliers approached a stately castle, the abode of a famous knight, Don Alonzo de Aguilar, now stricken in years. He was seated in his hall, before an open casement, looking forth upon the high-way, as they slowly wound up the valley. His grand-daughter was reading to him an ancient ballad called "The Lady of the Tree;" for though no longer able to engage in knightly achievements, and do chivalrous deeds for love and lealty, he delighted to sit in his oaken chair and listen to the sweet voice of Donna Violante; and certes, never were ballads given in sweeter melody than discoursed in her low musical tones. This is the ballad the maiden was reading to the old knight:

"THE LADY OF THE TREE.*

"The knight had hunted long, and twilight closed the day,
His hounds were weak and weary — his hawk had flown away;
He stopped beneath an oak, an old and mighty tree,
Then out the maiden spoke, and a comely maid was she.

"The knight 'gan lift his eye the shady boughs between,
She had her seat on high, among the oak leaves green;
The golden curls lay clustering above her breast of snow,
But when the breeze did freshen around it they did flow.

"Oh fear not, gentle knight! there is no cause for fear;
I am a good king's daughter, long years enchanted here;
Seven cruel fairies found me — they charmed a sleeping child,
Seven years their charm hath bound me, a damsel undefiled.

"Seven weary years are gone since o'er me charms they threw;
I have dwelt here all alone, I have seen no one but you.

* See Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

My seven sad years are spent; for Christ that died on rood,
Thou noble knight consent, and lead me from the wood!

"Oh bring me forth again from out this darksome place!
I dare not sleep for terror of the unholy race.
Oh, take me, gentle sir! I'll be a wife to thee;
I'll be thy lowly leman, if wife I may not be."

"Till dawns the morning, wait, thou lovely lady! here;
I'll ask my mother, straight, for her reproof I fear.'
'Oh, ill becomes thee, knight!' said she, that maid forlorn,
The blood of kings to slight, a lady's tears to scorn!"

"He came when morning broke, to fetch the maid away,
But could not find the oak wherein she made her stay;
All through the wilderness he sought, in bower and in tree;
Fair lordlings, well ye guess what weary heart had he.

"There came a sound of voices from up the forest glen,
The king had come to find her, with all his gentlemen;
They rode in merry mood, a jovious cavalcade,
Fair in their midst rode she, but never word she said.

"Though on the green he knelt, no look on him she cast,
His hand was on the hilt ere all the train were past.
'Oh, shame to knightly blood! oh, scorn to chivalry!
I'll die within the wood: no eye my death shall see!"

"He was a false knight, child," said the old noble, when Donna Violante had ended;
"he should have forthwith delivered the charmed maiden from her thralment! For such emprises is chivalry maintained!"

"She rightly treated him, sire, by not speaking to him, for all his kneeling on the sword," said Donna Violante; "no doubt this shameful knight killed himself in the wood, as he promised."

"He should ha' done it, daughter! But what company journeyeth hitherward! Look!

—thy eyes are young. I see the glancing of steel and the flutter of bonnets."

"It is a brave company of knights and men-at-arms, sire," exclaimed Donna Violante, clapping her hands and looking delighted as she gazed forth. "One, two, five, seven brave knights are riding in advance, on prancing steeds, and their esquires and retinue come up behind!"

"They doubtless come from the tournament, and journey homeward. It is evening, and they should soon encamp. Let us go forth to the castle gate, and as they ride past I will offer them hospitality."

When the knights got opposite the great gate of the castle, not knowing its lord, they were riding by, when suddenly they beheld it thrown open, and the old noble appear, his locks white as wool, leaning on his sweet grand-daughter's arm.

"God save you all, gentle knights," he said, waving his hand for them to stop; "the day is past, and it is many a mile to hamlet or hostel; and I should bring shame upon my head to let so brave a company take lodging in the forest, when my castle hath roof and room. So alight, fair cavaliers, and share the hospitality of Alonzo de Aguilar."

When the knights heard this name, and so knew who the fine old knight was, they one and all lifted their travelling bonnets and did him reverence, for chivalry acknowledged no better or nobler name than his. Donna Violante modestly seconded the hospitable invitation of her grandsire, and the knights, thanking them for their courtesy, which would not be said nay, rode into the court of the castle, and became their guests for the night.

After the hospitable meal, which Donna Violante and her maids had quickly provided for them, was over, the whole party remained seated in pleasant talk around the board. Sir Henry Percie, whose heart was deeply smitten by the gentle beauty of the fair hostess, being seated near her, was entertaining her with accounts of the tournament, and of his journey, and how they had beguiled the hour of their encampment, by tales of each other's lands. On hearing this, Donna Violante signified her desire that the Venetian knight, whose lot Sir Henry Percie had told her it was, should relate his story for the evening's pastime. The old knight of Aguilar, also pressing him to tell it, he thus began:

"It was in the year 1204," began the handsome and gallant signor Pier Farnese, looking respectfully towards the maiden, "when the combined chivalry of France and Venice lay before Constantinople. The bosom of the Golden Horn was covered with the war galleys of the Venetians, and its shores were white with the warlike tents of their allies, the Franks. The siege had

lasted long, and yet the infidel Turks held their city untouched by a Christian foot, though a hundred thousand soldiers of the cross were encamped around her gates within bolt shot. One brilliant morning the rising sun shimmered the rippling Bosphorus with liquid gold, flashed back from a hundred minarets of silver, and blazed from myriads of lances, helms and banners. The fleet of numerous war galleys looked like burnished barks in the radiant splendor of its beams, and the satin tents of the princes and chief knights lining the green shores of the Bosphorus, shone like palaces of pearl. Never such morning beamed on such gallant show: while from the minarets was heard the loud cry of the muezzin of '*Allah ilallah*,' calling the infidel to prayer, mingling with trumpets of the Christian hosts assembling to battle outside the walls. It was the fortieth day of the siege, and the Turks had kept themselves so close within their city that no warlike deed had yet been done. There was many a brave knight who, riding up to the city gates, threw defiance at the Saracen, and challenged a combatant, but none up to this time had appeared to answer any of these numerous invitations to fair and open battle.

"In the midst of this brilliant and stirring scene on the morning I have described, the attention of Turk, Gascon and Venetian was drawn to a superb galley that suddenly shot round a point of the Golden Horn, and gallantly and swiftly approached the Doge's galley of state. It was a fair and stately vessel, with three banks of plashing oars, and it skimmed the waters as if its feathery sweeps were living wings. On all sides, as it advanced into the port, were heard exclamations of delight and surprise at its great velocity, as well as at its splendor; for many a morn one would look seaward and not such a bark behold! It had three tall masts of cedar, polished like ivory; broad sails of blue satin; a burnished poop of beaten gold, and on her lofty prow was perched the bronzed eagle of St. Marc. Her decks were bristling with casques, cuisses and shields, and ever and anon a shout would be borne therefrom over the water, which was answered back from galley and camp.

"By the good rood, messieurs," said Charles of Anjou, who from his tent beheld the approach of the galley; "this is a fair show! Hath Cleopatra risen from the sea to visit us! 'Tis a Venetian bark by her sign of the lion of San Marco! Who knoweth her!"

"It must be the nephew of the Doge, my liege, the young knight Medici de Contavini, who is daily looked for to join us," answered one.

"He must be a rare youth to come in such guise! By my beard, I would have sworn a maiden sailed in yon pretty toy! Yet, 'fore

God! there is good warlike show of steel heads on her decks, and her rowers have sinews!"

"'Tis said he is a gay gallant, my liege, and spendeth great incomes upon his apparel; yet I have heard he knoweth how to use steel as well as glitter in gold!"

"Certes, he shall here have opportunity," said the French king. "Methinks such gairish outside should be a braggart's! We will try him. See, he hath anchored his gilded plaything by the Doge's galley, which with its iron prow, steel plated poop, tall black sides and warlike garniture contrasts it well."

The Doge, in the meanwhile, the brave, blind old Dandolo, received the newly arrived knight on board his galley with an affectionate embrace, and leading him into his room of state, there discoursed with him of Venice. The same afternoon, Charles of Anjou gave an entertainment to the chief knights of Venice and of France, in his princely tent. The young knight Medici di Contavini was invited and came. He was a tall, finely moulded young man, clad in armor of Damascus steel, embossed and inlaid with gold. His hose were silk, worked with gold; he wore a collar of diamonds, clasped with an emerald, and jewels of great beauty sparkled on the cross of his sword. The pole of his lance was of cedar wood, inlaid with silver, and an amethyst was set in its handle. Gloves of chamois, worked with the needle in brilliant devices, and scented with perfumes, were on his hands, and a gorgeous cap, adorned with a priceless pearl, was upon his head. He was mounted on a snow-white palfrey, with housings of cloth of gold, with a tread as dainty as a lady's. When Charles of Anjou, who was clad in mailed steel, without ornament, saw him approach, he spoke some words of contempt to those around him, and when he came up, received him with ill grace, not concealing his dislike. The Venetian knight did not heed this manner; but gracefully saluted him, and dismounting, gave his palfrey in charge to a page, who, scarce less richly attired than his master, had attended him, riding a slender-limbed snow-white Arabian.

"Now, by my knighthood," said Anjou to an English knight, "I have not seen in Christendom such discredit to Christian arms. He bringeth contempt on chivalry, and is only fit for spoil to these mussulmen, who, if they know what a gay popinjay we had in camp, would make a special sally for his capture. So long as they know they would get only steel and iron knocks, they have kept close enough."

Thus spoke the brave and rough French prince before the banquet began; and took thence no further heed of the knight of Venice; who mating with cavaliers of his own age, soon made himself quite at his ease.

The entertainment was sumptuous and hospitable as became a prince's board. The discourse among the guests was of the long leaguer that probably was before them ere they could take the city. Many a plan was discussed for shortening the siege; but none pleased the prince, who, knowing the strength of the walls, was content to get the victory by-and-by with patient waiting for it. After several knights had spoke their minds of the matter, the young Venetian knight, Medici di Contavini, having listened to each with great attention, rose up and said,

"It were no difficult matter, methinks, to take this city! The infidels are brave only in their defences! A well-directed attack upon the gate over against St. Sophia, would be successful, and entrance once made, the place would fall into our hands."

"It were easy to get words, sir Venetian," scornfully answered Charles of Anjou, who with all the knights present, had looked on the speaker with surprise; "words are easily got: but deeds we want!"

"My liege," said a young French knight present, "this gilded cavalier did openly boast without the tents, before we sat down to the repast, that he with a thousand men could easily take the city; and wondering much that we should lay thus quietly before its gates."

"Said he so?" shouted Anjou fiercely.

"I did, noble prince," said the young Medici in a firm tone.

"Then by the throne of France, you shall not want the occasion to put your words to proof!"

"If you will place at my command one thousand men, I will, ere to-morrow's sun, plant the standard of St. Marc where over yonder gate now waves the crescent of the infidel!"

"Good words these, fair sir," said Charles, who was not a little astonished to hear such come from a "boudoir knight," as he had contemptuously termed him when he first beheld him. "Seven times we have been driven back from her gates with great loss of life."

"Give me the men I ask, and the deeds they betoken shall be as good," answered Medici de Contavini, with quiet determination. "If I fail, let my head answer it."

"By Saint Dennis! but his speech rings like good metal, if there be gilt atop," said the prince to those near by. "Thou shalt have thy wish, sir knight. As this is a venture of thy own seeking, and in which we have little faith, and do consent to it only to punish thy vain boasting, the condition of thy failure shall be the loss of thy spurs; they being of gold will serve the soldiers better than they will have done thee, by being coined into sterling bezants."

The Venetian knight little heeded the con-

temptuous manner of the French king, nor the smiles of the knights, who could not help comparing his bravery of words with the flippery of his apparelling.

"When wilt thou go on this emprise to take the city for us, sir knight of the cas-ket?" asked the king's fool.

"I am now ready, good fool; wilt be my esquire?" replied the knight playfully; so that all wondered that he kept his temper so coolly.

"Art ready say'st thou?" demanded the king! "'Tis two hours to the setting of the sun, a short time, forsooth, in which to take a city. But so doughty a knight need not have many minutes in achieving the exploit he boasts of. If thou art ready, I will soon have not only one, but five thousand halberds, and a hundred lances a-saddle!"

The young Venetian smiled haughtily, and rising from the table, went out, the knights and gentlemen also going after him. At the prince's command, a thousand stout men-at-arms, all in iron breast and back pieces filed before his tent; and a hundred knights mounted on proud and pawing horses, with great bravery of targets and glittering lances, their banners all displayed, pranced by with waving of plumes, and beneath each corselet a buoyant heart and bold.

All the while the young Venetian knight, whose words had called forth this warlike cavalcade, stood near the prince, calm and unmoved, watching the brave show of war. When he saw that all had passed by, and were ready marshalled on the plain, he turned to his page and spoke low in his ear. The boy left him, and the prince said,

"Now, sir Venetian, the lances I lend thee are in rest, waiting thee to mount. By the mass, I look to see thy jewelled mail rolling in the dust beneath yonder towers, if thou darest trust thy perfumed locks so near them! But the issue be thine!"

"Noble prince of Anjou, that a knight's valor lieth not in his apparel but in his heart, I trust this day to teach thee and thy gentlemen," answered Medici di Contavini.

The prince was about to reply hastily, when his attention was drawn to an esquire of gigantic stature, armed cap-à-pie, in plain iron mail, mounted upon a brown horse of

large size, and leading a jet black steed glittering with Milan mail. This esquire rode up to the Venetian knight, and dismounting, gave him a polished steel helmet in place of his golden one, which his page took from him; an iron collar for the jewelled one he wore; a cuirass of proof mail, and a sword with an iron hilt, in exchange for the one with the jewelled handle; stout gauntlets of steel replaced his perfumed chamois gloves; and iron boots with iron spurs, the embroidered hose. The transformation was soon made; and the late *beau cavalier* stood before the surprised Charles of Anjou, a well-appointed knight, clad in steel from head to heel. Ere he could express his surprise, Medici di Contavini receiving his horse from his esquire, leaped into his steel saddle and sat erect thereon, before the prince and the whole camp of warriors. Charles of Anjou gazed a moment upon the warlike and knightly figure which the Venetian presented, then struck his gauntlet-armed hand upon his thigh, and swore ne'er knight of braver presence had sat on horseback before him.

"Fore God! brave Venetian, I have done thee wrong, I fear me," said Anjou bluntly.

"Let the issue of this day tell," answered the knight of Venice quietly. "If you have given me these brave knights and soldiers to aid me in my enterprise, let me at once lead them forth."

The knight of Medici then placed himself at the head of the troops, the trumpets sounded with loud and stirring notes; and in sight of the whole French army and fleet of Venetian galleys, the young Venetian knight rode at easy pace across the plain, towards the city walls. When the Mussulmen, from the towers and battlements, beheld this warlike array approaching the principal gate of their city, the alarm flew round that the whole christian army was moving to the attack. The infidel leaders gathered their forces at the weakest points, the walls were trebly manned, and every preparation was made to meet the anticipated assault.

The entrance of an old seneschal, with a fresh supply of wine, here caused the cavalier to pause in his narrative.

ON BEING ASKED FOR AN AUTOGRAPH.

"What's in a name?" the poet asks,
That question will be asked no more,
Since thy fair keeping honored makes
What was quite valueless before.

HAL.

ALONE ONCE MORE!

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

Dante.

ALONE once more! — but with such deep emotion,
Waking to life a thousand hopes and fears,
Such wild distrust — such absolute devotion,
My bosom seems a dreary lake of tears; —

Tears that stern manhood long restrained from gushing,
As mountains keep a river from the sea,
Until spring's floods, impetuously rushing,
Channel a bed, and set its waters free!

What mockery to all true and earnest feeling,
This fatal union of the false and fair!
Eyes, lips and voice unmeasured bliss revealing,
With hearts whose lightness fills us with despair!

Oh God! some sorrows of our wondrous being,
A patient mind can partly clear away; —
Ambition cools when fortune's gifts are fleeing,
And men grow thoughtful round a brother's clay; —

But to what end this waste of noble passion?
This wearing of a truthful heart to dust —
Adoring slaves of humor, praise or fashion,
The vain recipients of a boundless trust!

Come home, fond heart, cease all instinctive pleading,
As the dread fever of insane desire,
To some dark gulf thy warm affections leading,
When love must long survive, though faith expire!

Though wonted glory from the earth will vanish,
And life seem desolate and hope beguile,
Love's cherished dream learn steadfastly to banish,
Till death thy spirit's conflict reconcile!

NEW YORK, NOV. 21, 1842.

H. T. T.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PERIODICAL literature has become an important element of social progress. It now constitutes the chief intellectual aliment of a large portion of our citizens, and it is, therefore, a patriotic duty to turn so influential an agent to as good issues as possible. The prevailing error seems to be, that it is either elevated to a point above the range of general sympathy, or debased to the level of the most common-place associations. There is a medium course by which, we think, while popular views are consulted on the one hand, a higher standard of taste may be successfully introduced. Features generally attractive may be combined with a better tone, both of sentiment and style. This is the object at which we shall aim. Success in such an endeavor very much depends upon the

degree of interest and encouragement it elicits. Without a partisan object it is difficult to enlist wide sympathy in literary enterprises. There are, however, if we do not greatly err, a large number both of readers and writers, who take a commendable pride in the advancement of intellectual refinement among all classes of our population, and who would rejoice to see ideas of more permanent value, sentiments of a fresher and more vigorous character, and a style more finished, in the pages of our popular magazines. Some among these, we believe, would gladly promote such a design, were the opportunity afforded, and to them we confidently look for aid and support. We begin the year without any extravagant professions, because time itself is for ever betraying

their fallacy. In the spirit rather of a good purpose and a cheerful trust, would we greet our readers. We desire to preserve those characteristics which have thus far distinguished the Miscellany. The cordial manner in which the literary merit and mechanical beauty of the work, has been recognised throughout the country, justify us in believing that to maintain our place in public estimation, we have but to persevere in the same course, availing ourselves of such improvements as time and occasion afford. We have promises of assistance from many friends, of whose ability to charm and instruct, the public have had ample evidence. In mere names, however, we have but slender faith; and although the services of many contributors known to fame, have been secured, we consider the nominal reputation of our writers as secondary to the actual excellence of their arti-

cles; and we hope that many papers from anonymous sources, will commend themselves to the intelligent reader, by their intrinsic interest and value. With such views we would bespeak a kindly reception from the readers of the Miscellany, and indulge the hope that we shall prove worthy of their welcome. We would fain make this monthly visiter a cheering guest in many dwellings, to breathe sweet counsel into the weary mind, echo the warm feelings of youth, win the dawning intellect to the love of truth and beauty, enliven the solitary, satisfy, in a measure, the judicious, and last, though not least, lend wings to some hours of the gentle and fair. To do this we must be met in a genial mood, and with something of that friendly confidence with which we tender all our well-wishers the greetings of the season.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MANY interesting works are in preparation or have recently appeared. Among the latter none will be received with more lively interest by general readers, than the additional Travels of Mr. Stephens in Central America. The interest which his former books and the reports of other visitors have excited in that comparatively unknown portion of the world, will cause his new work to be sought for with avidity. Cooper has successfully resumed the original scene of his triumphs—the sea, in his new novel of “Wing and Wing.” Those subscribers to “Arcturus,” whose names were transferred to our list when that magazine ceased, will remember “The Career of Puffer Hopkins,” by Cornelius Matthews, which appeared in its successive numbers. The work has been completed and published in a handsome volume, by D. Appleton & Co., with illustrations by H. K. Browne (Phiz.) We regret that want of space will oblige us to defer a notice of George Lunt’s “Age of Gold and other Poems,” just issued in elegant style by W. D. Ticknor. Park Benjamin’s poem delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, has appeared in a neat pamphlet. It is very creditable on account of its simple diction, and many passages of felicitous satire. We are happy to learn that W. D. Ticknor of Boston, is about to issue a volume of poems by Albert Pike. Few American bards have manifested more of the true poetic fire than this writer. Some of the imagery in his “Hymns to the Gods,” originally published in Willis’s Magazine, is worthy of Keats. Longfellow’s new poems will meet with a wide and cordial greeting. John Keese, the editor of the “Poets of America,” has in press

a splendid volume entitled “The Hesperian.” It will contain ten long American Poems, beautifully illustrated from original designs. All lovers of native literature will rejoice to learn that R. H. Dana is making arrangements to bring out a new and more complete edition of his writings.

THE UNITED STATES ALMANAC; or *Complete Ephemeris, for the year 1843.* Philadelphia: Published by E. H. Butler.

This work is the most useful annual of the season, and we hope its success will amply repay the publisher’s enterprise. The Astronomical department appears to have been arranged with great skill and attention. The editor of the volume is John Downes, late of the North Eastern Boundary Survey; but, if we do not err in our surmise, there are traces in the scientific calculations, of the valuable assistance of one of the best practical astronomers in the country, whose attainments, however, are better appreciated abroad than at home. Every engineer in America should possess a copy of the United States Almanac, as it contains numerous tables admirably adapted to the wants of that important profession. The statistics, particularly those relating to the Population, Public Debts and Internal Resources of the several states, are very complete and authentic. Altogether, this Almanac is one of the most valuable compends we have seen.

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ELOQUENCE OF NATURE AND OTHER POEMS.
Hartford: 1842.

S. Dryden Phelps will see the time, if his life is

spared, when he will regret the publication of this volume, notwithstanding the conviction expressed in the preface. Books of this character we can never encounter without pain, because they indicate so much that is good in motive and feeling, with so little that is effective in expression. We doubt not that the author of this volume is a very estimable character, and worthy of the esteem of those "personal friends" to whom his poems are dedicated; yet we cannot but feel that the latter did him a wrong, when they failed to point out the impolicy and bad taste of giving to the public, effusions so crude and imitative.

AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION,
By Charles Dickens.

It is singular to observe the universal anxiety still felt throughout this vast country, when a work appears from a foreign source, devoted to American manners and institutions. Few seem to reflect that the actual value of such works depends upon the peculiar fitness of the individual for the task he assumes. Perhaps the rarest combination of talent is that which enables a man to pass good judgment upon the thousand agencies and facts which go to form the character of a country. Writers of every degree of calibre have taken upon themselves to discuss the United States, as if it were a subject as easily treated as a question of the passing moment. Meantime native writers, whose experience and patriotism qualify them to speak with authority, are almost wholly unregarded. We make these remarks with no view of disparaging Dickens's Notes, but merely to indicate their appropriate rank. As a pleasant, graphic picture of a very rapid tour, the book is very agreeable and written with much liveliness. Several passages, such as the description of the Eastern Penitentiary, the voyage out, etc., remind us, by their vividness and truth to nature, of some of the best parts of his earlier works. The true spirit of humanity, which is the most endearing of this author's traits, is also delightfully evident in these pages. We heartily commend the good taste which induced him so scrupulously to avoid personalities. His visit was too brief to allow of much exactitude of detail, and we think the artist predominates so much over the philosopher in his mind, that it would have been absurd to expect comprehensive views of the great questions which the destinies of this land are every day illustrating. Instead of original reasoning and novel principles like those of De Tocqueville, we find in the "Notes" an entertaining picture of things as they are, drawn by a genial hand and in a frank and pleasant style. Thus much had we written, when a letter from a friend in the interior was received, containing a somewhat different, but very discriminating view of the subject, and we cannot better conclude our notice, than by adopting his language:

"You ask me what I think of Dickens's Notes. The book, like everything he writes, is clever—exceedingly clever. I think, too, that it is written in a fair spirit; that is, that he meant to be just and candid, but it shows a narrowness of mind altogether unworthy of the genius of the author. Boz, you know, has ever been a favorite of mine, and I grieve, therefore, to discover that his chief mental characteristic is rather keenness than scope of observation. I say 'discover,' for until he wrote this book, and attempted to handle themes to which I had always believed him fully equal, I never dreamed of his total deficiency in that liberality of feeling which, as it characterizes every well-educated gentleman, I always wish to believe is born with nature's noblemen—the man of genius—from whatsoever rank he may have sprung. But when do I find this rank savor of vulgarity? I'll tell you, my friend. I apply the same test to this cleverest of British travellers, that we country people do to your Broadway flashers, who sometimes come among us to astonish the natives. He shows his cockney breeding in his impatience of difficulties, which would amuse a born gentleman. I would venture a small wager that Lord Morpeth would not remember the canal boat and hard staging which so perceptibly affected Mr. Dickens's views of this country. He, Dickens, went into the steamer, expecting the comforts and steadiness of London. He stayed at Boston, was well fed and bedded, and was pleased with all he saw. He travelled again, and all was bad, and his ill-humor grew with his journey. It has been evidently his first journey, and his pains and perils are very amusing, and the dangers he describes are not magnified beyond what his fears made them at the time. I trust his strictures may reform the press, but I fear we will not be able to cut down the trees without leaving stumps, or to filter the Mississippi for a year or two."

"He traversed a country ten times more extensive than all Great Britain; a country which, within his own lifetime, has been the abode of the savage! and he found cities, and steamboats, and stage-coaches. He wonders that they do not equal those of England; yet there is no portion of this country between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, which is not safer to travel, and has not better roads, than England had one hundred years ago, when she was more than fourteen times as old! There is no part of the world where a man can go the same distance in any one direction, with the same speed, and comfort, and convenience that he can in this; and if Mr. Dickens would start from the coast of France, and travel twelve hundred miles in any one direction, he would find it to be the case, and excepting England and France, there is no country where he would not find worse accommodations."

"Fifty years ago we had a population of some three millions, and our western limits were then what is now considered our sea-board; yet the traveller sees large cities where the stumps of the primitive forest have not had time to rot, and marvels not that the cities but the stumps are there! He sails down rivers which, within his own recollection, have been only navigated by the bark canoe of the Indian, and wonders that the boats do not surpass those of his own more wealthy country. He travels in stage coaches, where twenty years since he could not have gone on foot and kept his scalp, and is astonished at the bad taverns and worse roads, and rougher population. What ages have hardly effected at home, he expects to find more perfect here, and that like Minerva, we had sprung full grown from our parent country."

"All this part of the book is exaggerated and overdrawn."

"His accounts of our bridges and improve-

ments are singularly incorrect. Mr. Stevenson, an English engineer of some celebrity, travelled the same route as Mr. Dickens did, and speaks of our wooden bridges in quite a different tone. There is not a wooden bridge in Europe which will compare with the one at Columbia; and Mr. Stevenson says, that excepting the slide at Aushach, the Portage railroad is the boldest work in the world."

THE WESTERN CAPTIVE, or *The Times of Tecumseh*. A Tale by Mrs. Seba Smith. New York: J. Winchester.

The accomplished authoress of this story has won the favorable regards of all lovers of sweet fancy and pure sentiment, by her "Sinless Child," an elaborate poem which appeared, a few months since, in a southern periodical. In her present work, we find more to admire in the occasional revelations of sentiment, and descriptions of scenery, than in the plot or characters of the tale. There are several passages of beautiful composition; and the grace and ideal spirit of a poetess is continually displayed. We trust the success of this production will encourage Mrs. Smith to attempt a higher range of prose, in which her eminent success may be confidently predicted.

THULIA: *A Tale of the Antardic*, by J. C. Palmer, U. S. N. New York: Samuel Colman.

A good idea and a pleasant — that of thus constructing a tasteful memorial of some incidents of the Exploring Expedition. The loss of the Peacock consigned to oblivion many valuable records relating to this important voyage. Dr. Palmer has woven some agreeable rhymes descriptive of a few of the vicissitudes and feelings experienced in these far-distant seas; and calling to his aid that most elegant of publishers, Mr. Samuel Colman, they have, by the help of A. T. Agate, one of the artists of the Expedition, furnished the public with a beautiful ornament for the centre-table and boudoir, and one, we should think every officer of the navy would delight to present to some fair friend. We have seen no wood cuts in this country, comparable with those which illustrate this volume, either for chaste design or finished execution.

RAMBLES IN YUCATAN: *including a visit to the remarkable ruins of Chi-Chen, Kabah, Zayi, and Uxmal*. By B. M. Norman. New York: J. and H. G. Langley.

This is a valuable addition to the records of American Travel. It refers to a country but partially known, and yet at present exciting much inter-

est. The descriptions are detailed and clear, bearing every indication of authenticity. The book is a handsome specimen of printing and contains various excellent illustrations. All who are at all curious in the subject of American antiquities, or take delight in the company of a pleasant and intelligent traveller, should not fail to possess themselves of these "Rambles in Yucatan."

THE CONDITION AND FATE OF ENGLAND. By the author of *The Glory and Shame of England*. New York: J. & H. G. Langley.

The publishers of this work have set an example of typographical neatness and convenient form in the various important books they have issued, which we should like to see more generally followed south of New England. The value of Mr. Lester's new volumes consists almost wholly in the facts, political, social and moral, which he has collected and arranged. The political economist will examine these statistics with interest; and the impartial reader must acknowledge that many of the positions assumed in the "Glory and Shame of England" are amply sustained in the present work. Mr. Lester proves the existence of terrible abuses, outraged rights and heart-rending misery. We cannot however sympathize in the tone of asperity and evident pride of argument, which seem to have provoked him to the task thus, in many respects, successfully accomplished. While we are often obliged to say "'tis true," we also feel deeply that "pity 'tis, 'tis true." We wish the author had exhibited the "silver lining" to the cloud. We believe that in the fate of nations as well as individuals, there is a divine principle of compensation. There is, for instance, infinitely less slavery to public opinion in the duchy of Florence, under the absolute government of an Austrian prince, than in the republican city of Boston. But in the former, popular education and equal rights are unknown. In discussing the existent evils that threaten the British isle, we would that Mr. Lester had glanced at some of those redeeming associations which brighten her destiny. While we commend this work for the information it contains and the occasional vivacity with which it is written, we must pronounce it a melancholy compend of painful truths. If their announcement, in this shape, has the least influence in hastening the epoch of social reform and benevolent effort, the author will have better reason to congratulate himself than is often the case in the annals of controversy.

Articles from Mrs. Sigourney, Rufus Dawes, T. S. Arthur, and others, are unavoidably postponed, as well as various literary notices. We crave the indulgence of those contributors whose favors were received too late for insertion in the present number. The author of "Winter Evening Chronicles" will please send to the office for a reply to his communication.

NEW YEAR'S SONG.

POETRY BY THOMAS POWER, ESQ. MUSIC COMPOSED BY GEORGE JAMES WESS.

Andantino con espressivo.

Piano-
Forte.

Sempre legato.

1. I wish thee ma - ny hap - py days, And ma - ny hap - py

years; . . . May hope ne'er hide its gen - tle rays, Nor

XIX

NEW YEAR'S SONG.

47

sor - row bring its tears: The flow'rs that grace life's

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff, a piano accompaniment in the middle staff, and a bass line in the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "sor - row bring its tears: The flow'rs that grace life's". There is a triplet of eighth notes in the piano part marked with "x1x" and a "1" above it.

changing scene, As spell of beau-ty's bloom, Will

This system contains the second line of music. It continues the vocal melody, piano accompaniment, and bass line. The lyrics are: "changing scene, As spell of beau-ty's bloom, Will". The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes marked with "x1x" and a "1" above it.

mark one spot of love - ly green, Though all a - round is

This system contains the third line of music. It continues the vocal melody, piano accompaniment, and bass line. The lyrics are: "mark one spot of love - ly green, Though all a - round is". The piano part features a triplet of eighth notes marked with "x1x" and a "1" above it.

gloom.

mf *cres.*

pp ped.

X

SECOND VERSE.

Like bright'ning hues of ruddy west
That mark the setting sun,
The parting hours of time still best
Their truest joys have won.
The rays that touch on ocean's tide,
As light of beacon-star,
Shine on, a true and faithful guide
To other climes afar.

BOSTON MISCELLANY.

MACAULAY.

It is impossible to cast even a careless glance over the literature of the last thirty years, without perceiving the prominent station occupied by critics, reviewers and essayists. Criticism, in the old days of Monthly Reviews and Gentlemen's Magazines, was quite an humble occupation, and was chiefly monopolized by the "barren rascals" of letters, who scribbled, sinned and starved in attics and cellars; but it has since been almost exalted into a creative art, and numbers among its professors some of the most accomplished writers of the age. Dennis, Rhymers, Winstanley, Theophilus Cibber, Griffiths, and other "eminent hands," as well as the nameless contributors to defunct periodicals and deceased pamphlets, have departed, body and soul, and left not a wreck behind; and their places have been supplied by such men as Coleridge, Carlyle, Macaulay, Lamb, Hazlitt, Jeffrey, Wilson, Gifford, Mackintosh, Sidney Smith, Hallam, Campbell, Talfourd and Brougham. Indeed, every celebrated writer of the present century, without, it is believed, a solitary exception, has dabbled or excelled in criticism. It has been the road to fame and profit, and has commanded both applause and guineas, when the unfortunate objects of it have been blessed with neither. Many of the strongest minds of the age will leave no other record behind them, than critical essays and popular speeches. To those who have made criticism a business, it has led to success in other professions. The Edinburgh Review, which took the lead in the establishment of the new order of things, was projected in a lofty attic by two briefless barristers and a titheless parson; the former are now lords, and the latter is a snug prebendary, rejoicing in the reputation of being the finest wit and smartest divine of the age. That celebrated journal made reviewing more

respectable than authorship. It was started at a time when the degeneracy of literature demanded a radical reform, and a sharp vein of criticism. Its contributors were men who possessed talents and information, and so far held a slight advantage over most of those they reviewed, who did not happen to possess either. Grub street quarterly quaked to its foundations, as the northern comet shot its portentous glare into the dark alleys, where bathos and puerility buzzed and hived. The citizens of Brussels, on the night previous to Waterloo, were hardly more terror-struck than the vast array of fated authors who, every three months, waited the appearance of the baleful luminary, and, starting at every sound which betokened its arrival,

"Whispered with white lips, the foe! it comes!
it comes!"

In the early and palmy days of the Review, when reviewers were wits and writers were hacks, the shore of the great ocean of books was "heaped with the damned like pebbles." Like an "eagle in a dovecote," it fluttered the leaves of the Minerva press, and stifled the weak notes of imbecile elegance, and the dull croak of insipid vulgarity, learned ignorance, and pompous humility. The descent of Attila on the Roman Empire was not a more awful visitation to the Italians, than the "fell swoop" of the Edinburgh Review on the degenerate denizens of Grub street and Paternoster row. It carried ruin and devastation wherever it went, and in most cases it carried those severe but providential dispensations to the right places, and made havoc consistent both with political and poetic justice. The Edinburgh reviewers were found not to be of the old school of critics. They were not contented with the humble task of chronicling the appearance of

books, and meekly condensing their weak contents for the edification of lazy heads; but when they deigned to read and analyze the work they judged, they sought rather for opportunities to display their own wit and knowledge than to flatter the vanity of the author, or to increase his readers. Many of their most splendid articles were essays rather than reviews. The writer, whose work afforded the name of the subject, was summarily disposed of in a quiet sneer, a terse sarcasm, or a faint panegyric, and the remainder of the article hardly recognized his existence. It is to these purely original contributions, written by men of the first order of talent, that the Review owes most of its reputation; and their frequent appearance has exalted it above all the other periodicals of the age, and has atoned for its frequent injustice to authors, its numerous inconsistencies, and its many supposed heresies in taste, philosophy and religion.

Among the many noted critics and essayists, who have made the great quarterly their medium of communication with the public, there is none who has obtained a wider celebrity, or justified his popularity by compositions of more intrinsic excellence, than Thomas Babington Macaulay. He began to contribute to the Review when it appeared to be passing from the green into the yellow leaf of public favor, and his articles commanded immediate attention, and breathed into it new life and brilliancy. The estimation in which he was early held is evinced by the remark of Mackintosh, that he was master of every species of composition,—a saying which obtained for both a clumsy sneer from Wilson in Blackwood's Magazine. From the year 1825 to the present period, Macaulay has continued his connection with the Review, and the reputation of his writings has increased with each new addition to them. There probably never was a series of articles communicated to a periodical, which can challenge comparison with those of Macaulay, for artistic merit. They are characterized by many of the qualities of heart and mind which stamp the productions of an Edinburgh reviewer; but in the combination of various excellences, they far excel the finest efforts of the class. As nimble and concise in wit as Sidney Smith; an eye quick to seize all those delicate refinements of language and happy turns of expression, which charm us in Jeffrey; displaying much of the imperious scorn, passionate strength and swelling diction of Brougham; as brilliant and as acute in critical dissection as Hazlitt, without the unsoundness of mind which disfigures the finest compositions of that remarkable man; at times evincing a critical judgment which would not disgrace the stern gravity of Hallam, and a range of thought and knowledge which remind us of Mackin-

tosh,—Macaulay seems to be the abstract and epitome of the whole journal,—seems the utmost that an Edinburgh reviewer "can come to." He delights every one—high or low, intelligent or ignorant. His spice is of so keen a flavor, that it tickles the coarsest palate. He has the hesitating suffrages of men of taste, and the plaudits of the million. The man who has a common knowledge of the English language, and the scholar who has mastered its refinements, seem equally sensible to the charm of his diction. No matter how unpromising the subject on which he writes may appear to the common eye, in his hands it is made pleasing. Statistics, history, biography, political economy, all suffer a transformation into "something rich and strange." Prosaists are made to love poetry, tory politicians to sympathize with Hampden and Milton, and novel-readers to obtain some idea of Bacon and his philosophy. The wonderful clearness, point and vigor of his style, sends his thoughts right into every brain. Indeed, a person who is utterly insensible to the witchery of Macaulay's diction, must be either a Yahoo or a beatified intelligence.

Some of the causes of this wide and general popularity may be discerned in a very superficial survey of Macaulay's writings. The brilliancy which is diffused through them all, the felicity of their style, and the strong mental qualities which are displayed in their conception and composition, strike us at a glance. Every page is brightened with wit, ennobled by sentiment, freighted with knowledge, or decorated with imagery. Thought is conveyed with a directness and clearness which can hardly be surpassed. Knowledge, and important principles generalized from knowledge, are scattered with careless ease and prodigality, as if they would hardly be missed in the fulness of mind from which they proceed. History is made a picture, flushed with the most brilliant hues of the imagination, and illuminated with the constant flashes of a never-failing wit. Compression, arrangement, proportion—all the arts of which an accomplished rhetorician avails himself to give effect to his composition—are used with a tact and taste which conceal from us the appearance of labor and reflection. The most intricate questions of criticism and philosophy, the characters and actions of distinguished men,—poetry, history, political economy, king-craft, metaphysics,—are all discussed with the same unhesitating confidence and ability, and without the slightest admixture of the pedantry of scholarship. Minute researches into disputed points of history and biography, large speculations on the most important subjects of human thought, seem equally to be the element in which the mind of the author moves. In convicting Mr. Croker of igno-

rance in unimportant dates, in giving a philosophical view of the progress of society, in analyzing with exquisite nicety the mental constitution of the greatest poets, in spreading before the mind a comprehensive view of systems in metaphysics, politics and religion, he appears equally at home. His eye is both microscopic and telescopic; conversant at once with the animalculæ of society and letters, and the larger objects of human attention. Every felicity of expression which can add grace to his style, is studiously sought after, and happily introduced. Illustrations, drawn from nature, and from a vast mass of well-digested reading, are poured forth with a lavish hand, and always with effect. The attention of the reader is continually provoked by the pungent stimulants which are mixed in the composition of almost every sentence; and the most careless and listless person who ever slept over a treatise on philosophy, cannot fail to find matter, or manner, which rouses him from mental torpidity, and pleases him into pupilage.

If Macaulay thus obtains popularity in quarters where it is generally denied to thinkers, and monopolized by the last new novel, he is not the less calculated to win golden opinions from readers of judgment and reflection. Behind the external show and glittering vesture of his thoughts,—beneath all his pomp of diction, aptness of illustration, splendor of imagery and epigrammatic point and glare, a careful eye can easily discern the movement of a powerful and cultivated intellect, as it successively appears in the well-trained logician, the acute and discriminating critic, the comprehensive philosopher, the practical and far-sighted statesman, and the student of universal knowledge. Perhaps the extent of Macaulay's range over the field of literature and science, and the boldness of his generalizations, are the most striking qualities he displays. The amount of his knowledge surprises even book-worms, memory-mongers, and other literary cormorants. It comprises all literatures, and all departments of learning and literature. It touches Scarron on one side, and Plato on the other. He seems master of every subject of human interest, and of many more subjects which only he can make interesting. He can battle theologians with weapons drawn from antique armories unknown to themselves; sting pedants with his wit, and then overthrow them with a profusion of trivial and recondite learning; oppose statesmen on the practical and theoretical questions of political science; browbeat political economists on their own vantage-ground; be victorious in matters of pure reason in an argument with reasoning machines; follow historians, step by step, in their most minute researches, and adduce facts and principles which they have overlooked, though their life may have been spent in quest of

them; silence metaphysicians by a glib condensation of all theories of the mind, and convict them of ignorance out of Plato, Aristotle, Locke, or any other philosopher they may happen to deify; and perform the whole with a French lightness and ease of expression which never before was used to convey so much vigor, depth and reach of thought, and so large and heavy a load of information.—His brilliancy and lightness of manner, at periods falling to flippancy and pertness, as well as rising to vivid and impassioned eloquence, is calculated to deceive many into the belief that he is shallow; but no conclusion could be more incorrect; though, from the time-honored connexion between learning and dulness, no conclusion is more natural. Macaulay's morbidly keen sense of the ludicrous prevents him from manifesting any of the pompous pedantry and foolish vanities of the lore-proud student, but rather sends him to the opposite extreme. His mind re-acts on all that passes into it. He possesses his knowledge, not his knowledge him. It does not oppress his intellect in the least, but is stored away in compact parcels, ready at any time for use. It is no weltering chaos of undigested learning, stumbling into expression in wildering and confused language, as is much which passes for great erudition; but it goes through the alembic of a strong understanding,—it is subjected to the scrutiny of a discriminating and weighty judgment, unshackled by authority,—it is made to glow and glitter in the rays of a vivid imagination and a brilliant fancy. He tears away all the cumbrous phraseology which encases and obscures common truths, and which scares many good people into the belief that stale truisms are abstruse mysteries. He is not deluded by great names and "standard" books; his judgment is untrammelled by accredited opinions on taste, morals, government and religion; the heavy panoply of learning encumbers not the free play of his mind; he has none of the silly pride of intellect and erudition, but he seems rather to consider authors as men who are determined to make a fool of him if they can; he haughtily disputes their opinions and treats their unfounded pretensions with mocking scorn; and he delights to cram tomes of diluted facts into one short, sharp, antithetical sentence, and condense general principles into epigrams. Few scholars have ever lived, who have manifested so much independence and affluence of thought, in connexion with so rich and varied an amount of knowledge.

As a critic of poetry and general literature, Macaulay manifests considerable depth of feeling; a fine sense of the beautiful; a quick sensibility; an amazing acuteness in discerning the recondite as well as predominating qualities of an author's mind, and setting them forth in clear, direct and pointed ex-

pression; and a comprehensive and penetrating judgment, unfettered by any rules unfounded in the nature of things. Intellectual and moral sympathy, the prominent quality of a good poetical critic, he possesses to as great a degree as could be expected, or perhaps tolerated, in an Edinburgh reviewer. He overrules or reverses, with the most philosophical coolness, many of the decisions made by Jeffrey and other hanging judges among his predecessors; and awards justice to many whom they petulantly or basely condemned. For great authors, for the crowned kings of thought, for many poets who labor under the appellation of irregular geniuses, for statemen of broad views and powerful energies, he can expend a large amount of sympathy, and in praise of their merits indulge in an almost unbroken strain of panegyric; but for small writers he has little sympathy, toleration or charity. The articles on Milton, Machiavelli, Bacon, Dryden, Byron,—the incidental references to Dante, Wordsworth, Shelley, Alfieri, Burke, Coleridge,—all display a discriminating love of intellectual excellence, and a liberal and catholic taste. In other essays, as those on Sir William Temple, Clive, Hastings, Hampden, Mirabeau, Frederick the Great, Macaulay shows an equal power of judging of men of action, and summing up impartially the merits and defects of their characters and lives. Before all that is great in intellect and conduct, he bends the knee in willing homage, and praises with unforced and vivid eloquence. The articles on Milton and Hampden are noble monuments to the genius and virtue of the first, and the virtue and talents of the last. Throughout both, we see a strong, hearty, earnest, sympathizing spirit, in unchecked action. The keenness of judgment, likewise, displayed in separating the bad from the good, in the intellectual and moral constitution of many of his favorites among men of action and speculation, and tracing their errors of taste and faults of conduct to their true outward or inward source,—is worthy of all admiration. The sharp analysis which stops only at the truth, is used with unsparing rigor, in cases where enthusiastic apology would, in a scholar, be merely an amiable weakness. What Macaulay sees, is not "distorted and refracted through a false medium of passions and prejudices," but is discerned with clearness and in "dry light." He sacrifices the whole body of ancient philosophers at the shrine of Bacon; but he discriminates with unerring accuracy between Bacon the philosopher and Bacon the politician: "Bacon seeking truth, and Bacon seeking for the seals." He blushes for the "disingenuousness of the most devoted worshipper of speculative truth, and the servility of the boldest champion of intellectual freedom;" and remembers that if Bacon was the

first "who treated legislation as a science, it was among the last Englishmen who ~~was~~ the rack; that he who first summoned philosophers to the great work of interpreting nature, was among the last Englishmen who sold justice." "The transparent splendor of Cicero's incomparable diction," does not blind Macaulay to the fact, that the great orator's whole life "was under the dominion of a girlish vanity and a craven fear." His respect for Frederick's military character extends not to his rhymes, but he treats them with as much disrespect as if they had proceeded from the merest hack that ever butchered language into bathos, or diluted it into sentimentality. This absence of idol-worship in Macaulay adds much to the value of his opinions and investigations, but at times it gives a kind of heartlessness to his manner which grates upon the sensibility. In proportion as his praise is eloquent and hearty, for what is noble and great in character, his scorn is severe for what is little and mean. In the dissection he makes of Bacon's moral character, and the cool unconcern with which he lays open to view his manifold frailties, we are often led to ask with Hamlet, "Has this fellow no feeling of his business?" In considering the lives of men of lofty endowments, we are often better pleased with the charity that covers a multitude of sins, than the stern justice which parades them in the light, and holds them up to abhorrence.

But if great men receive more justice than mercy from Macaulay, men of low intellectual stature fare worse. He here manifests a spirit akin to Faulconbridge and Hotspur. There is no critic who is less tolerant of mediocrity. For half-bred reasoners, for well-meaning and bad-writing theologians, for undeveloped geniuses, for pompous pedantry, for respectable stupidity, for every variety of the tame, the frigid, and the low, he has an imperious and crushing contempt. There are many writers, also, who have a good reputation among what are termed men of taste, and whose works are, or should be "on the shelves of every gentleman's library," whom he treats with a cool arrogance and dogmatism which shock the nerves not a little. His critical severity seems to actualize the ideal of critical damnation. There is no show of mercy in him. He carries his austerity beyond the bounds of humanity. His harshness to the captive of his criticism is a transgression of the law against cruelty to animals. Among a squad of bad writers—if the simile be allowable—he seems to exclaim with the large-boned quadruped that danced among the chickens, "Let every one take care of himself!" He is both judge and executioner; condemns the prisoner,—puts on the black cap with a stinging sneer,—hangs, quarters and scatters his limbs to the four winds—without any appearance of pity or remorse.

He subjects the common-place, the stupid, the narrow-minded, to every variety of critical torture; he riddles them with epigrams, he racks them with analysis, he scorches them with sarcasm; he probes their most delicate and sensitive nerves with the glittering edge of his wit; he breathes upon them the hot breath of his scorn; he crushes and grinds them in the whirling mill of his logic; over the burning marl of his critical Pandemonium he makes them walk with unsandalled feet, and views their ludicrous agonies with mocking glee. All other reviewers are babes to him. A heretic in the grasp of a holy father of the Inquisition,—a pauper who has incurred the displeasure of the parish beadle,—a butterfly in the hands of a man of science,—all have reason to be thankful that destiny has saved them from the torment which awaits the dunce, who has fallen into the clutch of Macaulay.

If murdered books could burst their cements, and revisit the earth to haunt their destroyers, the sleep of Thomas Babington Macaulay would be peopled with more phantoms than the slumbers of Richard the Third. A collection of the authors from the middle and lower classes of literature, which this Nimrod of criticism,—this death-angel, Azrael, of letters—has sent to their long account, would somewhat resemble the "circle in a parlor," mentioned in Peter Bell—

"Crammed just as they on earth were crammed:
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent—and all damned!"

It is to be feared that other motives than those which spring from an offended taste, sometimes influence Macaulay's critical decisions. Political hostility, and the bitterness of feeling it naturally engenders, may be supposed to have edged much of the cutting sarcasm, which is used so pitilessly, in the wholesale condemnation of John Wilson Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson. The purity of the critical ermine, like that of the judicial, is often soiled by contact with politics.

There is one quality of Macaulay's nature, and that, perhaps, the best, which is deserving of lavish eulogium,—his intense and earnest love of liberty, and his honest and hearty hatred of intellectual and political despotism. Few authors have written more eloquently of freedom, or paid truer and nobler homage to its advocates and martyrs; and few have opened hotter vials of wrath upon bigotry, tyranny, and all forms of legislative fraud. Tyranny is associated in his mind with all that is mean and hateful. In sweeping its pretensions from his path, in tasking every faculty of his intellect to search and shame the narrow hearts of its apologists, "his rhetoric becomes a whirlwind, and his

logic, fire." His denunciation is frequently awful in its depth and earnestness and crushing force. He holds no quarter with his opponents, and wars to the knife. His consummate dialectical skill, his unbounded sway over language, his wide grasp of thought and knowledge, the full strength of his passions and the utmost splendor of his imagination, are ever ready at the call of free principles to perform any needed service,—to unmask the specious forms of disguised despotism, to overthrow and trample under foot the injustice which has lied itself into axioms. He then becomes enthusiastic and wholly in earnest, and his eloquence, in its torrent-like rush and fierce sweep, resembles that which he has so happily described as characterizing the forensic efforts of Fox—reason penetrated, and, as it were, made red-hot with passion. In numerous passages of his articles on Milton, Church and State, Constitutional History, and Hampden; and, especially, in that best of all papers purely critical, the review of Southey's foolish Colloquies on Society; he reasons with all the force and fire of declamation. Imagination, fancy, sensibility, seem all fused into his understanding. His illustrations are analogies; his images are pictorial arguments; the most gorgeous trappings of his rhetoric are radiant with thought. His intellectual eye pierces instantly beneath the shows of things to the things themselves, and seems almost to behold truth in clear vision. In boldness of thought, in intellectual hardihood and daring, in vehement strength of soul, he excels most of the liberal statesmen of Europe. His essays are full of propositions which not a few honorable members of Congress would shrink from supporting, and yet there is in his writings an entire absence of all the cant and maudlin affectation of mouth-worshippers of freedom. Many passages might be selected, as indicating the liberality and clearness of his views respecting the just powers of government, and the rights of the governed. His opinions on the union of Church and State show great comprehensiveness of thought, and extent of information. The advocates of the necessary connexion between a good government and an established church, are opposed with the full strength of his intellect and imagination. The whole history of the Christian religion shows, he says, that "she is in far greater danger of being corrupted by the alliance of power than of being crushed by its opposition. Those who thrust temporal sovereignty upon her, treat her as their prototypes treated her Author. They bow the knee and spit upon her; they cry Hail! and smite her on the cheek; they put a sceptre into her hand, but it is a fragile reed; they crown her, but it is with thorns; they cover with purple the wounds which their own hands have inflicted upon

her, and inscribe magnificent titles over the cross on which they have fixed her to perish in ignominy and pain."

The imperious scorn, the bitter hatred, the unalloyed detestation he feels for the meanness and manifold infamies which followed in the train of the "glorious restoration" of Charles II., inspire many a passage of vigorous argument, and glow and burn beneath many a sentence of splendid rhetoric. After paying an eloquent, just and discriminating tribute to the virtue, the valor, the religious fervor of the puritans, who wrought the first English revolution, he bursts out in a strain of indignant rebuke of the succeeding social and political enormities which paved the way to the second. "Then came those days never to be mentioned without a blush—the days of servitude without loyalty and sensuality without love; of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices; the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds; the golden age of the coward, the bigot and the slave. The king, cringing to his rival that he might trample on his people, sank into a viceroy of France, and pocketed, with complacent infamy, her degrading insults and more degrading gold. The caresses of harlots and the jests of buffoons regulated the measures of a government which had just ability enough to deceive, and just religion enough to persecute. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier, and the Anathema Maranatha of every fawning dean. In every high place, worship was paid to Charles and James—Belial and Moloch; and England propitiated these obscene and cruel idols with the blood of her best and bravest children. Crime succeeded to crime, and disgrace to disgrace, till the race accursed of God and man was a second time driven forth, to wander on the face of the earth, and to be a byword and a shaking of the head to the nations." Not less severe is he upon the literature of that period. "A deep and general taint infected the morals of the most influential classes, and spread itself through every province of letters. Poetry inflamed the passions; philosophy undermined the principles; divinity itself, inculcating an abject reverence for the court, gave additional effect to its licentious example. The excesses of the age remind us of the humors of a gang of footpads, revelling with their favorite beauties at a flash-house. In the fashionable libertinism there is a hard, cold ferocity, an impudence, a lowness, a dirtiness, which can be paralleled only among the heroes and heroines of that filthy and heartless literature which encouraged it." Macaulay, likewise, is honest beyond most English writers in his view of the revolution which dethroned Charles I.; and points out the inconsistencies of that class of religionists and politicians who, "on the fifth of November, thank God

for wonderfully conducting his servant King William, and for making all opposition fall before him until he became our king and governor!—and on the thirtieth of January contrive to be afraid that the blood of the royal martyr may be visited on themselves and children." Indeed, he always brings to the task of commenting on the history of his own country, a comprehensiveness of view, a freedom from prejudice, a love for free principles, and a graphic force, picturesqueness and energy of diction, which make his historical essays the most fascinating of compositions.

Yet, with all his fondness for speculative truth, with all his deep sense and detestation of injustice and corruption, with all his fine perception of the harmonious and true in literature and laws, there is hardly any statesman more thoroughly practical than Macaulay. He can sympathize with the great works of imagination, and his rhetoric revels in their praise and illustration; but he sympathizes with them merely as works of imagination, and he carries but few of his idealities into his view of actual life and established government. He tolerates no writer whose sensibility and imagination are predominant in discussing questions of national policy, of finance, manufactures, commerce or laws; he allows the introduction of no Utopias in the living, breathing, sinning world of fact. No mercy is shown to those who treat government as a fine art, and "judge of it as they would of a statue or picture;" and the mental constitution of political philosophers, who erect theories out of materials furnished from other sources than reason and observation, is analyzed with unrivalled dexterity and discrimination. All rant about the rights of man, all whining and whimpering about the clashing interests of body and soul, are treated with haughty scorn or made the butt of contemptuous ridicule. Society is viewed as it is, and principles accommodated to the existing state of things. No man is denounced for acting or thinking in the sixteenth century what the sixteenth century acted and thought, or attacked because he did not accommodate his conduct to the principles of the nineteenth. To the discussion of all practical questions, he brings a practical logic, and an experience grounded on observation of the actual world. He would belong to that party which is just enough in advance of the age to be useful to it. But if he has little respect for impracticable theories of freedom, neither will he hold any terms with theoretical advocates or apologists of oppression. After scattering all arguments for a political institution, he often opposes its demolition, from expediency. He never allows the majesty of reason to be insulted with the thin sophisms used in palliation or defence of political and social abuses; but he is too little of an idealist in politics to suppose that, because those abuses are un-

founded in reason, they are necessarily and altogether pernicious, and should be immediately overthrown. His enthusiasm and imagination march in the train of his understanding, and never lead where they should follow.

After so wide a survey of Macaulay's merits, it is no more than proper to add some few remarks on his faults and deficiencies. These are few or many, as different tastes may decide. His marked mannerism of style would offend some; while others would bring against him the charge of being too much of the earth, earthy. Many might object to him, that his incessant brilliancy sometimes fatigues in the limits of an essay, and would be as intolerable as dullness itself, in a volume; that, in attempting to give effect and vividness to his thoughts and diction, he is often overstrained and extravagant, and that his epigrammatic style seems better fitted for the glitter of paradox than the sober guise of truth; that he manifests too much dogmatism and superciliousness in discussion, and that propositions, which lie across the path of his argument, are too frequently disposed of by assertion instead of reasoning; that, with all his skill in dialectics, there are occasions in which he betrays a lack of logical honesty, and takes "truisms for his premises and paradox for his conclusion;" that too much of the inspiration of his wit comes from scorn and contempt, and is little restrained by kindness of temper; that high philosophy and religion, in his writings, are rather considered as subjects for curious investigation, than as guides to life; that with all his vehemence and intellectual hardihood in the cause of liberty, and the deep-toned passion with which he denounces tyranny and its corruptions, there is still little which shows a disposition to shed blood as well as ink in defence of free principles; that, with considerable power in painting martyrdom in alluring colors, and with a high respect for those who bravely meet without fanatically seeking it, he is still not the man whom we might ever expect to see at the stake, or to behold starving on freedom; that, as an essayist and critic, he has not the benignity of disposition, the quiet tenderness, the calm beauty of Talfourd, and the intense brooding spirit, the inwardness, the "solemn agony" of Carlyle; all these, and many more objections, might be brought against Macaulay,—some of them true, some overstated, some unimportant, and none which should overbalance his claims to high rank among contemporary authors. The truth of the matter is, that the prominent characteristic of Macaulay's writings, and the source both of merits and defects, may be comprised in one word—vigor. To this he often sacrifices simplicity, and occasionally even strict truth. Truisms he states with all the strength of passion; common historical events he narrates with all

the brilliancy of epigram. He rarely "possesses himself in any quietness." Hence, with all his power of strong thought, he has no thoughtfulness. Byron displays hardly more intensity. Tediumness he seems to consider as a combination of the seven deadly sins of rhetoric; he carefully avoids it himself; he lashes it remorselessly in others. He has a nervous hatred, a fierce, haughty contempt for common-place, cant, feebleness of thought, meanness of expression, pomposity of manner,—in short, for all shapes and shades of dullness. The common faults and affectations of men of letters, he carefully avoids, and he labors to give all his productions a cosmopolitan air. Nothing that he writes is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." The level shadow of the Actual, in his mind, stretches far and wide into the sunny tract of the Ideal; and he is as much an utilitarian as a strong imagination and a fine taste for works of art, will permit. He listens to no voices from the land of dreams, and never labors to express the inexpressible. Almost every sentence in his essays is clear, sharp, pointed, direct, pictorial. He never whines, although he is not more deficient in sensibility than many authors who do little else. His quick sense of the ridiculous preserves him from cant and all its manifold sins. To give raciness and energy to his style, he has no hesitation in using phrases which young ladies might consider inelegant, and which Miss Betty would pronounce decidedly "low." His works overflow with antithetical forms of expression, and thoughts condensed into sparkling epigrams. The latter he seems to love with all the affection which Shakspeare had for puns. Sometimes they betray careful elaboration—at others, they have the suddenness of poetical inspiration. His page is brightened with them. They constitute the "dazzling fence" of his rhetoric. Gleaming over the discussion of a question of taste, like incessant flashes of heat-lightning,—thrown off like glittering sparks, in the rush of his declamatory logic,—at one time used as the agreeable vehicle to convey an important truth, at another, the shining armor in which a paradox or a sophism is impenetrably incased—they seem almost to be the element in which his mind moves. There are whole pages in his writings which must be interpreted according to the laws of epigram, instead of the direct meaning which the words express. That this love for pointed diction leads him into many errors, cannot be denied; but the blemish is so delightful that the reader no more thinks of making it a matter for grave critical accusation, than of quarrelling with Congreve for his excess of wit, or with Carlyle for his excess of spirituality.

It may now be asked by some sapient critics,

Why make all this coil about a mere periodical essayist? Of what possible concern is it to any body, whether Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay be, or be not, overrun with faults, since he is nothing more than one of the three-day immortals, who contribute flashy and "taking" articles to a quarterly review? What great work has he written? Such questions as these might be put by the same men who place the *Spectator*, *Tattler* and *Rambler* among the British classics, yet judge of the size of a contemporary's mind by that of his book, and who can hardly recognize amplitude of comprehension, unless it be spread over the six hundred pages of octavos and quartos. Such men would place Bancroft above Webster, and Sparks above Calhoun, Adams and Everett—deny a pos-

terity for Bryant's *Thanatopsis*, and predict longevity to Pollok's *Course of Time*. It is singular that the sagacity which can discern thought only in a state of dilution, is not sadly gravelled when it thinks of the sententious aphorisms which have survived whole libraries of folios, and the little songs which have outrun, in the race of fame, so many enormous epics. While it can easily be demonstrated that Macaulay's writings contain a hundred-fold more matter and thought, than an equal number of volumes taken from what are called, *par eminence*, the "British Essayists," it is not broaching any literary heresy to predict, that they will sail as far down the stream of time, as those eminent members of the illustrious family of British classics. X.

THE MODERN HERO.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Milton.

THE lance is rusting on the wall,
No laurel crowns are wove,
And every knightly strain is hushed
In castle, camp and grove.

No manly breast now fronts the spear,
No strong arm waves the brand,
To vindicate the rightful cause,
Or stay Oppression's hand.

The minstrel's pilgrimage has ceased,
Chivalric days are o'er,
And fiery steeds bear noblemen
To Palestine no more.

What battle-field with courage now
Shall ardent minds inspire?
Upon what shrine can youth devote
Its wild yet hallowed fire?

Must the bold heart ignobly pine
Far from heroic strife,
And win no trophies to adorn
This cold and fleeting life?

Is there no guerdon for the brave?
No warfare for the free?
No wrong for valor to redress?
For men no victory?

Shall high and earnest purpose die,
And souls of might grow tame?
Glory no more be warned to life
By Love's ennobling flame?

Forbid it every pulse that leaps
At beauty's kindling smile,
Forbid it all the glowing dreams
That youthful hearts beguile !

By the clear spell that morning weaves,
By noontide's stirring glare,
By the vast sea, the mighty woods,
And midnight's solemn air ;

By Nature's deep and constant tones,
Tears that are born of song,
And thrills that eloquence awakes
In every human throng ;

By childhood's hopefulness serene,
And woman's cherished name,
Let not heroic spirits yield
Their heritage of fame !

It may no more be won in arms,
And knighthood's loyal toil,
Nor flourish, like Marengo's grain
Upon a blood-stained soil.

It will not live in warrior's tales,
Or lay of troubadour,
Nor shall the scarf of ladye-love
Become its emblem more.

But in the quietude of thought,—
The soul's divine retreat,
Does Valor now her garlands twine,
And rear her proudest seat.

They who most bravely can endure,
Most earnestly pursue,
Amid Opinion's tyrant bands
Unto themselves be true !

Rejoice in Beauty more than gain,
Guard well the dreams of youth,
And with devoted firmness live
Crusaders for the truth !

The freedom of the mind maintain,
Its sacredness revere,
And cling to Honor's open path,
As planets to their sphere ;

Who own no gage but that of Faith,
And with undaunted brow,
Turn from the worshippers of gold,—
These are the heroes now !

In lonely watchfulness they stand
Upon Time's hoary steep,
And Glory's flickering beacon-lights,
For coming ages keep.

Thus bravely live heroic men,
A consecrated band ;
Life is to them a battle-field,
Their hearts a Holy Land.

BOYHOOD MEMORIES.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

THE association of ideas! Don't be startled, reader. I am not going to be metaphysical; and yet how strange to find the long-gone days of boyhood suddenly drawn out from their shadowy recesses, by some casual associating occurrence. An old-fashioned, "regular built" New England snow-storm, now raging, or rather laughing and frolicking—for it is anything but cheerless and melancholy—carries me back to those days, when the snow fell four or five feet on a level, and I enjoyed the unalloyed delight of staying at home from school, to play theatricals in the wood-house, while GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE was rehearsing *Sir Pertinax*, in Federal-street; and many a young enthusiast was studying "the small bills" that had enveloped his ticket for the night. But volumes might be written about those enchanting and voluptuous transports, which engage the young and imaginative, while the eye banquets on the green curtain from the pit. The luxury of staying at home from school is unknown to children now-a-days; for schools are no longer unattractive places, especially in Boston, where a greater reform has taken place in matters connected with education, than in anything else; important as have been the changes in the American metropolis of polite life and refinement.

I know not how others are affected by such trifles as boyhood memories; but as regards myself, though interwoven with many a dark and tangled thread, they hang before the inward eye like olden tapestries, where scenes of interest are embroidered in unfading colors, and have become a part of the home-furniture of the mind. The scenes and transactions of to-day are working for the rising generation the same pictorial draperies that were woven years ago for myself, and will serve a similar purpose, when Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights blaze with their festal-fires, at the centennial celebration of '76. I don't wish to be unreasonable, but I *would* like to be in Boston then, for the pleasure of telling the children some of my hear-say, revolutionary anecdotes, which have never found their way to the printers,—for revolutionary anecdotes at only second-hand, will have more interest then; together with my own reminiscences of "the last war,"—heaven grant it may indeed be then, as now, the last!—when the song of

"Pick-axe, shovel, spade,
Crow-bar, hoe and barrow,
Better not invade!
Yankees have the marrow!"

resounded in the streets, and especially on the islands in the harbor, where the sturdy volunteers labored day and night in making breast-works and batteries, in full view of the British fleet;—when Boston was one large garrison, and every unexempted man wore a cockade in his hat (the *boys* wore them of course); when the magnificent hussars dashed about, under the command of JOSIAH QUINCY; (now president)—what a superb company that was!—when the "Sea Fencibles" sprang into existence, as fine a set as ever marched to music;—when hundreds of privateers-men thronged the streets, with ribbons on their tarpaulins, bearing their vessel's name, as "THE CURLEW," "THE VULTURE," &c.; when the wharves were blocked up with dismantled ships and brigs;—not forgetting the memorable Sunday, when more business was transacted in twelve hours, than was ordinarily done in a fortnight;—when the unfortunate Chesapeake answered the challenge of the Shannon, and set sail for the battle: how distinctly I see her now, crank and unfit for service, leaning over in a light breeze, as she passes Fort Independence, on her disastrous enterprize! Oh, the dull, sickening gloom of the day after that calamity! who can forget it! But let us turn our eyes from that one dark spot in the sun of American glory. The dying words of the lamented LAWRENCE, "*Don't give up the ship!*" were, from that hour, the war-cry of our victorious navy.

It would be a pleasure to children of that day, to hear stories from one who had talked familiarly with LAFAYETTE and the elder ADAMS; who knew some of the men who threw the tea overboard, and had been well acquainted with EDES, who mixed the punch for that band of heroes on the occasion; who dined with the four thousand, that sat down under one tent, when the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument was laid, and who was in the very company with the survivors of the battle, and heard them talk about it, dressed as they were in the regimentals of that day. How their eyes would glisten, to hear authentic anecdotes about the gallant HULL and BAINBRIDGE, and their band of heroic brothers, and of the honors and festivities that greeted their return from victory!

How pleasant, too, to tell them about the "ratification of peace." There had been a heavy storm just before, and the people of Boston expended the exuberance of their joy, in a grand extempore snow-balling frolic.

Alas for me! who was "being immured" at the time, within the four walls of a school-house, and only heard about it when it was over. As I returned home, I found the exhilaration of delight universal,—no, *not quite!* There was our old washer-woman, whose house I was passing, on my way homeward. She was standing at her gate, in a blue maze about something, and, as I supposed, overwhelmed with the general joyousness. *Not she!* The bells were ringing from every steeple in town, and she answered my salutation, with

"What's all this *rumpus* about, I'd like to know!"

"Why, haven't you heard? It's for the news,—there is peace!"

"Peace!" exclaimed the old dame, with an emphatic sneer; "and what if there is peace—there's no *water!*"

There was a scarcity of rain-water at the time, and poor Simmons was too much interested in her empty tubs, to care about hostilities or their cessation.

But I was thinking of schools, when I commenced this paper; and it occurred to me, that some reminiscences of them would present a singular contrast to the admirable system of instruction and discipline now in operation in Boston. Not that education is, by any means, systematized as it ought to be, and as it will be, when the grand scheme of *industrial organization* is realized, and attraction shall do for morals, what repulsion has so long and so vainly attempted; though the improvements that have been made, have carried the science of instruction almost as far as it can be carried, in the present discordant and incoherent state of communities.

Thirty years ago, good schools were rarely to be met with, and these were generally select, private ones: for instance, that of Master EBENEZER PEMBERTON, one of the most engaging and amiable old gentlemen in the world, and withal, an excellent scholar. Blessings on the old man's memory! how kind and forbearing he was! He had been the tutor of JAMES MADISON, in his day, and now, in his advanced age, he was teaching a few boys the rudiments of Latin, and preparing some for college. He had passed through the revolutionary war too lately to be a friend to tyranny, and no implement of torture was ever used by him; though, when "much enforced," and carried beyond the bounds of patience, he would attempt to rap our heads with a key, which we could always avoid, by timely dodging under "the form."

What a contrast did that man present to "*Dominie* ——" a very skilful teacher, but more fitted to be the disciplinarian of a man-of-war, than of a youthful seminary of learning. He used a couple of "*ferules*," that ought now to be in the Boston Museum. One of them was made of white oak, shaped

somewhat like a battledoor, with a hole in the centre for the raising of blisters! This terrific engine of torture was only used occasionally, say, once or twice a day—but "old mahogany" the other one, was as restless as the clock's pendulum in the corner. It was always oscillating from the boys' hands to the boys' heads. It would seem as if that man had been ordained to puzzle phrenologists; for many a "development" that now passes current on the heads of certain Bostonians, as a good and true manifestation of cerebral power, is nothing more or less than a substantial "raise" of the old dominie.

Sometimes the boys were refreshed with a ratan, on which interesting occasions, their coats were peeled off, as useless interferences between the vegetable and the animal. It was one of his modes of punishment to make a boy sit a whole winter's day without any hat on, in the cold entry. I saw him once knock a boy's teeth nearly through his lip. Perhaps Dr. H., of Boston, may remember how it felt. He nearly fractured a fellow's skull by hurling him violently against a large tin-plate stove; and one day, he sent the chief justice's son home, with his back waled and bleeding, as if he had come from a ship's gangway and a cat-o'-nine-tails. There was a school for the immortal mind to be educated in,—for developing the affections! Some years after, I squeezed that man's hand with such an excess of cordiality, that the joints cracked again, and he almost roared for agony. It was a hobble-de-hoy's revenge, and I hope he may be forgiven! To do the dominie justice, however, I really believe that he intended well, though his violence too often passed the bounds of moderation. Out of school he was a very different character, and was known to be exemplary in all the relations of life.

There was one school that beat the dominie's all hollow. At that place, the boys were hoisted up by their thumbs, so that their toes just touched the floor, and there they hung like sheep in a slaughter-house. A very humane treatment was sometimes super-added, inasmuch as they were bastinadoed,—*whipped on their naked feet* with a leathern ferule, loaded with lead!

But to pass from the tyrannical to the whimsical; the public Latin School (before the days of Mr. GOULD, who was another Luther to these places,) presented the oddest sight conceivable. What a pity the old house could not have been suffered to remain; for it was the Harrow of Harvard University! There were to be seen such names as "*ISAAC COFFIN*" carved on the forms: (the old admiral had been one of Master Lovel's scholars,) and other pen-knife memorials of generations passed away. Sir Isaac loved to talk about the old school-house, and laughed heartily when I told him that I had the

"Gradus" of his boyhood, ornamented with his pen-drawings of ships,—the keepsake which he gave my father when he ran away to join the British navy. Those drawings show that "the boy is father of the man," and how the under-current of the mind works out the character, regardless of the drift at the surface: for he was an excellent scholar, and was to have had the "first part" on leaving school. But I must not be "all digression," or I shall have some lizard of a critic down upon me, for not making that, which was never meant to be, "a work of art."

Somewhere about 1811, the public Latin School was under the charge of a man, whose *sobriquet* was "Sawney," an extremely original and eccentric character, who lorded it over four or five classes of the most intractable and turbulent fellows, sixty or seventy in number, that ever met together to have Latin and Greek hammered into them. Yet among them were some "spirits finely touched," who were destined to shine with "the bright, particular stars" of the intellectual firmament. I will point out one of them.

It is 8 o'clock, A. M.: and the thin gentleman in black, with a small jointed cane under his arm, his eyes deeply sunken in his head, has asked that spiritual-looking boy in blue nankeen, who seems to be about ten years old, to "touch the bell,"—it was a privilege to do this;—and there he stands! that boy—whose image, more than any other's, is still deeply stamped upon my mind, as I then saw him and loved him, I knew not why, and thought him so angelic and remarkable,—feeling toward him more than a boy's emotion, as if a new spring of brotherly affection had suddenly broken loose in my heart. There is no indication of turbulence and disquiet about him; but with a happy combination of energy and gentleness, how truly is he the father of the man! He has touched the bell, and while he takes his seat among his fellows, he little dreams that, in after-times, he will strike a different note, and call around him a school of the transcendental philosophy. He is RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

After a prayer, the morning exercises commence. Sawney, with the jointed cane in his hand, prepares to hear the lessons, studied over night. A boy has committed some indiscretion, and the ratan, rushing through the air, descends on his shoulders.

"I won't be struck for nothing!" screams the urchin.

"Then, I'll strike you for something," replies Sawney, while the ratan whizzes again about his ears.

"Mind out, how you hit me on the cheek!" exclaims the same fellow, at the top of his voice.

"Do you call *that* your cheek!" rejoined Sawney, imitating a malignant smile, and at the same time cutting the boy in the immediate neighborhood of the breech, "then turn your *other* one, you scamp!"

While this thrashing and the altercation between the thrasher and the thrashed are going on (and they generally go together), the other side of the room yells out a hideous shout in full chorus, much in the style of the New York milkmen of Winnebago celebrity; and while from this choir, some one performer more conspicuous than the rest is singled out for a flogging, the other side, in its turn, screams like a wounded elephant, or a steam-engine. Thus for some minutes, Sawney has to travel backward and forward, thrashing this side and saluted by that, alternately; till at last he stops short in the middle of the room, while the tumult stops short likewise. "I'll tell you what it is, my fine fellows," says he, reconnoitring the enemy, and peering through his rough eyebrows at them, with mock ferocity,

"If you'll be good, I'll thank you!
If not, I'll spank you!"

He generally gave such orders in rhyme; and he now delivers himself of this elegant distich in the queer, sarcastic manner so peculiar to himself. At this the boys explode in one simultaneous burst of laughter; which, through the successive stages of cachinnation, titter and snuffle, finally subsides beneath the influence of ratan.

The exercises are now resumed. "Go on!" says Sawney. "Bangs! what is an active verb?"

"An active verb" replies Bangs, "is a verb which expresses"—

"Well! what does an active verb express?"

Bangs twists and turns, and looks imploringly, first at his right-hand class-mate and then at his left; but neither can prompt him, if he knows; as probably he does not.

"Well!" continues Sawney, switching the air with his cane, "well, mutton-head, what does an active verb express?"

After a little delay,—"I'll tell you what it expresses," he resumes, bringing the stick down upon the boy's haunches with decided emphasis, "it expresses an *action* and necessarily supposes an *agent*, (flourishing the cane, which descends again as before,) and an *object acted upon*. As *castigo te*, I chastise thee: do you understand now, hey?"

"Yes, sir! yes, sir!" replies the boy, doing his best to get out of the way of the ratan. But Sawney is not disposed to let him off so.

"Now, tell me when an active verb is also called *transitive*."

"I don't know, sir," drawls Bangs, doggedly.

"Don't you!" follows Sawney: "then I'll inform you. An active verb is called transitive when the action *passeth over* (*whack, whack!*) to the *object*. You (*whack!*) are the *object*. I am (*whack!*) the agent. Now take care how you go home and say that *I* never taught you any thing. Do you hear?" (*whack!*)

"Don't hit me again on the *ear!*" shrieks Bangs, shaking his head at the master, and doubling up his fists *under the form*. But a few more whacks undoubles them again, and reduces him to a sullen obedience.

"The class in *Viri Romæ!*" exclaims Sawney.

Some dozen boys now flutter their dog-eared books, and prepare for their customary hiding.

"Smith second, begin!"

Smith second licks his lips, but not exactly as boys do when they hear the Governor's proclamation for Thanksgiving of a Sunday afternoon in the "meeting-house"—that annual death-warrant to the turkeys; but he licks his lips, notwithstanding, and begins—

"*Hæc clades—hæc clades*—" alas, he can get no further.

"Well!" says Sawney, "translate; what is the English of *hæc clades*, I should like to know."

"*Hæc clades*," resumes Smith second, "these *things*."

"The next!" cries Sawney, in disgust.

The next, knowing no better than the first, is nevertheless thankful to Smith second, for having said *something*, and he evidently believes the aforesaid to be pretty good authority, for he very promptly insists on his translation, by repeating after him—

"*Hæc clades*—these *things*."

"The next!" exclaims the master, restlessly.

But they all follow in the wake of Smith second, and insist upon "*these things*" to the last one—who happens to be the first and the only one who knows any thing about the lesson.

"*Hæc clades*," says LEVERETT, afterward the accomplished principal of the same school, "this overthrow!"

"Right!" exclaims the master: "go on!"

"And now," calls Sawney, the recitation having been gone through with, "come out here, you *hæc clades* fellows;" and then taking one after the other, holding on to his collar he whirls him around, in a primitive kind of waltz, beating time on the boy's back with his cane, while he sings "*hæc clades—these things*" to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

"Now take your seats," says he, rather fatigued with the exercise he has heard and the exercise he has taken; "and if *this* don't operate, I'll *double* the dose." Then calling one of the boys aside, he sends him down to

"Richardson's" for a mug of "cider and pearl-ash."

Refreshed with this accustomed beverage, Sawney's himself again; and casting his eyes round the room, he discovers some idle fellows trapping flies and securing them in cages cut in the forms and nicely grated with pins. The ratan is among them instantly. The flies soar away to the ceiling, and Sawney's imagination soars in company.

"I'll tell you what it is," sings the pedagogue bard:—

"If I see any boy catching flies,

I'll whip him till he cries,

And make the tears run out of his eyes."

In the Virgil class, a translation (Davidson's) was always handed round for the use of the boys, who, notwithstanding this indulgence, hardly ever took the trouble to study more than their respective sentences; for, as the recitation invariably commenced with the head of the class, each one could calculate pretty nearly which passage would come to himself. A new tutor, however, finding this out, one day threw the class into confusion by beginning with the *fig end*. That gentleman, now a distinguished clergyman, undertook in a very praiseworthy, though then unpopular manner, to effect somewhat of a reform in the school, so far as he was concerned; and the scenes that were enacted in consequence would be almost incredible in these days of better order.

In the absence of the principal, the discipline of the new tutor produced a complete rebellion. Not content with disputing every inch of ground in the conquest he attempted, they shot at him with pop-guns; and, during the recess, filling their pockets with stones, they hurled them about the room till the floor was like the upper part of a sea-beach. One boy actually stepped out on the floor, and challenged him to a game of fisticuffs. He got a thrashing for it of course, but it only made matters worse. However, in a day or two after, Sawney returning, there was a general dusting of jackets, and comparative order was restored.

Sometimes, of a warm summer afternoon, nothing whatever was done in the school, and Sawney beguiled the hour by calling to his desk every boy in rotation, and questioning him as to the profession or occupation he intended to pursue in after-life. The boys, generally, made sport of this; for while one said that he meant to be a minister, and another a lawyer, most of them proposed such employment for their manhood as candlesnuffers and lamplighters; and he had always a word of advice or a joke for each, according to his avowed intention.

If the boys desired a half-holiday, on the occasion of a "muster" or the like, they had nothing more to do than to unhang the bell-rope and hide it away, and the vacation

was the bribe, and the only inducement that could be brought to bear upon them, to restore it.

Before a public examination, there was a general preparation and cramming for the occasion. A very few pages of the book we were to be examined in were marked off and regularly drilled into us day after day; and the boys were so often "taken up" at a particular place during the preparation, that no one could doubt an instant of the exact passage he would be called on to show off in, before the fathers of the town. I very well remember that one boy, having been drilled pretty thoroughly in the declining of "*duo*," was inadvertently called on to decline "*tres*," before the assembled wisdom. He faltered, looked toward Sawney, at first completely dumb-founded; then, in utter despair, faltered out "*That's not my word, sir!*" The mistake was instantly corrected, and the boy did "*duo*" to admiration.

Such, far from being exaggerated, are some of my boyhood memories of schools; and were it not for wearying the reader, (for how can I be sure of his interest?) I could tell of even stranger things: as for instance, of nearly three months' vacation at one time, while the master was out of health, and the boys, in the mean time, frolicked at their will, their unconscious parents flattering themselves that all was going on well. But let it pass, with the fun we had with the old tailor who worked below, and "all that sort of thing!"—for it ended sadly in the death and funeral of the good and highly intellectual teacher, at whose obsequies the illustrious BUCKMINSTER officiated in the old Hancock House.

I cannot, however, resist the pleasure of noting a few delightful reminiscences of the fine country school, first taught by JARED SPARKS. He was not there at the time I call to mind; but he imparted a character to it, (which was well sustained by Mr. EMERSON and Mr. MILES, of Boston High-school celebrity,) and left behind him a name embalmed in love and admiration. His immediate successor—a worthy, learned and amiable man—was the centre of the most romantic of school establishments, in the most romantic of country villages.

It would task the genius of the Midsummer Night's Dream, to embody the mysterious beauty of that place, and group all its fascinations and allurements. Love and lore did not reign there *alternately*, but roamed abroad in dreamy indolence together, wearing each other's smiles. The master was in love, and the boys (some of them certainly) were in love. A few of the most genial spirits of the South, rusticated from Harvard College, were there, all in love: beautiful

girls, too, from Boston and the neighborhood, who are *never* in love and who *never were*, even before the "Young Lady's Friend" was written; but who were lovely and beloved, I know to a certainty. For my part, I was in love with every body and every thing. Oh, the sweet, delicious walks and rides of those happy hours! Study, too, was delightful; for our teacher permitted us to con our tasks in the open air, and one might see a tree-full of boys, rustling the leaves of Virgil and the leaves of the beach-tree in harmony. *Re-cubans sub tegmine fagi*, was a beautiful reality there. What a contrast of life it presented, to have escaped from the Boston dominie's purgatory, to that blessed elysium!

But the season has changed, and a new master is there,—a fine fellow truly, though different from the other; an excellent disciplinarian and a gentleman. It is winter; and in the early moonlight the skates ring again on the clear ice, and the hills resound with the echo of glad voices. There is a tall thin youth learning to cut figures on the frozen mirror,—but his eyes are always turning to the stars. He is fond of circles and triangles, and perhaps unconsciously, describes them with his skates. He casts eclipses when he returns to his room, while his chum is writing verses. *He* tries to do the poetical, and fails; but he excels every one in mathematics. Again the boy is father of the man. It is ROBERT TREAT PAINE, the astronomer.

At a place where the river is wide, and five or six fathom deep, there are two boats, "manned" with boys, who are about to engage in a sham naval battle. Each is resolved to "capture" the boat-hook of the other. Down they come for the contest, the paddles of the "oarsmen" flashing rapidly through the water. At the bow of one of the boats stands a splendid boy,—his dark, curling hair streaming to the wind and playing over a face and form handsome and bold enough for a young Achilles. An hour ago he was musing over a mass of snow, and shaping it into the form of life. He is now braced for the strife, and looks the genius of boy-daring. His boat runs smack into the other, and in an instant he seizes the enemy's boat-hook.—*Huzza!* 'tis the tug of war. *Huzza*, boys! hang on, hang on, for the life of you! But there is only one to six: yet the *one* holds on bravely: till at last, the six at the same time *let go*, and the *one* is precipitated into the river. *Huzza*, for the fun of *that*! There is no danger: the *one* still holds his prize and gains the shore. It is *his* turn to *huzza* now. Look at him as he triumphantly gazes down the stream. There again the boy is father of the man, who now looks down the tide of time victoriously. It is HORATIO GREENOUGH, the sculptor.

VISIONS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

LAST night, in my restless slumber,
When the silence was profound,
Fitful visions without number
Came my lonely couch around.

There were some with smiles of gladness,
Such as merry children wear ;
Some there were with eyes of sadness,
Brows impressed with thought and care.

Well I knew them—they were creatures
Won by Fancy from the tomb :—
How familiar, forms and features
Seemed amid the solemn gloom !

Then I dreamed they came to call me
From that lonely couch of pain—
Kindly came to disenthral me,
To unlock my human chain.

“ Ye are welcome ! ” spake my spirit,
“ Dear companions of my past !
“ Let me but with you inherit
“ Love that shall forever last.

“ Now unfold your hidden pinions,
“ Take me in your tender arms,
“ Waft me to your pure dominions,
“ Where nor doubt nor fear alarms.

“ Here is sickness, here is sorrow,
“ I am willing to depart ;
“ No one lives, from whom I borrow
“ Solace for a wounded heart.”

As I spoke the vision melted,
Melted slowly into air—
And I turned and saw an angel
As the summer moonbeam fair !

On her breast her hands were folded,
Her sweet looks were downward thrown,
And she seemed a statue moulded
From the gleaming Parian stone.

“ Live for me ! ” the words were spoken
By soft lips that scarcely stirred,
Yet the spell of grief was broken
When those magic tones I heard.

Well I knew *thy* voice, oh dearest,
And my inmost soul replied,
“ ‘ Live for thee ’ ! yes—kindest, nearest,
Since for thee I would have died ! ”

I awoke. The angel vanished :
Yet methought that I could see,
Where the firelight darkness banished,
Eyes that fondly smiled on me.

A SETTLEMENT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY MRS. LEE.

SEVERAL years since, I embarked at New Orleans for Louisville. The steamboat was of the largest size, between four and five hundred tons. It was filled with the usual motley group of people. The number of cabin-passengers amounted to sixty or seventy. Among them were all nations and tongues. There was the tall, muscular Kentuckian, as rough as his native wilds; the indolent southerner, extending his length on every bench to the exclusion of all others; the conceited Yankee, *guessing* and *reckoning* about every subject suggested. There were ladies returning to Louisville, loaded with jewelry, who had been to New Orleans to collect fashions for the ensuing season; also, a priest who seemed willing to become confessor to the boat community.

Various little incidents beguiled the tediousness of the voyage. At one time we struck upon a snag, and then such terror! all distinctions of rank and nation, hitherto rather scrupulously observed, were now forgotten. Deck-passengers and cabin-passengers mingled promiscuously, and all made a rush to the ladies' cabin at the stern, as the danger seemed most threatening at the prow. One little incident I well remember, true to nature. A young woman was hastening towards the prow of the boat; she urged her way against the multitude, and nothing could withstand her eagerness. "You are going the wrong way," said I, supposing her bewildered with terror. "Oh no! no!" she exclaimed, "my child, my child is there!" It was some time before it was discovered that the boat had suffered no serious injury, that the boiler had not burst, but was still able and willing to do its duty.

This little incident had brought us into closer contact and made us more united. We now began to be social in our amusements. A little card-playing, a little dancing, a great deal of talking, and occasionally a little preaching from the good priest, made up the incidents of this miniature world.

Those who have a taste for the sublime or the picturesque have other sources of enjoyment. The constant novelty that presents itself in the valleys and bluffs, the little settlements scattered along the shores, often half inundated with water,—the appearance of desolation that reigns in these vast swamps, the evening roar of the waters, and the hollow blast that comes sweeping over the forest, all give a tinge of melancholy to the scene. How often have I seated

myself in some solitary spot and looked on the mysterious world around, till by a natural connexion my thoughts soared to the invisible, to the Creator of all!

Those who attach least importance to the spot which is to be their last earthly tenement, shudder at the thought of being buried on a shore like this. The long moss which spreads its aerial drapery over the trees and is a beautiful object in many of the Southern states, here loses its graceful character, and hangs matted, dark and heavy, like a funereal banner waving over the regions of death and disease.

We are undoubtedly much indebted to association for the sublimity connected with this mighty river. We carry our imagination to its source, and wander with it through immense tracts of wilderness in solitary grandeur; we see it receiving a thousand tributary waters, yet preserving its own unchanging character, and rolling along with frightful vehemence unheeding the devastation it causes. The oak, the magnolia and the sycamore, with other giants of the forest, are torn up by the roots, and are borne on its swollen waters thousands of miles. Sometimes they become entangled near the shore and remain struggling to get free; deposit after deposit is added till a natural levee is formed, and what they call a *batture* projects from that shore, while the flood indemnifies itself on the opposite side. The *batture* often bears the stamp of a variety of soils; every species of vegetation is tributary to it, from the Rocky Mountains to the spot where it is arrested.

I was leaning over the side of the vessel, when I found we were approaching one of these *battures*, to supply our boat with wood. It presented a striking appearance from its cultivation, and the contrast it formed to the dismal swamps. There was a neat dwelling upon it, that looked as if it were constructed for two families. As the boat neared, a group of children, followed by a large dog, came running to the shore. The Catholic priest was by my side. I had become acquainted with him. "We shall stop here," said he, "an hour; they are old friends of mine in the cottage yonder; will you go ashore with me?" I gladly assented.

The good father was no sooner visible to the children than they set up a joyful shout. Two young women, evidently the mothers of the group, came out to meet him. I never saw more demonstrations of affection and sensibility.

ity. The two husbands had only time to give him a cordial shake of the hand, for they were wanted at the wood-pile.

The young women conducted us to the house, treated us with a glass of new milk, rarely to be found on the river, and expressed their joy at seeing the father in a thousand ways. They were urgent with him to remain, and said they had got a christening for him. "And which does the new-comer belong to?" said he, "Blaisée or Jeanette?"

"Now you will tell yourself," said one of the young women, taking an infant from the bed where it lay. The priest, however, protested it looked as much like one as the other, and Blaisée acknowledged it was Jeanette's.

The hour passed rapidly away; the two young women spoke English imperfectly, and conversed in French with the father. I gathered something of their history from the pleasant allusions they made, which were often followed by shouts of laughter on all sides. They walked down to the boat with us, and I could not but be struck with the contrast their husbands formed both to them and each other. They were apparently New England Americans; one of them a true Yankee, the other with an air of greater refinement, but evidently brothers. They were not less cordial than their wives, and there seemed to be the most perfect harmony amongst them.

When we returned to the boat, I began to question the priest about his friends that we had just parted with. "O," said he, "it is a little history; I have it all written down. You will stop at Natchez; there I usually reside. I will find it and give it to you."

He faithfully fulfilled his promise; it was a parting bequest, for I found he did not mean to continue with us.

I was somewhat surprised to find that it was chiefly written in French, for he spoke English perfectly well. I can only, therefore, give my own translation.

THE PRIEST'S STORY.

John White was a native of Connecticut. He married early, and by daily industry contrived to earn a comfortable living. Allured, however, by the marvellous stories of the wealth and fertility that bordered the Ohio, he determined to remove there, and thankfully accept the plenty which Providence, he was told, showered down upon new settlers without their being obliged to toil for it.

With this prospect before him, he sold his thriving little farm, and putting his goods and chattels into one wagon, and his wife and children into another, began his long journey to the West.

No one will doubt that he met with hardships by the way. Often they were out in

violent rains, which were sure to be followed by rheumatic pains and aches. The first summer after their arrival, his wife and two of his children were attacked by fever and ague. They, however, lived through it, and recovered. The next spring his cow was swamped and they lost her, and just as her obsequies were performed, one of his oxen died. Still, however, his grain sprang up luxuriantly; the climate, setting aside fever and ague, and frequent rains, which often spoiled their hay and blighted their grain, was just what they could have wished. But John found he had not escaped from hard labor; that nothing grew spontaneously; that the sentence pronounced on father Adam seemed to be in full force on the Ohio; "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." By dint of fifteen years of hard labor, he found himself nearly as well off, as when he sold his little farm, and came to the land of promise to make his fortune.

In one respect, however, they had thrived beyond their most sanguine expectations. Their offspring had increased to twelve in number. In the patriarchal age this was said to be *wealth*. John, however, had read no treatises on population; he thought only of the twelve hungry mouths that were to be fed; and, as by all his industry he had not been able to purchase more land than he and one of his sons could work, he proposed to the son who was his namesake, to emigrate to the banks of the Arkansas. John, however, had his own plans; he very willingly consented to quit the homestead, but claimed the right of going where he pleased. They all went to work and built him a raft on which there was a small shed, into which he could crawl, and by drawing his feet up and forming an angle with his body, he tolerably well sheltered from the rain, if it chanced to come. All that could be spared from the family provisions without occasioning a famine, was stowed into John's shed. Moreover, his mother generously added a pewter quart, a pair of tongs on which he could broil his venison, and a cracked teakettle that was made nearly tight by crowding Indian meal into the crevices.

With his rifle, and fifteen hard dollars in his pocket, John took leave of his five brothers and six little sisters. It was not so affecting a scene as may be imagined. Want and hardship give a wonderful obtuseness to the sentimentality of affection. We cannot, however, in justice to maternal tenderness, pass over the tears which fell from his mother's eyes, and which she unostentatiously wiped away with the back of her hand as she saw him depart. Between John and Edward, who were twin-brothers, there were, by this parting, many associations rent asunder, and John promised his brother that, if he succeeded in his plan, which he had not

yet communicated, he would send for him to join him.

It is very common for settlers to emigrate with families, cattle, household utensils, &c., but few were so desolate as poor John; he left the parental dwelling without a living thing he could call his own, except a dog that had been given to one of the children, which the prudent mother discovered *lived by eating*. As she was too tender-hearted to commit murder, she told John he might drop him into the river, she did not doubt he could swim. John, however, had no feeling of solitude or desolation. He had just entered his twentieth year; he measured good six feet, was stout of limb, full of life and activity, and had never fallen in love; he therefore could look at the moon, which happened to be near its full the first night of his voyage, without any sensation of melancholy. On the contrary, he thought of it merely as a glorious lamp hung in the heavens, and rather wondered that it was only lighted occasionally.

Merrily it cheered him on his way, as the tide bore along his clumsy raft. As for Shock, his fellow-traveller, it never entered John's head to throw him overboard; on the contrary, he shared so bountifully with him his Indian cake and dried venison, that probably poor Shock thought *the times* were greatly improved.

After a few days John began to get a little out of patience; at first he amused himself by making arithmetical figures on a board with a piece of chalk, and drawing lines that resembled a chart, but right glad was he when he arrived at Louisville, and made his raft fast to an old trunk of a tree, that grew on the bank of the Ohio.

He sprang on shore, followed by his friend Shock, who had by indulgence become quite self-important. As the ideas of dogs as well as men are graduated on habit and custom, Shock, unlike dogs of quality, made it a point to bark and growl at every well-dressed person; whereas, he discovered a sort of native affection for every shabby-looking fellow he met.

The time had now arrived when John was to mature the plan which had been floating in his head. He walked along with a firm step and an animated countenance by the wharves where the steamboats were anchored, with their pennons streaming in the wind. It was a joyous sight to him; true, he had constantly seen steamboats passing on the Ohio, but they were nothing to him, now he felt as if he owned them all, they were to become a mine of wealth for him, and even Shock went frisking along, as if he expected a snug berth in the steerage.

There lay Uncle Sam, the Red Rover, the Philadelphia, the Louisiana, in all their magnificence. There, too, occupying a humbler

space, lay the Don Juan, the Magnolia and Lady Byron.*

John singled out a steamboat, not because it was more captivating than any of the others, but because there was more bustle on board, and they were unloading it. Some people seem born to good fortune; just as John arrived at the spot, one of the hands, who was assisting in removing bales of cotton, received an accidental blow from a windlass, which laid him prostrate. John sprang forward and took his place; he worked with all his strength, and soon attracted the attention of the captain, who asked him whether he wanted "*employ*."

Our adventurer requested a private audience, and before they parted, John considered his fortune as made. Not that his dollars had accumulated in number; on the contrary, they had lessened, for he had bought some necessary implements for his business. He was no short-sighted *calculator*, his plans were thoroughly formed, and he often boasted that he did "not tell every thing he knew."

Two whole days he and Shock spent at Louisville, going about among the steamboats and surveying the town. Their living did not cost them much. John was able to earn a meal for both, by his readiness to lend a hand wherever work was going on, and at night they slept on board the raft. He felt no envy when he saw the wagons filled with emigrants, standing under the tall trees, above the falls at Louisville, opposite Jeffersonville.

Once more he and his dog embarked, and to their great joy left the Ohio, for Shock made it a rule to be pleased when his master was. They soon entered the broad Mississippi, and went rapidly on, without stopping to observe that the waters looked more yellow and turbid than those of the Ohio, as most travellers do. The tide was always in his favor, and that was all he thought of much consequence.

We cannot be positive how many days passed before John accomplished his voyage. He moored his raft in a sort of swamp, not many yards from the piece of dry ground formed by the batture, that now looks so cultivated. This John gained, and with Shock at his heels, stood upon it with the proud consciousness which a man feels when he has overcome obstacles. That very hour he went to work cutting down trees at a furious rate. Shock at first stood wishfully looking at his master, perhaps thinking he had lost his reason, but by degrees he became accustomed to this employment, and undoubtedly ceased to wonder at it.

Day after day John kept at work. Many

* I copy the manuscript of the priest. Probably these steamboats have long since been blown up or snagged.

were the steamboats that passed, but he took no notice of them or they of him. At length a huge pile of wood gradually arose, and then the ultimatum of his plan was accomplished. He took a very smooth white board and wrote upon it in black letters :

" Wode for stem-botes two dollers and a haff per cord sould here."

This board was fastened to a long pole, and placed fairly in view of all passers-by. His expectations were not immediately answered ;—he saw many a steamboat go puffing by, and sending out volumes of smoke—and making a whizzing and hissing, as if in derision of his wood-pile. Still, however, he was not disheartened, but kept steadily at work.

Let no man be discouraged at the present. There is nothing inevitable but death, and the consequences of vice. He who keeps a good conscience, however dark may be his prospects, may look forward to brighter days.

There are eras in every one's life on which they dwell with particular pleasure. John never forgot the delight with which he saw the first steamboat making for his wood-pile. It was a fine clear morning,—he had watched her a long while with that hope which brightens our perceptions.

Steamboats have been compared to monsters, to fiery dragons, and to sea-serpents ; but had John been classical, he would have thought this as beautiful as Venus first rising from the ocean, when he discovered that it was actually the very same boat which belonged to the captain with whom he had held the conference at Louisville, and who had engaged to regularly supply himself with wood at his landing.

That night John repaired to his raft, where he and Shock still slept, with twenty dollars added to his worldly fortune. The next morning he went to work to build himself a log-house ; this he accomplished in a short time, and then began to think of his twin-brother, Edward. There was now employment enough for two. Not only this steamboat engaged to stop regularly as it went up and down the river, but brought him the good news, that others would do the same.

It was not difficult to get intelligence to Edward by one of the steamboats, and in due season he arrived at his brother's habitation. The spot had first been pointed out to John by the captain at Louisville, as one of the most advantageous for a wood-landing. Edward could scarcely believe his own eyes, when he saw how much his brother had accomplished. From this time they entered into partnership, sharing alike their labors and their profits. There were no written bonds, all was done by mutual agreement, and Shock was equally the favorite of both brothers. The constant intercourse they had with the steamboats enlarged their ideas, the

rough little settlement began to assume the form of a plantation,—a garden with rows of vegetables on one side, and patches of Indian corn on the other, was fenced in from the cattle that they had purchased. The clumsy raft was exchanged for a batteau, and the brothers often made excursions to Natchez, which was sixty or seventy miles below, and returned with many household comforts.

On one of these excursions, John met with a lively little brunette that, for the first time in his life, inspired him with the feeling of love. He could not get her out of his head or heart ; and instead of rising before the dawn of day, to resume his work, lay dozing and dreaming about the lively French girl at Natchez. But there was one difficulty ; she spoke very little English, and how could John make his wishes known ? He did however contrive to make her understand them, and discovered no reluctance to his advances.

She soon learnt to converse with John in broken English, and agreed to marry him without a long courtship.

From this time the little homestead wore a new face. There are embellishments which belong to female taste, that men scarcely comprehend. Blaisée, John's new wife, gave a neat and pleasant appearance to their abode. She planted vines and flowers, and adorned their apartments in various ways.

Edward began to think there was no reason why he should not have a wife too. He consulted his sister-in-law on the subject. She happened to be acquainted with twenty at least, who were just the thing for him.

" Do you like de blue eyes or de black ?" asked the lively brunette.

Edward was at that moment looking at hers, which were sparkling like sunbeams on the water, and he answered without hesitation—" Black."

" Ah my good broder," said she, " I am so sorry, because I know one very charming girl that be just de ting ; she would make de sun shine all de day for you, and never go into cloud as it sometimes do."

It must be confessed that Edward had his occasional clouds, and Blaisée was sure that a good and cheerful wife might soften the little asperities of his nature, which were wholly incomprehensible to her gentle and equable disposition ; for she said " the sun always did seem to shine for her even if it was dark night."

She was never weary of telling Edward of the virtues of her friend whom she had selected for his wife ; she dwelt upon her long and devoted attention to her sick grandmother, upon her kindness to every body, her neatness and economy,—but usually concluded, " Ah, I am so sorry Ma'mselle Renard has not de eyes black."

At length, business called one of the brothers to Natchez, and it was decided that Ed-

ward should go. Blaisie insisted upon writing a letter to Ma'mselle Renard, which he was to deliver in person. It was the longest letter she had ever written, and covered a whole side of foolscap paper, and was filled with recommendations of her brother-in-law and descriptions of her own happiness, inviting her to come back with Edward as his wife, and share their dwelling.

John good-naturedly proposed Blaisie's accompanying him, but she playfully replied: "My good friend, you not get rid of me so soon. I will stay and make ready for them, against they come back so happy.—You will tink no more of de eyes black, when you see de eyes blue."

For the first time Edward seemed to be laboring under apparent emotion, for he looked tearfully at his brother's wife, and exclaimed, "Never, never."

Strange thoughts crossed the innocent mind of Blaisie as the color rose to her cheek:—and after the departure of Edward she counted her beads with more fervor than usual as she uttered an aspiration over every one, that God would preserve them from all evil and send her brother-in-law an affectionate wife. Whatever shade had come over her brow, it soon vanished, and she strove to banish unwelcome remembrances that crowded upon her. "Poor Edward!" thought she: "I see how it is; but I am sure, very sure, he will not think of *les yeux noirs* when he looks into *les yeux bleus*!—and more than ever she congratulated herself on the admirable epistle she had penned for Ma'mselle Renard.

At last the day arrived for Edward's return. Blaisie stood on the landing as soon as the first distant cloud of smoke arose. When the boat came nearer and nearer, its loud bellowing was music to her ear. When it reached the shore, Edward was the first that escaped from it, but he was alone!

"Here is your letter," said he to Blaisie. "I have not given it; I have not seen her."

From this time Edward said no more about matrimony, and his sister-in-law no longer rallied him on the subject: indeed, there was a shade of restraint in her manner which was involuntary. He still assisted as usual in cutting and preparing wood, and in the daily labor of their little homestead: but when his task was done, he would wander into the forest, and stay till the night was far advanced, or till John went after him and insisted on his returning: then would Blaisie say—"My good brother, you not know the night-air make fever. You go away into de wood; you not see de long moon that hangs from de trees—that very bad—always sign of sickness; you get fever, and that make you dead."

Edward sometimes replied, in a low, indistinct voice, which even to Blaisie's untutored ear conveyed the idea that "death would be welcome."

Her predictions were too soon fulfilled.—

The dismal swamps and unhealthy exhalations produced their usual effect, and the malarial of night was fast undermining the health of Edward. He was seized with a violent attack of fever and ague. Blaisie, too, was fast approaching her maternity, and the prosperity of the little family was sadly clouded.

"We cannot do without help," said John.

"We must get somebody from Natchez to come and stay with us. Poor Edward must have a nurse; and you, my own Blaisie, will not be able to milk the cows and nurse him; and then too, when we have a little one, your hands will be full."

"And my heart too," said Blaisie. "But I have thought of all this." She then proceeded to inform him that she had written to her dear cousin Jeanette to know if she would come and stay a month or two with them. John waited as impatiently as she did for the answer, which they soon received, with a promise of her arriving in the next steamboat.

In the mean time poor Edward's disorder became more distressing—he was unable to leave his bed, from extreme weakness, or to bear the light of day. Both John and Blaisie were constantly by his bedside, and the prosperity of their little settlement was no longer their first object. These were trying moments to a casual observer, but they were full of instruction to our new settlers: it was a season of rest and of reflection, which their heavenly Father had assigned them. While they watched by the sufferer, the engrossment of daily labors ceased. John remembered the religious teachings of his youth, and joined with Blaisie in her devout aspirations. She was a Catholic, it is true, and counted her beads, and John did not, but they both worshipped the same God and believed in the same Saviour.

The arrival of Jeanette brightened their worldly prospects,—she took Blaisie's place as Edward's nurse, and by her gentle and redoubtable kindness mitigated the sufferings of the poor invalid, who was doomed to weeks of prostration. Two months from the time of Jeanette's appearance, things wore a new aspect. Blaisie held in her arms her first-born, and Edward had slowly begun to recover. John, by a double portion of labor, had still contrived to supply wood for the steamboats who stopped by contract, and prosperity had once more returned to the little dwelling.

It is useful and wise to observe by what apparently inadequate means, the important events of life are brought about. All, to the reflecting mind, produce their results. It is a common observation, that nothing is made in vain—and how much more strikingly does it appear that there is no event without its consequence. So thought Edward as he met

the family once more, coming as he did from the borders of the grave.

It was a fine evening in October, and so warm in that mild climate, that the doors and windows were open. All was hushed except the rushing tide of the Mississippi. Blaisée sat with her babe cradled on her lap, John half asleep with his arm around her, and Edward and Jeanette whispering love to each other, her hand resting in his, under the veil of the deepening twilight.

"Sister," said Edward, after a long silence, "do you still recommend a wife to me?"

"No broder," she replied, "you not like my choice, you must choose for yourself."

"Will you recommend our dear Jeanette?" said he.

"She not do," answered Blaisée, "she has de eyes *blue*, and you must have de eyes *black*."

"I do not know," said Edward, "what colors her eyes are, I never thought of them."

"Oh, then you are in love with her! they say so with us, when they not know the color of de eyes."

"You are right, Blaisée; I love her dearly, and always shall."

"Then there is no hope for my friend, Ma'mselle Renard," said Blaisée, while a clear silvery laugh broke from both of the young women. "Ah, my dear friend, you not know this is Jeanette Renard, to whom I wrote de letter."

The laugh had aroused John from his sleepy state, and he acknowledged that he had been in his wife's confidence, who had determined, when Edward returned without delivering the letter, to make them both acquainted at some future time.

"But if it had not been for my long illness," said Edward, "which was brought

on through my own wayward folly, by wandering half the night in dismal swamps, I never should have known the gentleness and worth of Ma'mselle Renard."

"And I," said Jeanette, "could not have loved Edward so well if I had not watched him day and night, and seen that he was worthy of being loved."

"And I," said John, who was now wide awake, "could never have prized all my present blessings as I do now, if I had not seen them in jeopardy."

"My good friends," said Blaisée, "you say all I would like to, so I will say noting, but thank God for his goodness to us all, and for my dear baby."

Shock, who was always awake when his master was, now crept from his corner and seemed to partake of the general animation, but after a few gambols quietly laid himself down at the feet of his mistress, who certainly had one half of his heart.

But a short time passed before Edward and Jeanette were united by the venerable father, from whose conversation and notebook, I have extracted this little narrative. One or two more rooms were added to the cottage for further accommodation, and Edward, who had received better instruction than his brother, had suspended to the post a new advertisement, with no material fault in the orthography. "Wood for steamboats to be sold here for two dollars and a half per cord—also eggs and milk." At the time we landed, three or four little children were playing about the door, with Shock in the midst of them. It was difficult to say which preponderated, blue eyes or black, but there seemed to be sufficient evidence, that both brothers bid fair to have inheritors for the *new settlement*.

LIVORNO.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

PART I.

WHERE Smollet sleeps, in Leghorn, there is buried
Amid the graves of many English strangers,
One of our countrymen—a nameless being—
Whose mound is only marked by one blank slab
Half hid in hyacinths that bloom unbidden,
Beneath the tread of every idler's foot.

His home and cradle was the Hampshire hills,
Farther than Britain, more remote than Thule,

Where the first fount of Androscoggin springs.
 There had he wandered, in his early days,
 By rock and brook, with fancy for his playmate,
 Full of the world that learning had unlocked.
 His brain was peopled with departed heroes,
 The men of history, the gods of Greece ;
 Troy's roving emigrants, the Latian sires.
 Study had lifted him above the breed
 Of vulgar bargainers whose one romance
 Is the dull jingle of their daily dollars.
 The master minds whose mighty phantoms walk
 In academic halls, or volumned lie
 In close companionship on college shelves,
 Where in the dust rich thoughts like jewels hide,
 Had warmed him into worship of the past.
 His heart was written o'er like some stray page,
 Torn out from Plutarch, with majestic names ;
 People and places of antique renown ;
 Founders of kingdoms, consuls, orators,
 And chiefs who swell the chronicles of Rome.
 With these he lived, almost himself a Roman ;
 Wearing his camlet as it were a toga,
 Thinking in Latin, absent in his answers,
 Heedless of what was round him, and belonging
 Rather to Tully's period than his own.
 Where'er chance led him, whether to the shore,
 Or the recesses of his own white hills,
 By streams with names unmusical to us,
 Though sweetly sounding to the Indians once,
 Or mid the new-built nests of busy Thrift,
 Springing as Thebes did at Amphyon's playing,
 To the dull drone of inharmonious mills ;
 Where'er chance led him, he transformed the scene,
 Giving Soracte's title to Mount Tom,
 And Arno's to the Amondoesuck ;
 Baptizing Chickopee with Tiber's name,
 And feigning Via Sacras in Broadway.
 But Fancy rests not long content with fancies ;
 If so, no marriages would spring from sonnets ;
 Ambition, satisfied with smoke, would loll
 Puffing his pipe upon a silken sofa ;
 And all the restless multitude who fly,
 Canvass or vapor-pinioned o'er the seas,
 In quest of ruins, pictures and warm winters,
 Would lie a-bed and gaze on Europe's chart,
 Travelling more snugly on their chamber wainscot.
 Prudent are they who never stir from home,
 Save in conception ; who beside their fire
 Securely wander, only in a book,
 And find adventures in another's rambles.
 To such a modest wisher 'twere enough
 To hear of music, and to smell a feast,
 To talk by letter merely with a mistress,
 To fill his vases but with waxen flowers,
 And only worship beauty's marble image.
 Such airy diet suited not the taste
 Of him I speak of ; hungry was his heart
 For the reality of all the dreams
 Which fed his boyhood—how he longed to see
 Italy's earth ! the actual stones of Rome ;
 To touch the capitol, and with proud foot
 Tread the same pavement which a Cæsar walked on.
 This was his one desire ; for this he rose
 Ere the sun thought of rising, and bedimmed
 His watchful eyes with midnight occupations,

Thinning his tresses with consuming studies,
 And drying up with toil the sap of youth,
 Which gathers most like dew-drops, in the night,
 When slumber comes like evening to the roses.
 Little by little, had he won the means
 Whereby men master fortune ; power was his
 To make the earth his turnpike—every gate
 Readily opening to the magic toll
 Which wise men bear like amulets about them,
 To charm away that worst disorder,—want.
 But as desire increases with possession,
 So grew his wishes as his coin increased ;
 And when prosperity enlarged his leisure,
 Budded and blossomed into Love at last.
 Fair was the lady : ye, whose road has led you,
 Amid the western valleys of New England,
 Beyond Connecticut, may guess how fair.
 She, too, had learned, and partly caught of him
 That adoration of the antique world,
 Which many thousand miles of briny distance
 Hallow in thought as potently as Time.
 Oft would she listen, as they sat by night,
 Watching the fireflies, to the brave description
 Of those unnumbered lights which, every Easter,
 Kindle St. Peter's cupola, while Heaven
 Hides its dim stars, as fearing to be shamed
 By the rich glory of the girandole.
 And oft when walking in the village churchyard,
 Among the mounds where humble farmers rested,
 He told her of Metella's tomb, and Virgil's,
 The Scipios' vault with those which line the Appian,
 And that gray pyramid within whose shade
 Sleeps the Septemvir with his English guests,
 Cestius and Shelley couching near each other.
 Or if they looked from Holyoke o'er the meadows,
 He took her with him, on the wings of Thought,
 To green Campania, showed her sunny Naples,
 Stretched out like one of her own lazzaroni,
 In smiling indolence along the shore :
 Your villas, Baia ! thy dumb temples, Pæstum !
 Where meditation makes the only worship ;
 Vineyards whose juices, drawn from buried cities,
 Taste of the times of Flaccus and Tibullus,
 And memory whirl full twenty centuries back.
 Happy ! yes, happier than they knew they were,
 These lovers thus indulged their dreams together,
 More blest for knowing not that this was bliss.
 The days we spend unconscious of delight
 Are those which most delight us in remembrance,
 And the sweet minutes which are spent in hope
 Make hope's accomplishment a dull content.
 Two drops that meet and make a single drop,
 Mingle not more instinctively than souls
 Thus brought together, side by side, as 't were,
 On the same stem and leaf of our existence.
 Chance made their stations and their ages equal,
 Time drew them close, and Nature tied the knot.
 Scarce were their bridal holidays well o'er,
 When the great Wish which many years had nourished,
 The golden frame-work of such goodly pictures,
 Approached completion.—Look ! a ship is ready ;
 Her canvass full fed with the generous wind,
 Whose course is destined for the rocky gate
 Of that famed sea whose legendary name,
 "Mediterranean," breathes of history.

And they are in that vessel—Farewell, home!
 Farewell, America! with all thy names,
 Which sound unused and dissonant in song,
 Yet no less precious to the heart for that.
 We're for the land whose daily talk is music;
 We're bound for Italy, our port is Naples;
 Dulcet Parthenope! Torquato's cradle,
 And Maro's resting place—amid such words,
 How hard in verse to say, Farewell, New York!
 So sink the hills of Neversink behind them,
 And the new world is but a thing to talk of.
 And life no longer is a stated task
 To be encountered and performed for wages.
 But the free kisses of the laughing ocean
 Seem to invite the madly bounding prow
 To sport and revel, and for very pleasure
 To leap and dance on the deep's foamy floor,
 To the glad tunes of the resounding billows.
 The mariners, 't would seem, were following simply
 Their inclination rather than their calling;
 The chains of Drudgery seemed to drop away,
 And life's main duty, merely life and motion.
 Careless existence! how the occupations,
 Troubles and fretful interests of the shore
 With the shore, vanish! Earth is only earthly
 To the dull souls that burrow on the land.
 Such was their ecstasy at first—but soon
 The rapture lessened, and with every sun
 The strand they sailed from dearer grew and fairer,
 And that whereto each billow brought them nearer
 Lost the fine surface of the bright romance
 Whose brilliancy is born of distance only;
 As to the greedy Spaniards in Peru
 The rocks of lime on Illiassa's height,
 Beheld afar, seemed hills of purest silver;
 And the brown husks which roofed the Indian huts
 Solid and beaten plates of virgin gold;—
 Nay, this dim ball, this murky lump, this earth,
 Seen from yon Venus, were as bright as she.

ST. BERNARD.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

To him, whose wanderings on our uneven, terraqueous planet, have been among the stupendous and fantastic works of nature, exhibited in the romantic lake and mountain scenery of Switzerland; and thence, over the frozen passes of the Alps, into the smiling vineyards and olive-groves of sunny Italy, the name of the Great St. Bernard will never be an uninteresting sound. It will revive in him old, ineffable ideas of the magnificent, the picturesque, the sublime, unparalleled in the physical world; and those of moral beauty and grandeur, even more

rarely witnessed, in the character and purposes of his fellow-man. It will present to his recollections the sea of ice, the mountain of snow, the fearful, impending avalanche, the piercing air—all that is chilling, cheerless and menacing to the traveller through a region of almost perpetual winter, contrasted in his mind with all that he found cheering, comforting and refreshing in the hospice, with its warm hearth, its ready table, and the unfeigned cordial welcome of its benevolent inmates. The sound of that name will recall to his memory the hour when he

arrived, cold, weary, and perhaps benighted, at that highest place of human habitation in all Europe; and, while openly partaking the fruits of the beneficence of its tenants, secretly confessed their self-sacrificing efforts and devotedness in the cause of suffering humanity, as far transcending those of the common level of mankind, as their abode does in point of elevation.

It will remind him, too, of the moment when he departed, invigorated and grateful, dropping, as he passed out from under the hospitable roof, his thank-offering into the small contribution-box in the chapel, the unasked, unhinted-at and only pecuniary return for the entertainment he had received, unquestioned as to his faith, whether Pagan, Jew, or Christian; and whatever he might be, went on his way rejoicing, with a heart enlarged, and, more than ever it had been before, in love and charity with all his fellow-men—invoking, perhaps for the first time in his life, the blessing of Heaven on a fraternity of monks!

Even the docile and philanthropic dogs of the hospice will come in for a share of his respectful and affectionate remembrance, when he recalls the humane teaching of which they are susceptible, their obedience to man's instruction, and their untiring toil and fidelity in seeking out travellers, and saving their lives when bewildered or overcome by cold and fatigue, in the journey across the mountain.

But, in this age of stir and restlessness, when general and ceaseless locomotion seems to be the order of the day, and the world to be possessed of a spirit of "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it," there may, perhaps, be some who have experienced, and others who have heard of, the kindness of the benevolent brothers of the hospice of the Great and of the Little St. Bernard, who may yet be unacquainted with the early private history of the founder of these institutions, from whom both mountains derive their names.

If you pass into Savoy, partly encompassed by vine-clad hills and retreating mountains, you will find the gloomy old town of Annecy, situated at the outlet of a small lake of the same name, whose escaping waters form a stream running through the town, which, in its days of pride and opulence, was vain of the beauty of this bright feature, and enjoyed it as a source of pleasure and convenience to powerful, aristocratic inhabitants.

Before the Revolution, so destructive to the temporal estate of the Savoyard nobility, this town was a place of much importance. It was the residence of many noble families. Here the Genevois counts had a stately castle, and the bishop held a court. The magnificent edifice—the pompous equipage, and the lofty bearing of the people, proclaimed

the worldly wealth and pride of the place; while numerous churches, nunneries, and their appurtenances, declared its poorness in spirit and ghostly humility.

But, subsequent to this period, the town took a different aspect, and became as a widowed bride; or as a queen, suddenly robbed of her crown and ornaments, and sitting in sackcloth and tears. Where once rolled the glittering carriage, was now seen the impoverished pedestrian, anxious and solitary. Ruin took hold of the architecture, and moss and mildew came upon the ruin. The passage to many a splendid mansion, once lightly paced by the foot of the buoyant-hearted and gaily-dressed, had become forsaken and choked with confused debris. The convents were thrown open, their pious recluses scattered abroad, and the decayed buildings desecrated as warehouses, or perverted to other uses equally opposed to their former sanctity. The castle of the counts was, in one part of it, converted to a prison, while the other was appropriated as barracks for small detachments of squalid soldiery.

After a long season of dismal desolation, the first symptom of revival in the place, appeared in the utilitarian introduction of the apparatus for a *cotton factory*, whose wheels were to be moved by the waters of that beautiful stream, which had so often carried on the poet's musing, the scholar's reverie, the devotee's devotion; and this, too, in the very heart of the town which had been a favorite resort of the philosophic, the refined, the pontifical!

The mercenary machinery took possession of a building originally consecrated as the abode of a holy sisterhood of nuns.

On the side of the narrow lake, opposite to the town of Annecy, among the gently-swelling hills that stand between the level earth immediately bordering the waters and the mountains rising moderately above them in the back-ground, are several ancient castles—relics of the feudal ages, and emblems of old baronial firmness, defensive power and domestic magnificence.

One of these castles belonged to the high and mighty family of Menthon, who had it inscribed in stone over the gateway of their edifice, to remain when their deeds and their clay, each of so much importance in their own day, should be of little or none in ours, that the Menthons were a line of barons before the Christian era! Alas, alas, for human vanity, family pride, trust in titles, power and riches! Dust and darkness shroud them till the clear light and the free air of time dissolve and sweep them away.

The lord of this house and domain, in the early part of the tenth century, was the son of an illustrious sire, Oliver de Menthon, Count of Geneva, and friend and companion of the immortal Charlemagne; and, in the

year 932, (or, as some say, 938) in this castle, his son, BERNARD, sole heir to the honors of the Menthons, entered, a little crying novice, on this world's stage of shifting scenery, to battle with its vanity and vexation of spirit.

Great was the exultation in the castle at his birth, that a son was given to perpetuate the glory and magnify the name of the honorable house of Menthon. Scarcely was the babe wrapped in swaddling-bands, when imagination had already invested him, as a future hero, with the cuirass and sword of his renowned grandfather, Oliver; while every sturdy shriek that the little baron gave out, was taken as a prognostic of the noise he was to make in the world, and of decision and courage in the bud.

The child grew large and strong; and, as he had been destined from the very peep of his existence to the profession of arms, bade fair to fulfil what seemed the express purpose of his being, to fight and conquer! When of a suitable age, his father, wishing to bestow on his son a more finished education than he had himself enjoyed, or than could be given him at home, sent him to Paris, and placed him under such a tutor as he thought would train up his mind in the way it should go.

When the time of his pupilage had elapsed, Bernard was recalled home, to stand up in the castle of his inheritance with the form of full-grown manhood, and the majestic and invincible spirit of a mature Savoyard nobleman and commander.

But great was the astonishment and the disappointment of the parents, at their son's return, on finding that they had placed him under the tuition of an instructor widely different from the one they had intended and thought him to be. Bernard was humble, solemn, often abstracted, loving retirement, and seeming to have avowed himself devoted to a cause wholly at variance with carnal pride and indulgence, and all temporal glory. He was disinclined to speak or to hear of any of these things, and gave evidence of his determination to wrestle—not with flesh and blood, but with the power and against the dominion of sin and Satan.

His mind was filled to overflowing with the teachings and warnings he had received from his patron St. Nicholas; he had solemnly devoted himself to a life of poverty and humility, and the cause of Him whose kingdom is not of this world. He had dreamed dreams, had visions, and received calls in heavenly voices—all forbidding him to seek earthly power and riches, and prompting him to take up the cross and turn away from an alluring, but deceitful, evil world. His time was spent in prayer, praise and prophecy, or in other religious exercises and retirement for meditation.

The father's mortification at this disap-

pointment was insupportable, and his whole study and object were now to redeem his son from this unexpected state of mind and unearthly course. To effect this, his own judgment and that of his friends suggested a matrimonial alliance. Accordingly, the beautiful young heiress of another noble house was selected as the all-potent charm.

The uncommon personal beauty of the lovely Marguerite de Miolans, with her sweet, affectionate disposition and cheerfulness of spirit, were deemed fully adequate to dispelling the infatuation of Bernard; while the honor of her ancient house was looked upon as no wise inferior to that of Menthon.

In those days the marriage contract was stipulated for the young couple by their parents; and it was the custom to have it consummated, with all the display and festivity of the wedding, at the house of the bridegroom's father. Bernard saw his bride elect, and faintly praised her beauty and seeming excellence; and, though he did not object in word to being united to her, yet he turned aside with a melancholy air, which had the coldness of a refusal, while he thought of the king's daughter, all-glorious within, the church, to which his soul was indissolubly wedded.

The great preparations for the nuptials went on, while he witnessed them but with revolting and horror: and the whole train of guests were invited to accompany the betrothed from the castle of the Miolans to that of the Menthons.

On the appointed day, with all the dignity of their pompous externals, they arrived, full of gladsome spirits, to enliven the scene; and with healthful appetites, to do justice to the sumptuous board prepared as the marriage feast. The château was filled with guests, musicians, and menials going hither and thither, every one with some important part to perform, like shuttles passing one another in the loom, each having its own thread to carry out to make the web perfect.

On the great, auspicious morning, when the sacred knot was to be tied, the family and their guests were assembled in due array; but the bride, in her costly adornments, saw no bridegroom appear to claim her. They waited—he came not from his chamber. He was summoned, yet did not obey; was called, but gave no answer. The door of his apartment was opened, and lo, he was gone! The unpressed pillow showed that his bed had given him no repose the previous night; and a letter addressed to his parents, found lying on his little silver table, told the rest. In it he implored their forgiveness for disobedience to their will, but pleaded that this was his only alternative, hard as he felt it to be, to avoid disobeying that of heaven, whose higher command and call he must not, dared not disregard.

He assured them, that, having solemnly avouched himself for Christ and his service, he had only to take up his cross and follow him, and that he could not now go back, except to perdition, to take his portion from amongst the husks and beggarly elements of the world. He argued, that, if he was a member of the body of Christ, he must die to himself and live in him: as a penitent, he must crucify all carnal affections, and keep clear of every incumbrance that might retard or cause him to stumble in his holy race. If Jesus was his pattern, he had never been taught by his example to wed himself to an earthly bride. "And what," said he, "did the great Preceptor, whose word is life, intend to inculcate, when he spake the parable of the feast that was prepared, and those who were bidden, but refused to come? Surely he must have known, and would have us to know, the temptation to reluctance or refusal to come up to our religious duties, our heavenly feast, which a mortal bride might prove, when he stated, that the first and the second bidden to the supper, pleading worldly business as an apology for declining the invitation, added, 'therefore I pray thee have me excused'; but the third said, 'I have married a wife, therefore I cannot come.'"

Having filled his letter with these and similar cogent reasons for his righteous abhorrence of matrimony, the soundness or sophistry of which they who have tried the experiment, which he had not, can best decide for themselves; the future saint opened his window, and, leaping out upon a rock lying many feet below it, went his way none but himself knew whither.

Some appearances of indentations in the rock, seen at this day, the good Catholic assures the traveller, are the prints of the saint's feet as they met it from the leap, when it was miraculously softened to receive them, and then turned hard as adamant.

The scene of confusion, of dismay and consternation—some spirits bristling with haughty resentment, others cast down with sorrow—which the castle presented when the flight was discovered, would defy all power of description, even if the narrow limits here prescribed, did not forbid it in fuller detail. But none of all the actors in the drama, claimed so much unmingled tenderness and pity as the beautiful, forsaken betrothed; and none performed so high-minded and heroic a part.

Could the fugitive bridegroom have looked back and seen her in this trying moment, he would, perhaps, have repented of his rash step; and owned that, if his reasoning had been right as to generality, here, in an especial case, it might be a little sophistical.

While the Baron de Menthon and his lady were overwhelmed by grief and despair at

their bereavement, and mortification from the disappointment, they knew not how to meet the insulted dignity of the Miolans.

The lofty old father of the deserted maiden, and all his party, except the meek-spirited daughter, towered high with indignation and flashed with ire at the dishonor cast on their ancient house; and placing the hand upon the hilt of the sword, they began to talk of obtaining recompense at its point. High words and significant gestures seemed to be fast forming the preliminaries of a civil war between the two houses. And this, according to the custom of the times, when men looked to their trusty steel for satisfaction, in all cases of personal or family insult or injury, would, no doubt, have ensued, had not the gentle Marguerite, like a genuine pearl, as her name signifies, shone out with a pure, native lustre, which seemed the brightness of a holier world than this.

After a short but severe inward struggle to suppress her emotions, she came between the jarring parties like an angel of peace; and, declaring her free and full forgiveness of the offence, expressed herself satisfied with the pious reasons rendered by the absconder, for thus suddenly turning and fleeing from the hymeneal altar, when brought so near as to feel himself scorched by its flame.

Her gentle spirit subdued the turbulence of her choleric friends; and their angry passions, rebuked by magnanimity, fell back like the receding waves of a troubled sea, at the ebb of tide. Glad that they had been saved from an attempt to wash out the imagined stain of their glory with blood; and commiserating the wretchedness of the forsaken parents, they returned to their own homes in peace.

Shortly after this strange event, the disappointed Marguerite, sick of the world, and wishing to withdraw from it forever, abjured it with its deceit, its riches, and its vanities, and retired into a convent for life. Here her superior virtues and eminent piety soon won for her the respect and love of the whole sisterhood, till at length, in due time, she became prioress of the convent in Annecy, which has before been mentioned as recently converted into a place of spindles and looms, and the more secularly-inspired sisters of a factory.

The Baron de Menthon and lady, having found all search for their lost son vain, retired from public life, and, immuring themselves from the world, within their castle, sank into a state of quiet melancholy, which succeeded the storm of sorrow and despair, as a calm settles on a landscape when the hurricane has laid its honors waste.

Thus for a long lapse of years did they remain secluded, passing their time in noiseless but bitter repentance for their rash experiment of coercion on their only child; and

wholly in the dark as to every thing connected with his course or his fate, after the farewell left behind him in his letter, on the eventful night previous to the visionary wedding.

While the Sun of Righteousness seemed not yet to have risen to their souls "with healing on his wings," the sun of their earthly glory had set forever; or if some gleams of lingering light at times appeared, it was only to show long, dark shadows of forms that were unseen, or passing away; and all to be lost in the chill and hush of a starless night. Then strange spirit-whisperings came near, warning them that time was short, the grave close before them—earth's elements preparing to become food for devouring fire—the skies to drop the stars, as a tree its untimely fruit, and pass away; and it behooved them speedily to make their peace with Heaven, through Him, who, in reference to that day, assures his friends, "Because I live, ye shall live also." And to claim a share in this promise, was the righteous resolution to which they ultimately came. They made confession of their sins; and poured out the burden of their contrite hearts before the mercy-seat, crying first for the "grace of supplication," that they might pray aright for the bread for which their souls were starving—that they might even be allowed the crumbs that fell from their Lord's table, in conscious unworthiness of a seat at the board among his chosen friends. They distributed of substance to the poor, and made bounteous donations of their temporal riches, with a view to eternal interest. Still, they asked increase of faith, till grace for grace was given them in manifold proportion; while their heads were whitening with the frost of life's winter-time, and the hues of earth becoming dim to their vision through its chilly haze. But ever among the softest, inmost folds of their parental hearts, one burning, wasting desire was closely wrapped up, and silently feeding. Could they only be favored with some communication, either from earth or heaven, that would inform them what and where had been the life, or when and how the death of their lost Bernard, then, they felt, they could readily depart in peace! Yet no human or angel hand lifted the sable curtain, behind which he had passed, and vanished out of sight.

They asked in midnight's solemn shade,
When morning's splendor shone;
If he to distant lands had strayed,
If in the grave his dust were laid,
If he in glory stood arrayed,
Before the eternal throne.

None answered through night's silent gloom!
No beams of opening day
The painful mystery could illumine;
Nought from the world of deathless bloom,
From distant earth or secret tomb,
Told how he passed away.

As this aged couple perceived themselves nearly down the steep descent of life, and approaching the dark valley through which none shall retrace his steps, they felt an increasing desire for wisdom and strength to console and sustain them in the trial which every one must meet alone.

Fame had sounded abroad the transcendent piety, eminent good works, and unbounded hospitality of a holy father of a monastery of brethren of the St. Augustine order, in the town of Aosta, on the Italian side of the Alps. His counsel was said to be light, and his teaching, understanding: and to him, in their hoary age, did the Baron de Menthon and his lady resolve to make a pilgrimage, to seek his instruction and blessing, whilst time and ability yet remained for them to perform the journey.

They reached the monastery, were affectionately welcomed by the reverend Superior, made known the object of their visit, and related to him the whole story of their life and sorrow. To the pathetic tale of the lost son, and their affecting confession of contrition for the rash course by which they had driven him into exile and made themselves childless, the prior listened with deep interest and apparent firmness, till it became too much for his disciplined mind, with its Christian philosophy in full exercise, to suppress or conceal the powerful emotions of his bosom. He found himself situated like Joseph in Egypt, while listening to the story of his brethren: yet he could not, like him, stay to enter into his chamber and weep there, before he fell upon their necks and kissed them—revealing himself as no other than their long-lost Bernard, and uttering the forgiving sentiment of his magnanimous prototype—"Now therefore, be not grieved nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither. . . . So now, it was not you that sent me hither, but God."

It was a scene not to be described, and almost too affecting to be considered, when the aged parents clasped once more the child of their youth and their pride, sobbing and speechless, while their swelling hearts seemed bursting with the cry—"Our son was lost but now is found; was dead, but lives again."

After the first flood of emotion had subsided, a happy season of mutual confession and blessing followed, with a relation of his history and their sufferings since their separation; and an account of the whole proceedings from the morning when his mysterious flight caused such a strange scene of confusion in his native castle.

The venerable couple passed many days at the monastery; and then returned to their home, where they spent the remainder of their time in a holy tranquillity; and at length departed this life in the full assurance of being finally united to their son in that happy kingdom whence they go no more out for ever.

Bernard, after his wild start and sudden spring from under the yoke that was about to be fastened on him for life, and his unknighlyly escape from the lovely Marguerite and the castle of his ancestors, bent his course towards Aosta, and entered its monastery a nameless, lonely stranger. By his extraordinary piety and ability, manifested as he passed through the different stages of duty and office, he rapidly advanced to the priorship.

Here he exercised the most liberal hospitality; and among many other good works, undertook to open a passage to the neighboring mountain, for the benefit of pilgrims on their way to Rome.

The Romans, in their days of paganism, had used this route into the Vallais; and on the highest point of the passage had erected a temple, to propitiate the destroying demon who was supposed to haunt the place, assuming at pleasure any form that might best serve his purpose. Sometimes he was said to come clothed in the furious storm, burying men alive in the snow or ice. Sometimes he appeared in the robber or bandit; then, in the shape of wild beasts, rending and devouring human victims. To this temple did the benevolent prior, at the head of his monks, labor in person to clear the passage; and then, with its materials to build a hospice for travellers on the spot where it had stood. It was in this benevolent and arduous enterprize that he was engaged when his fame, reaching the ear of his parents, occasioned them to take the journey that led to the happy discovery already related.

In his pious and useful life, whose whole amount of good can never be cast up in this world, Bernard continued until the year 1008, when, at the good old age of seventy-five, he too fell asleep. His name is his imperishable monument. It is fixed upon the mountains, where it will stand firm till they be removed!

To that where he took the old temple to build the *hospitium*, formerly Mount Joux, after his well-merited canonization was given the name of the "Great St. Bernard."—Another and smaller mountain, where the

road leads over the Grison Alps—and where, on the spot once occupied by a heathen pillar, he built another *hospitium*, received the appellation of the "Little St. Bernard."

At his death, he left these *hospitia* in charge of the St. Augustine brotherhood.—But in process of time, certain changes taking place and difficulties arising, Government took them under its especial patronage, and enlarged the establishments and their funds, till they grew at length to their present magnitude and usefulness.

One word more about the gentle Marguerite. Her earthly career, and that of her once-destined bridegroom, form a striking antithesis. While his name is indelibly engraven on the heights, hers is hidden in a low, dark, secret place, and washed by restless waters, perpetually dashed against it by the force of a huge wheel. The most we know of it is this. A few years ago, a traveller, on an excursion in that part of Europe, after having found in an old volume,* in a library of Geneva, a confirmation, in copious and minute detail, of the facts here related, of which the foregoing is but an abstract, visited Annecy. Here, among its most conspicuous objects of interest, he was shown a large and flourishing cotton factory, built from the nunnery of which the pious recluse, Marguerite, became, and died, Lady Superior.

The superintendent, showing him the building and its machinery, stated that the case of its large water-wheel was formed of the tombstones taken from the cemetery where the abbesses of the convent had been buried!

When that factory shall have wound up its thread, and in its turn shall pass away, leaving its foundations to be broken up,—then, and not till then, may the name of the beautiful heiress of Miolans, the fair Marguerite, be brought to light!

* The author of this volume has filled several pages with a description of the confused scene in the castle, the morning after Bernard absconded.

TO AN ALTAR PICTURE OF THE MADONNA.

BY JANE T. LOMAX.

HAIL, Mary! thou, the lovely and the blest,
 Around whose brow there beams a light divine,
 And on whose wondrous beauty seems a trace
 Of the deep mystery in that lot of thine:
 Thou, in whose pictured face we love to paint
 Whatever looks to dreaming hearts most fair,
 Thou in whose earnest eyes there lies no taint
 Of all the frailty to which "flesh is heir."

Mary, I bid thee hail ! and though I claim
 No deep reliance on thy power to bless,
 Though mine be not the faith which makes thy name
 Strong with reflected might of holiness ;
 Still, to my soul that perfect face of thine,
 Those soft, sad eyes forever fixed on heaven,
 And that pale brow, the pure, unshadowed shrine
 Of all the sweetest dreams to mortals given,
 Bring thoughts of comfort, for thy life had known
 The weight of human care, and thou hadst felt
 A pilgrim's many woes ; all the heart must bear alone ;
 And thou, in tearful prayer, perchance, hadst knelt,
 Lowly and weeping at thy Father's throne.

Thou wert a woman, therefore grief was thine,
 And thou hast lived and suffered, loved and died ;
 Yet, if in heaven there lingereth but one sign
 Of thy brief floating on Time's troubled tide—
 Then, have we kindred with thee, radiant One !
 The sympathy of sorrow, love, and death.
 And when, world-wearied ere his race be run,
 The penitent, with faint and faltering breath,
 Would tell his sins, I marvel not *thy* name
 Should ever mingle with his purest prayer,
 And thy bright image from his spirit claim
 Religious reverence, as he lingers where
 Thine angel-beauty, starlike, shines on care.

And, Holy Lady ! loveliest and most blest,
 If intercession's granted boon be thine,
 Then give this saddened soul its sighed-for rest,
 And shed thy blessing on this heart of mine ;
 For grief hath pressed too early on my brow ;
 Sweet Mother ! bid thy peace be with me now !

WASHINGTON CITY.

WINTER EVENING CHRONICLES.

BY AN ANTIQUARIAN.

NUMBER ONE.

If there is any man, in these days of bankrupt fortunes and insolvent estates, hardy enough to deny that a farmer's life is the happiest on earth, he can surely never have spent a winter's evening at a farmer's fire-side. Not the farmer who is burdened with a debt heavier than the pack which sunk poor Pilgrim in the Slough of Despond ; nor the farmer whose restless and roving soul, seeking rest and finding none, tempts him to part with the rich meadows of his homestead for the prairies over the mountains ; nor yet the farmer whose morning bitters, and noontide dram, and evening "nightcap," call him three times a day to that modern limbo of vanity—

a country store. These are not the farmers I mean. It is the temperate, thrifty, home-loving farmer,—the real bone and muscle farmer of an inland town, who,

"Contented with little, and canty with more,"

makes the boundary of his broad acres the magic circle of pleasures and comforts, which city people wot not of.

There are such farmers still. To be sure, they are far removed from the noise which the railroad car spreads through the country it passes, and are as yet undisturbed by the strides which the spirit of improvement, that

arch-demon of the age, makes over hill-side and valley in its rapid progress. But you may find them here and there, scattered among the quiet townships and rustic hamlets of the mountains—unchanged, undisturbed, plodding through the week-days and worshipping God on Sundays, with a contented heart and an honest purpose. Legitimate descendants of the old Puritans, they bear, in their faces and on their very garb, the lineaments of antiquity. Sons of the stern emigrants of the May-Flower, they swerve neither to the right hand nor to the left, from that straight and narrow way in which their sires sought freedom in this world, and heaven at last.

There are, perhaps, fewer of these sequestered nooks in Massachusetts, than in either of the other New England States. That web of railroads, which the busy ones of the metropolis have been weaving in the last few years, has so overspread the State, drawing into its meshes all the other materials of locomotion, that the whole face of the country is sadly changed since my younger days; and before long, an honest farmer's vehicle in the streets of Boston will, I fear, be as great a source of wonderment to the metropolitans, as was the nose of the knight of the mirrors to the bewildered admiration of the squire of La Mancha. Thank heaven, however, they are not all gone, those contented home-dwellers of the mountains; and that here and there one may yet find them in their quiet corners of the world, living on, undisturbed by the busy din of the thoroughfares, the true, unchanged descendants of olden time.

In passing upon the old road from Springfield to Northampton, there lies, just under the brow of Mount Tom, a farm of one thousand acres, which was granted by the colony to Eldred Pomeroy, two hundred and four years ago, on the condition that he and his sons should follow the trade of gunsmiths on the banks of Connecticut river. It is a fact curious enough, that for generations before this same Eldred removed to this country, in 1636, the family of Pomeroy,—or, as the word was then spelled, Pomroys,—had been famous for the manufacture of guns; and that, from the date of the grant until the present time, some one of the direct descendants of old Eldred has successfully pursued the same business. There were living in Northampton but a few years ago, persons who remembered the yearly visits of the Canada Indians to old General Pomeroy, for the purpose of buying his rifles, which in that day were famous all over the country; and the largest private armorer in the United States at the present time, is Lemuel Pomeroy, Esq. of Pittsfield, a grandson of the Louisburgh hero.

The farm is still undivided, having been

handed down from sire to son, through eight generations. Every thing about it bears the impress of olden time. The house, increased by sundry additions in the course of years, is yet unimpaired; the barns, and sheds, and blacksmith's shop, stand on the very ground where they were first erected; the same old trees wave in the wind before the door, and the same moss-grown steps lead to the gentle brook beyond the hill, as in days long gone by. For a mile either way from the mansion, not a solitary house is to be seen; and though fields of waving grain and smoothest greensward stretch along the road,—though rich pastures and heavy crops, and flocks and herds over the hills and valleys, in abundance for a numerous population, meet the traveller's eye as he drives slowly on,—yet they all pertain to the original homestead. It is well worth a long day's ride to visit the ancient spot, and to receive the hearty welcome of the old occupant, himself a noble specimen of his progenitors. Before the door swings the sign of entertainment, bearing upon its margin the date of A. D. 1765, the time the house was first opened as an inn, the oldest place of entertainment in the whole country. Seventy-seven years has that old sign swung heavily to the wind by night and day! Seventy-seven years have its quaint emblems of fox and goose invited the weary traveller to its refreshments of bed and bar, and tempted the neighboring youth to the rare frolics of the winter-evening's sleigh-ride or the Thanksgiving ball! What merry times the old hall has witnessed! What junketings, what quiltings, what mirth-makings! What glorious times at husking bees, and apple bees, and sewing bees, and roast-corn bees! How the old roof has rung with peals of laughter and shouts of merriment, and how the old floor has creaked and groaned as swains and lasses have

—“chased the glowing hours with flying feet,”

while the rafters gleamed in the light of the crackling fire, and the wind whistled unheeded around the doors and windows of the staunch old mansion! Seventy-seven years it has offered shelter to the grave and the gay,—to the benighted wayfarer and the bustling man of business. In the very room where the traveller is now welcomed,—for there are still some, who, in the hurry of this ever-a-moving generation, choose the bye-paths of life, that they may plod on after their own easy fashion,—in this very room have the laugh and song and jest gone their rounds among those who are long since dead, and whose children's hairs are whitened with extreme old age! Here our ancestors quaffed the foaming pitcher of milk-white flip, or sat out the long evening around the brimming punch-bowl! Here the veterans in the wars,

the roystering blades of revolutionary days, kept their vigils, cracked their jests, and told their tales, while the buxom bar-maid

"Was hauled about in gallantry robust."

There are few families which have preserved unimpaired so many peculiarities of character, as have the descendants of Eldred Pomeroy. The same indomitable energy and unwavering purpose, which induced him, as his grave-stone informs us, "to leave the fertile fields of England for this barren wilderness," have shone out from time to time among his descendants, through the long line of seven generations. General Seth Pomeroy, who died at Peekskill in the year 1777, as major general in the United States' army, was one of the most remarkable men of his day. As a captain in the service which attacked and subdued Louisburgh in 1745,—as a colonel in the march upon the combined forces of French and Indians under Deiskaw at Lake George, ten years later,—and in the unyielding bravery with which, in conjunction with Prescott and Warren, he maintained his ground at the battle of Bunker Hill, refusing to order a retreat until every charge of powder was expended,—he attained a reputation second to no man in New England.

To a character of undoubted bravery, he added great humanity, and a most conscientious regard to the rights of others. Although nearly fourscore years of age, and enjoying in the bosom of as pleasant a family as ever dwelt on the banks of the Connecticut, the well-earned laurels of former wars, he no sooner heard of the intended movements of our troops in the neighborhood of Boston, than he started for the rendezvous. The gun which he took with him is yet preserved, and the indentation of a musket-ball upon the stock gives proof of the hard service it saw. Putnam is said to have exclaimed, as he met him on the hill, "What, Pomeroy, you here? I'll be d—d if you wouldn't break out of your coffin, if you should smell gunpowder." It was nearly a hundred miles which the old man had to ride before he could reach the American lines, and his horse giving out upon the road, he was forced to borrow a friend's, an animal of fine mettle. The sun was just rising as he came in sight of the battle-field, and the balls were whistling over the neck of land he was obliged to cross, before he could reach the hill. Hesitating for a moment, to consider the better way of crossing, he bethought himself that the horse he rode was borrowed, and immediately alighting, he gave the animal in charge to a bystander, remarking that he was too good a creature to be shot by the British, and *he would go over on foot*. No arguments could dissuade him from his purpose, and, though exposed to the constant fire of the gun-boats,

from which he was distant but a few rods, he passed over in safety, and immediately took command of the left wing of the recruits entrenched upon the hill.

In a poem of that day, written by the late James Allen, not a copy of which is now known to be extant, the author makes the old general his hero, and relates with considerable spirit his deeds of daring. It was in General Pomeroy's tent that the British commissioners assembled, when they brought the offer of pardon from the king to all the rebels who would lay down their arms, excepting only John Hancock and Samuel Adams. There are those still living, who remember the great excitement that the offer produced in the camp, and indeed among all the citizens who had sympathized with the Americans. The officers of the army were all assembled; many of the most distinguished of the citizens were present; Adams and Hancock were both there; and the soldiers clustered in groups around the marquisee to learn the decision, which would be fraught to them with immense importance. General Pomeroy, as the eldest officer present, presided over the deliberations, receiving the commissioners with dignified courtesy, and inviting them to open the conference. The proposal of pardon, emanating from that high authority which every subject of Great Britain is ever disposed to honor, was then read to an audience who listened for their lives, as well as for their country, and the commissioners retired to await the decision. Every individual present was then called upon in turn to give in his acceptance or refusal to the offer; and to the everlasting honor of our sires be it remembered, every individual without hesitation voted to refuse it. Scarcely an hour had elapsed, before the commissioners were called again to the tent, and the old general, standing before them, made the reply, which ought to be inscribed on our country's escutcheon in letters of gold. "We unanimously reject the offer the king has made. The people of the colonies have taken up arms to recover their liberties, and since the king has deprived us of the *one*, he may come and take the *other*." And then, in the language of the poet, he goes on to say,

"Tho' eighty winters bleach this hoary head,
My nerves are firm, nor are my spirits fled:
Tell him 'twas I the gallant phalanx broke;
And fell'd brave Deiskaw with a single stroke;
This arm, which smote him 'mid the rage of fight,
Pillow'd his head, and spread his covering light;
And now this dirk recalls the mournful day,
When, in deep swoons, he breath'd his life away."

The allusion to the dirk in these lines, can be explained only by supposing the author to have been misinformed, in regard to an incident which occurred after the battle of Lake George. Colonel Williams, who commanded the expedition, was killed early in the day,

and the command devolved on Pomeroy. After the engagement, Baron Deiskaw was brought wounded and a prisoner to the Colonel's tent, complaining bitterly that he had been rifled of his watch and money, after he had surrendered himself. Col. Pomeroy at once investigated the matter, recovered the property, and punished the offenders. This, together with the kindness he received, so affected the Baron, that he made Pomeroy a present of the watch, which the latter wore at the battle of Bunker Hill. It is to this undoubtedly that the poet refers in his allusion to the dirk. The watch was given by General Pomeroy to his eldest son, and by the latter at his death to Dr. Pomeroy, of Stockbridge, who retains it now.

It is rather an interesting fact, that the existence of Williams College arose from this same battle of Lake George. Col. Williams owned large landed property in western Massachusetts, which he had never cultivated,

and which he had been negotiating to sell. Before the conclusion of the bargain, he was called to take command of the northern division of the army, and on arriving at Albany, under the strong premonition that the expedition would be fatal to him, he made his will, giving all his Berkshire property to the foundation of a school in Williamstown. The result is well known, and from thence arose the college.

It is of such men as these, and of their descendants, that we propose to beguile the winter evenings of our readers. A simple-hearted, hardy, contented people, with a love of freedom, and a knowledge of its worth, cherished in the heart and apparent in the life, which one finds nowhere else. Like their fathers, the good men and true of the Revolution, they would now be ready, if need were, to buckle on their armor, and to show stalwart arms and steady muskets for the good cause of liberty.

POESY.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

O amore! le arti belle sono tue figlie; tu primo hai guidato su la terra la sacra poesia, solo alimento degli animi generosi. *Fiescolo.*

HAST thou ne'er marked a fount, from earth upspringing,
Within the shelter of some greenwood glade,
Scarce seen by human eye, yet gladly flinging
Its wealth of freshness in its sylvan shade?

The very herbage that its waters nourish
Serves to conceal it from the passer-by,
Only the flowerets on its brink that flourish
Reveal its windings to the thoughtful eye.

Oh! thus be poesy within my bosom,—
A bubbling fountain ever pure and bright,
Known only by the charities that blossom
Beneath its influence into life and light.

Within my heart, unchecked, that sweet stream gushes,
As fresh and clear as in my girlhood's day,
No beam from glory's sun its surface flushes,
Love only marks its solitary way.

What though its early fulness hath been wasted
On many a wayside herb and lowly flower?
It floweth on, and one beloved hath tasted
Its cooling wave in many a weary hour.

Full well I know that silently it wendeth,
In seeming idlesse, to Oblivion's sea,
And yet to daily life its presence lendeth
A beauty and a bliss enough for me.

THE HAUNTED WRECK:

OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD HULK OFF SOUTH BOSTON BRIDGE.

BY ROBERT L. WADE.

"Thereby hangs a tale."

As You Like It.

THE majority of the good people of the trimountain city, have probably noticed the shattered remnant of an old hulk, half immersed in water, at a short distance above South Boston bridge, which has been suffered to remain in that spot unmolested for years, much to the wonder of all who have deigned to bestow a thought upon the matter; and which, if it has not fallen in pieces, or been removed since I last saw it—about a year since—is undoubtedly there now. The majority of my readers, however, are probably *not* aware of a strange circumstance, which is said to have occurred, some three or four summers since, aboard of that crazy old trap—for really I do not know what else to term it—and as I hardly think that the fame of one of the principal actors in the affair has ever been bruited abroad sufficiently to have reached their ears—great pains having been taken by the friends of the party concerned to hush the story up—I have about concluded, that a brief and succinct, yet complete account—as the newspapers say—of the facts of the case, may go somewhat toward agitating and interesting the public mind on the subject, and perhaps be the humble means of starting some keen-witted hunter-out of secret things on the scent, who will succeed in getting hold of a clue, by which may be unravelled the tangled skein of fearful mystery, that to this day has shrouded the whole matter in a gloomy mantle, and defied all attempts at elucidating a satisfactory result. Should this be the case, and this paper be the instrument, though indirectly, of probing the affair to the bottom, I speak in advance for the reward that ought to have been offered by our worthy mayor and aldermen, long ago, for the clearing up of the obscurity of the transaction; and here give timely notice, that I am prepared to contest for my rights to the full extent of the law, and in any court in these United States, with any individual, body or corporation, who intend to dispute my title to the reward in question.

At the period that this tale opens—I have taken quite a fancy to the manner in which the opening chapters of modern novels are commenced—there resided in South Boston, within about a stone's throw from the base of one of what are termed "the heights," in

a low wooden shantee, a little cross-eyed, bandy-legged journeyman tailor, who rejoiced in the appellation of Paul Jones, or, as he was familiarly called by his boon companions, the "Scotch Pirate," in allusion to his illustrious namesake of the Bon Homme Richard. Now Paul was as good, clever, and valuable a citizen as could have been expected of one of his station in life, who had like him never been above five miles from Suffolk county, and whose course of study, after leaving the public school, where the usual branches of education taught in that place, had been beat into him with a heavy ruler and a long, faded red cowhide, had been limited to a daily newspaper, and an odd volume of British naval battles, which last he professed, what was probably true to the letter, to know by heart. Soon after his departure from school, and release from the authority of the tutor, he had entered a tailor's shop in the capacity of a "trotter," and had gradually, through nine consecutive years, worked his way up through the various grades, until he had become a regular journeyman on the bench, supporting himself and wife, with two or three children, (for he had perpetrated matrimony, holding to the old opinion, that it is not good for man to be alone,) on the income of seven or eight dollars per week. Paul was contented with his lot, although sometimes, it must be confessed, when forced to submit to sundry privations and discomforts, which went amazingly against his grain, he was rather apt to grumble a little at his situation in life, and wish that a large, generally indefinite, sum of money was at his disposal. These despondent feelings, however, seldom occurred, and when they did they were but of short duration, for his naturally cheerful temperament would not allow of his tolerating them for any length of time, so that upon the whole it may safely be asserted, that Paul Jones was a happy man. Another good trait in his character was, that he was as honest and open as the day. His heart was as free from guile as it is possible for our poor, corrupt, human nature to be, and again, he was never known to be guilty of a wilful falsehood. These, added to his obliging disposition, made him quite a favorite in his shop, among his fellow-workmen; and

indeed, throughout the narrow and contracted orbit of society in which he moved, raised up for him many friends. But, notwithstanding all this, poor Paul had his failing, as who of us has not! We are all frail, erring human creatures, and Paul Jones was as much flesh and blood as any man of his size, and had his full proportion of human nature. He was, alas! given to the indulgence intemperately in strong liquors—to imbibing more fiery water than was good for him. To be sure he was not a hardened and irreclaimable sinner; did not spend all his earnings at the tavern, and abuse and neglect his family; was never seen in such a situation that he could not go tolerably steady, and was always at his post at the regular hour every morning, no matter how far into the previous night he had prolonged his vigils; still he was addicted to the habit, and in his moments of calm reasoning he foresaw the probable consequences of his fault, if he did not break off from his foolish course, and seven times a week at least, resolved that, come what would, life or death, he would never again raise the treacherous cup to his lips—and as often broke the resolution. His friends exhausted all their arguments and persuasions to induce him to trample under foot his mortal enemy, and prognosticated that if something did not happen to him to make him break up his appetite, something would happen, which would cause him to regret deeply, and shed many bitter tears of sorrow, that he had not abided by the counsel of his friends.

Something did happen to him; and worked a pretty effectual cure in his habits. What that something was which did so much good, the curious reader shall know speedily, premising that when the story is told, he shall be left at perfect liberty to judge of the truth or falsehood of the matter, and reject as much as his judgment deems inconsistent with probability. Well then, to the story.

It was just two years ago last summer,—or, in other words, on the night of the twenty-eighth of July, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty—I like to be very particular in matters of serious import—that at just ten o'clock, or rather two or three minutes before ten, as the clock of the Boylston market was ringing out the hour,—and time on that clock has the name of travelling a little faster than on clocks in general,—Paul Jones set his foot upon the first plank of the bridge on the Boston proper side, on his wayhome to join his wife and children, like any good citizen; and to dissipate the rather misty state of his intellectual faculties, and prepare himself for the morrow's labors, by a good night's sleep. He had been that evening, after quitting work, in company with a few choice spirits of a congenial turn of mind, rolling ninepins to pass away the time, just as if time was not fleet enough for all practi-

cal purposes without spurs to accelerate its movements. The exercise of the game, together with a glass or two of strong whiskey punch, had served to give him rather vague and indistinct ideas of matters and things in general, and of his own whereabouts in particular. Of this last, however, there was not much necessity of alarm or anxiety, the little tailor having travelled the same road home so regularly, for such a length of time, that his boots and shoes knew the way about as well as he did; and the probability was, that if he had not been able to have found it himself, they would have carried him along just the same, and brought up safely at his own door. Paul had just parted with his friends, at the corner of Dover street, after having joined with them very heartily in the Bacchanalian chorus of "We wont go home till morning," and then given the lie to it directly by shaping his course incontinently for that spot, to which of all upon earth carousers seem to have the most unaccountable aversion. The fresh air from the water was reviving, and assisted Paul, as he went on, to collect his scattered ideas. His mind was busy within him, rather irregularly to be sure, for his thoughts were not in the best order possible, and he was framing some excuse to give to his wife for his tardiness that night, for to Paul's credit it must be recorded, that he was not in the habit of staying away so late from his better self, whom he sincerely loved, and felt keen sorrow when his conduct pained her. It was a calm and beautiful night; there was indeed no moon, but every star burned brilliantly in the deep-blue expanse above, and the atmosphere was as transparent as the most pellucid lake. It was in fact one of those nights which are called "as clear as a bell," (I adopt this expression on the authority and in imitation of others, having myself rather a vague and undefined idea of its true meaning,) when not a breath of air was stirring, and not a sound was heard upon that lonely deserted bridge, save the noise of the tiny waves beneath, as, in accordance with their nature and in imitation of their relations of the ocean, they dashed up, and broke—gently, however—upon the piers and buttresses that supported the means of communication between the two shores. As the water opened upon Paul's vision, in his onward progress, he cast his eyes over it to the right, toward Dorchester, without any very particular reason for so doing, but merely because he had acquired the habit of it by daily practice; and, as it is well known, old habits are stubborn things, and hard to break up. Well, Paul went steadily on his way, whistling the while, for company, the very popular melody of "sittin' on a rail," which happened to be a favorite one with him, gazing in all directions over the water, until his glance fell upon the old hulk

that I have alluded to. He stopped his tune in the very middle, and himself too, for he was suddenly possessed with the idea, that there was something very strange and unusual in the appearance of the old craft; and turning himself round, he faced it, and for a few moments scrutinized minutely every part of it. Sure enough something was the matter. What first caught his attention was, that it seemed to have assumed an upright position; and now, as he looked, to his unutterable astonishment, it slowly drifted from the berth that it had occupied for years, some twenty yards further out into the stream, and three masts with their hamper of cordage and canvass seemed suddenly to loom up from the deck. Paul was most certainly amazed.—He gazed and gazed, and rubbed his eyes a dozen times, and as often looked more intently than before—yet no further change took place. It was positive and palpable, and he could not get away from the fact. There she lay, a complete and perfect vessel, yet rather antiquated in appearance. It was just as sure, as Paul was that he was standing upon the bridge, and not a hundred miles from the spot; though it should be stated, by the way, that he had begun to entertain sundry misgivings in his own mind, that he was not in the clear and full possession of his reasoning faculties. He asked himself over and over again, if he was not at that very moment in his house at the foot of Mount Washington, sleeping soundly in his bed, by the side of his better half, and dreaming what appeared to be to him sound and substantial truth; to test which he had recourse to divers self-inflictions of pain, such as pinching and thumping his thighs and arms, and finally came to the conclusion that it was all real; that he was on South Boston bridge and nowhere else, and looking at what had been an old hulk, but which was now strangely metamorphosed into quite a decent and respectable-looking ship. At that moment, a bright light was seen to move from the fore-castle to the stern of the vessel, where it became stationary, but no one was seen to carry it there, and this but added to Paul's perplexity. At length, however, having strained his gaze for ten or fifteen minutes in that direction, to no purpose, he came to the sage conclusion, that he might stand on that spot all night with no better success, and therefore determined to give the matter up as unfathomable, and make the best of his way home. Thrusting his hands into his pockets again, he started off once more, resuming the burden of the tune that had been interrupted by his surprise. But he was not destined to proceed far, for he had not taken above a dozen steps, when a hoarse voice from the craft cried out, "Hullo there! skulker, ahoy!"

Paul Jones came to a dead halt, and faced about again. The light was still burning

brightly at the stern of the ship, but every thing was quiet and motionless about her, and he could not discern the slightest sign or movement, evincing the presence of human beings. Somebody had certainly called out; of that he was certain; but whether he had been the object of the hail or not, was what he could not determine. For the space of five minutes—to him long, dreary, fearful minutes—he waited for some further evidence that he was wanted, but it came not, and he started afresh. It may be very naturally supposed, that if he was not somewhat frightened by this queer occurrence, he was what is called a little "skittish," and it might have been that that lent speed to his feet, for most surely his pace was considerably quickened, and the notes of the tune he was whistling came forth louder and shriller, and followed each other so rapidly, that it seemed as if they were racing to see which could get out of his mouth first. On, on he pushed—the draw was gained—it was crossed—another long stride—another and another, when the same voice came sounding across the water louder than before, "Hullo there! Paul Jones, ahoy! heave to, or we'll sink you!"

There was no mistake about this. It was plain English, and very easy to be understood. So Paul thought, for it brought him right up standing, with his knees knocking together as though he had a shaking fever.

Again he turned his gaze toward the vessel, and saw, or thought he saw, standing at her bows, the figure of a man. Supposing that the stranger expected an answer, and as he considered that common courtesy demanded a reply to this very polite hail, he formed a trumpet by hollowing his hands, and shouted back through them,

"Hullo there! what vessel's that?"

There was a pause of a moment or so, and then an answer was returned—

"None of your business!"

This rather short and emphatic reply somewhat nettled him. He had a quick temper, and this but served to rouse it sufficiently to absorb all other feelings, and not being disposed to put up with such short commons, he indignantly determined that the old craft might go—anywhere, before he would answer the hail again. Then in went his hands to his pockets for the twentieth time, and on he trudged.

It would seem, however, that the stranger had not the slightest idea of letting him off so easily; for at that moment the surface of the water was illumined by a sudden and bright flash, followed by the report of a heavy piece of ordnance, and then a ball whizzed across Paul's path, within a yard or two of his nose, cut through one of the rails of the foot-path, and sped over the water on the other side. This was no trifling matter, as Paul thought, and he saw that it was the

best policy to treat the stranger civilly, at least. So, pulling off his hat, he made a very low bow to the haughty craft, and patiently awaited for the expression of the stranger's wishes. It seemed a little singular to him, that the report of the gun did not start up any of the inhabitants on either side of the water, or at least wake up those who might be sleeping aboard any of the small craft, of which there were plenty fastened to the wharves between the two bridges. But he had no time to think about it, for immediately after he heard a plash in the water, as if a boat had been lowered, and the next moment came the sounds of dashing oars, as with long and regular pulls it swept up to the bridge. Paul's curiosity was now aroused, and he very much desired to find out the meaning of what was passing. His fears had entirely disappeared in the newly awakened interest which had taken possession of his mind; and no sooner did the bows of the boat strike one of the lower rounds of the ladder, which was placed up and down one of the piers to assist boatmen in landing, than he was upon it, ready to help them to make fast. Such, however, was not their intention, for as he motioned to them to sling him a rope, they shook their heads but made no audible reply.

"What—ar'n't you coming ashore?" cried Paul.

"No," answered one of the men who sat in the stern, and appeared to have authority over the others. "I was bidden by the skipper to pull in and take you off."

"Take me off!—where?"

"To the ship."

"I'll be blessed if —"

Paul was going to add, "I go," but his wish to follow the business up, now that there appeared to be a chance of probing it, got the better of his mistrust, and he concluded to go. Without further comment, therefore, he descended the ladder and dropped into the boat, where he seated himself very comfortably at the side of the man at the stern, and the others resuming their oars, turned the boat round, and then struck off for their vessel. It must not be concealed that during the brief period of his transition from place to place, Paul experienced some rather queer and qualmish feelings in his bosom, but as he had set out in an adventure he was not the man to shrink much from the consequences. He found that the best course to pursue would be to wear a bold face, and brazen it out, and not to evince the slightest sign that he had any misgivings whatever as to the result. The boat now shot under the dark counter of the ship, and when the oars were unshipped, floated on the water. Then the one who was apparently in command for the time, who had not uttered a single word during their passage to the vessel, touched his

elbow, and motioned to him to grasp the rope ladder that hung down from the bulwarks, and climb up the side. He did so, and as he ascended there was a confused noise above him, of the busy hum of many voices, with occasionally boisterous laughing, and the trampling and shuffling of feet upon the deck. These varied sounds, however, ceased instantly and entirely, as he sprang over the bulwark, and to his great astonishment, instead of being in the presence of some twenty-five or thirty men, as he expected, there was not a living being besides himself in sight, though the vessel was well lit up now with lanterns along the deck, on the caboose, hen-coop and boat-house, and in the rigging; and casting his eyes down the ladder to the water in search of the boat and its crew, he found that they too had disappeared. This staggered him somewhat, but plucking up his courage in the best way that he could, he looked about him. He was aboard a small ship of about three hundred tons burthen, but of such a queer appearance, that he almost fancied that he had been wafted aboard of one of the earliest models of naval architecture. Every thing about him looked old and antiquated. Her guns were of an old-fashioned and clumsy shape; her rigging was set up in such a manner that he deemed, little sailor as he was, whoever did it ought to be most heartily ashamed of his work, and her sails were of such a cut, that it seemed as if one of the craft of the days of Columbus had been patched up and revamped, and set down in that spot just to astonish the wandering senses of Paul Jones, tailor. A bright light was streaming up the companion-way, leading down into the cabin, and directing his steps toward it, he descended the stairs to search for some one who could give him the information that he wanted. Down the steps he stumbled, for he was generally rather awkward in getting through narrow and crooked passages, and when he was yet some three or four feet from the landing, his feet slipped, he lost his balance, and tumbled the rest of the way into the very middle of a well-lighted and furnished cabin, and almost on to a strange-looking being, who was sitting at a table, poring over a chart, and occasionally glancing at a barometer that hung near him and a large old-style watch by its side, ticking out the progress of old father Time.

"Hullo!" exclaimed the stranger, springing up from his seat.

"Hullo yourself," replied Paul, as soon as he had recovered his centre of gravity and confronted him.

"Who are you?"

"Paul Jones, at your service sir," replied he, making a very obsequious bow.

"Paul—Paul Jones," said the other musingly, "I've heard of that name before,

Jones—Paul Jones—oh! were you the commander of the *Bon Homme Richard*? I have heard of that craft."

"No, but one of my ancestors was," replied Paul, not over scrupulous to adhere strictly to truth: "I am a poor tailor of Boston, and was going home very peaceably after my day's work, when I was stopped on the bridge, and brought off almost forcibly to this place. Finding not a soul on deck, I was merely groping about in the hope of falling in with some one who could give me an explanation, when I stumbled down yonder stairs and—here I am."

During this short speech Paul had narrowly examined the other from head to foot, and taken a complete mental inventory of every thing that he had on. He was a man of some thirty-odd years old, tolerably well framed and muscular, but with such a malicious, wicked-looking countenance, that it would have condemned him at once wherever he had appeared. He was habited in a rough fisherman's dress, and on the transom lay an old tarred hat, while rather more within his reach upon the table, Paul's quick habit of observation failed not in this instance, to note a pair of shining barrellled pistols and an old sword in rather a clumsy scabbard. As Paul ceased speaking, he raised his eyes from the weapons until he met the glance of the stranger, which meantime had been firmly fixed upon him. For a few moments they continued gazing at each other in deep silence, when the stranger spake in an altered tone of voice.

"Paul Jones, do you know what vessel you're aboard of?"

"Know! to be sure not; how should I?"

"It is the *Adventure Galley*."

"And who might your honor be?"

"Captain William* Kidd."

"Cap'un Kidd!" exclaimed Paul earnestly, "why you surely don't mean—you ar'n't Kidd the pirate?"

"The same my good friend, and no other," was the reply; "but I think that you might have been a little more choice in your terms."

"Well but" continued Paul, "there must be some mistake—"

"Not the slightest," interrupted the stranger.

"Why, Captain Kidd has been dead these hundred and forty years. He was hung at Execution Dock about Seventeen Hundred."

"So he was."

"Then you can't be him."

"I am the same."

Had a musket-bullet gone through Paul Jones, he scarcely could have endured a greater shock than these words occasioned. He had heard often of holding intercourse

with beings of another world, but he had never dreamed of doing so himself. More than a dozen times he strove hard to persuade himself that he was at home and abed, but in spite of all his exertions he could not reason himself out of the truth; there he was, aboard of the far-famed privateer *Adventure Galley*, and there were the piercing eyes of its cut-throat commander bent full upon him, and looking into the deepest chambers of his soul.

"What do you want of me?" he said huskily.

"Business," was the response. "I must have a man of some kind for my work, and I left orders on deck for my men to stop the first who appeared on the bridge after ten o'clock to-night."

Oh! how earnestly did Paul wish that he had gone directly home that night from work, instead of tarrying at ninepins. How much he thought of his wife and children in their warm and comfortable home, dreaming away in happy unconsciousness of his unfortunate situation; how sincerely he wished that he was safe among them, and how fervently he vowed within himself, that if he only got clear of this dilemma, he would conduct differently in future. But all these could do him no good now, for he was completely in the stranger's power.

"My friend," said his antagonist, when he had watched the apparently perplexed state of his mind sufficiently, "I'm very sorry to occasion you any uneasiness, but my object in getting possession of your person is this. I'm very desirous of going ashore after an absence of nearly a hundred and fifty years, and as one of the laws of my present state of being is, that I can only do so by obtaining the willing consent of any mortal man to use his body for the time, I have caused you to be stopped to-night, and brought hither, in the hope of being able to induce you to lend me yours for a day or so, promising that I will return and render it up, safe and unhurt, before dusk to-morrow."

Paul breathed a little more freely. He inferred from this, that the redoubtable captain had no intention of using any violence, and he also surmised from the apparent anxiety of the stranger to conciliate his favor, and get him to accede to his novel request of lending his body for a time, that he possessed no power to force him against his will.

"Sha'n't stand that," said Paul doggedly.

"No! you don't mean so though!"

"Yes, but I do though," rejoined Paul, placing his arms akimbo. The stranger looked into Paul's face for a few moments earnestly, probably concluding from his apparently fixed determination, that it would be of no use whatever to attempt to move his resolution, unless he could offer stronger in-

* This was the Christian name of the celebrated rover; not Robert, as is generally supposed.

ducements than he had. Taking then a small lamp from the wall, he motioned to Paul to follow, and opening a narrow door at the other side of the cabin, so very small and well covered with paint, that he had not noticed it before, he stepped into a kind of closet adjoining. He then set the light upon a shelf, and taking a small key from his pocket, applied it to the lock of a tolerably good-sized chest standing in one corner, the lid of which immediately flew up, disclosing well-stuffed canvass bags.

"There, look at that," he said with an air of triumph, as if all additional arguments were superfluous and unnecessary.

"Hul—lo," exclaimed Paul, drawing out the word to three times its usual length, as he knelt down at the side of the chest with glistening eyes, and lifted several of the bags to try their weight. "My eyes!—what a treasure! I didn't know that there was so much money in the whole world—all gold!"

"Every ounce of it."

"Jingoes! one little bag—the very smallest—would make me and mine dance for joy for a whole life-time."

"Paul," said the stranger slowly and emphatically, "you shall have as much as you can lug off, provided you will give your consent to my entering your body and remaining there twenty-four hours, with the privilege of going where I please during that time."

Paul's fears returned. The gold was very alluring to be sure, but then he could hardly reconcile himself to the bargain. He had heard of compacts with the evil one, and that his Satanic majesty was a most artful villain, who would cheat if he could, and he was fearful that he should discover too late, that he had mortgaged himself to the Prince of Darkness. He hesitated. He really did not know what to do.

"Will you take the offer?" said the stranger earnestly.

"I don't know. I am thinking of what will become of me while you are off with my body."

"Become of you? Why, you may stay aboard and wait till I come back."

"But my family will be alarmed and anxious at my absence."

"Well, suppose they are for a few hours, what then? When you return to them you will carry that which will make ample amends."

"So I shall," said Paul musingly.

"I will not deceive you, I assure you," continued the other. "I promise you upon my sacred word of honor, that I will return by dusk to-morrow."

Paul muttered something about there being precious little honor among thieves.

"What's that?" rejoined the other, who had caught a few words.

"I was merely going to ask if our bargain

would be up as soon as you returned. 'That I shall be permitted to carry home as much of that gold as I can lift, quietly and unmolested, and that you will have no further claim whatever upon me.'"

"That is the bargain."

Paul was tempted. There is no denying it, he was most sorely tempted. He had a very great and almost uncontrollable desire to carry off home some of that abundant treasure, but he was much afraid of running the risk of harm. He thought and thought, and racked his brains again and again, in the hope of discovering some means by which he might obtain the reward without the *quid pro quo*.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, his eyes brightening as he thought he had hit upon a happy expedient, "I have it. We'll toss up a cent."

The other for a time was very much averse to trusting to chance to decide the matter. He remonstrated for some time, but to no purpose, and he at last agreed, though very unwillingly, to abide by the result.

"That will do it," said Paul, "only none of your gimcracks and incantations, Mr. Kidd, to make it come up your way."

As he spoke he drew out a solitary copper from his pocket, and gave it a whirl in the air.

"Heads or tails?" he cried.

"Heads!" replied the other.

They watched the gyratory ascent and descent of the coin with intense interest, and as it rang and settled upon the cabin floor they bent over it eagerly.

"Heads it is," said Paul rather dolefully.

"But we must try twice more. Let me see if the matter is understood. Just look here, Mister Cap'un Kidd. If the copper comes up tails twice running, you are to let me go free with as much gold as I can carry."

"Provided you agree now to suffer me to do as I wish, if it turns out against you," replied the other.

"That's it," said Paul, "give me your fist. It's a fair bargain?"

"Yes," answered the other, grasping his proffered hand.

"Then here goes again. Tail it is."

"No!"

"Yes—look! look! as fair as a die. Now once more."

And as he spoke up went the copper, turning forty summersets as it rose, and fell ringing out its echoes upon the floor.

"Tail!" exclaimed both, but ah! in what different tones. One was all joy and ecstasy; the other was nothing but sourness and disappointment.

"Well, I'll be going home I guess," said Paul laconically, "I rather think they're expecting me by this time."

And laying his hand upon one of the bags in the chest, he swung it out into the middle of the room, intending to tie as many of them as he could carry, up in his pocket-handker-

chief. But ah! he found that his friend was not going to be as good as his word and had no intention of letting him go. Advancing toward him, he seized and pinioned his arms behind him, ere he was aware that any attack was intended. But Paul was not a coward, (although he sung out at the top of his voice for help,) for he used his feet with such force and diligence, that his opponent found that he had got quite as much as he could attend to for the time. And now came the tug of war. Finding that he could not master him alone, the skipper sounded a loud, shrill whistle, and the cabin was immediately filled with men of all ages, sizes and nations. At a word from their commander they fell upon the unfortunate tailor, who, though he battled long and bravely, was yet no match for such fearful odds. Poor Paul was done for. Blow after blow he stood as well as could be expected, and kicked away to the best of his ability. But all his efforts were useless. He could effect nothing. Soon a blow from a heavy, iron-like fist, planted exactly between his eyes, sent him reeling across the cabin; he staggered for a moment in striving to recover his balance, but in vain. He grew faint; his vision swam, and he saw and heard no more.

When Paul came to his senses, he found himself lying upon his back, near the draw of the bridge, and was speedily conscious of much pain in the back of his head, and down his spine. With much difficulty he raised himself up and looked about him. It was just day-break; the stars were yet faintly twinkling in the sky, and he heard no sound, or saw aught that evinced that the inhabitants of the city were stirring. Up to the moment of his faintness, he remembered perfectly all that had transpired; and straining his eyes across the water in search of the strange craft, much to his surprise he found that it had entirely disappeared, and instead of her, he saw the old, crazy, rotten hulk in its usual place, looking precisely as before. It is extremely difficult to describe the mingled sensations that agitated Paul's bosom. He felt sure of the reality of the scenes through which he had passed the previous night, and could easily account for his present situation, on the supposition that the pirates, after maltreating him to their heart's content, had brought his senseless form off from the ship, in the same conveyance that had taken him to it. But the disappearance of the craft, and the apparently unchanged position and appearance of the old hulk bewildered him. He turned it over and over in his mind, but could produce no satisfactory result, and therefore abandoned the effort in despair. Raising then himself to his feet, by grasping the railing, he put his hand to his pocket for his handkerchief, to wipe the blood and dirt

from his face, but found that it had been abstracted. Quickly he thrust the same member into his other pocket, to ascertain if his wallet containing a few dollars was there, and lo! that too was gone. Paul nearly fell down again in the agitation that he experienced in this discovery. He did not know what to do. In pain, sick and helpless, he was forced to abide there until the rumbling of wheels, and the appearance of a baker's cart on the bridge, inspired him with some little hope. As the vehicle approached he called to the driver, who immediately pulled in his horse, and very kindly descended from his seat, to render all the assistance in his power to the unfortunate man. Paul was well known to nearly every resident of South Boston, and the baker's man, knowing his convivial habits, suspected at once that he had been out all night and was suffering the consequences of his folly. Very considerably then he forbore questioning him, contenting himself with a few general inquiries, and then volunteered to carry him home on his cart, which humane offer was very thankfully accepted by Paul. He was then assisted to the seat, and in a few moments was set down at his own door, in a state of high fever.

Poor Paul was very sick for several weeks, and for a few days critically so; but he recovered, however, gradually, and then went before a magistrate and made affidavit to the foregoing narrative. An investigation took place, at the time, of the facts, but nothing of any consequence that could throw any light on the mystery of the transaction, was elicited. It was asserted that the ball fired from the gun cut through one of the rails of the bridge, and a committee was appointed and despatched to the spot, with directions to examine the place and report, but they returned and testified, that they had subjected the railing, from one end of the bridge to the other, to very rigorous examination, but could not find the slightest evidence of the truth of the statement; that they were ready to make oath, that no marks of the passage of a ball existed in any part of it. Several other little circumstances, unimportant in themselves, yet amounting to much in the aggregate, it was found impossible to corroborate, and therefore the matter was laid upon the shelf, where it still remains. Paul, however, persists to this day in maintaining the truth of his original statement; but there are some knowing ones, who, as often as the story is told in their hearing, invariably shake their heads, and give as their opinion, that the tailor, on the night in question, must have been coming home in a nearly, if not quite, unconscious state, and was knocked down and robbed on the bridge, by some person or persons unknown, and that during the time that he lay there, he dreamed through all the incidents

which he believed and asserted had really occurred.

AUTHOR'S NOTE. Since the first few pages of this article were written, I had occasion to take a walk above the head of the bridge on Washington street, and seized the opportunity to ascertain if

the old hulk still occupied the same berth as formerly; and I have the satisfaction of stating, that all who have become interested in the mysterious craft, by the foregoing account of Paul Jones' connexion with it, and have any desire to set their eyes upon the same, can gratify it by making a pilgrimage to the bridge.

Boston, Dec. 1842.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

[From the Ojibbeway of Schoolcraft.]

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

My warrior's praise I cannot sing,
My warrior's name I dare not breathe,
His spirit still is whispering
From that fresh bed of earth beneath;
And not a blade of grass hath shot
Its spear above the formal spot,
To pierce as yet the casing air
Once breathed by him who sleepeth there.

I may not break these stilly hours!
I must not lose one murmur soft
That from the newly budding flowers,
Steals in his tones upon me oft,
And whispers of my loved-one yet,
Singing as when last we met—
Loving his Indian girl in death,
As when she drank his parting breath.

But when above the yellow sand,
The sheltering grass shall sigh the name
Of him who in the spirit-land,
As brave, as fond, is still the same,
My voice shall sing my warrior's praise,
And chide each moment that delays
The coming of the blessed hour
Which brings me to my bridal bower!

THE GUITAR.

[SEE PLATE.]

Music, dear Inez, will forever wake
The pulses of my heart to eager life,
Time's gloomy pressure from my bosom take,
Or nerve my spirit for the coming strife;
But now to perfect joy my soul doth rise,
Warmed by the glow of life's celestial star,
As thus I drink the love-beam from thine eyes,
And list the cadence of thy sweet guitar.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WE have noticed, with regret, the continuation, in the Southern Literary Messenger, of the articles which so unreasonably reflect upon our distinguished minister at the court of Spain. A more unimportant and exaggerated discussion we have seldom perused. To one acquainted with the facts in the case, it requires some degree of patience to dwell upon the subject. We are induced to refer to it chiefly because we have observed, with no little mortification, that there is a contemptible spirit of fault-finding at work (the motive of which it is difficult to imagine), that ignobly aims at sullyng the untarnished laurels of Washington Irving. It is too late for any such purpose to succeed, even in a limited degree. The fame of the author of the "Sketch Book" is too dear to the hearts of Americans, his character for high principle and disinterestedness, is too widely and intimately known, for public confidence to be shaken in regard to either. The insinuations recently put forth, come with a peculiarly ill grace when their illustrious object is absent upon a mission—his appointment to which affords the best evidence of the high respect of his countrymen. One would infer, from the tone of the articles in the Messenger, that Navarette was an injured man and Mr. Irving a plagiarist. Now, what are the facts? Simply these. When Alexander H. Everett was our minister at Spain, he became acquainted with Navarette. The latter had been for years assiduously engaged in collating ancient chronicles for facts relative to the life and voyages of Columbus. It occurred to Mr. Everett that it would be desirable to have an English translation of the work prepared. He therefore wrote to Mr. Irving, then at Bordeaux, and suggested the undertaking to him. Mr. Irving repaired to Madrid, with the intention of translating Navarette's work. Upon examination, however, he found it rich in material, but wholly unfit for the purpose he contemplated. It consisted of a mass of details carefully gathered from various sources, but neither digested nor arranged in a manner adapted to popular biography. The idea then occurred to Mr. Irving to write a life of Columbus, making use, of course, of the facts thus collated by the Spanish historian. He prosecuted the design much to the satisfaction of Navarette, who, instead of feeling aggrieved, was most happy that his materials were thus made subservient to a useful and tasteful object. Mr. Irving did not, however, by any means, confine himself to the work of Navarette. He availed himself of every source of information within his reach, and toiled with a faithfulness and skill, of which his *Life of Columbus* is itself the best evidence. In the preface to that and other works, he

justly acknowledges his obligations to Navarette, referring to his chronicles as the foundation of his own work. We should like to know if a biographer is expected to *invent* his facts? Are the materials of his work to be drawn from the written and traditionary records of the past, or manufactured by a prolific fancy? The merit and interest of Irving's *Life of Columbus* consist in its beautiful style, the graceful flow of the narrative, the judicious reflections and felicitous arrangement, and the fidelity of the writer to truth. Our concern is to know if he has sought the best channels of information, and if he is certain of his facts. Mr. Irving was not only justified—he performed a duty in making use of Navarette's researches. The question is, did he make a good use of them? The literary world have long cordially agreed that he did. The idea, then, of thus playing the champion for Navarette is perfectly Quixotic. In a subsequent publication, the Spanish chronicler expresses the kindest interest in Mr. Irving. Prescott, Bancroft, and every historian who faithfully consults the records of the past, might be censured with equal justice. These hypercritical objections to Mr. Irving are as absurd as the one recently preferred by a Philadelphia magazine, and will, upon examination, prove equally groundless. In that instance, he was charged with puffing his own books in British reviews, and various instances were specified. Upon consulting the periodicals referred to, no such articles appeared. The only circumstance which gave even a shadowy foundation to the charge, was that two years after the *Chronicle of Grenada* came out, Mr. Murray, the publisher, stated to Mr. Irving that the work was regarded by many as wholly imaginative, and he wished to have the historical grounds upon which it was based, clearly stated. No one was so capable of doing this as the author. He complied with the request, and whoever will turn to the review will find that not a laudatory word is used. The article is illustrative and explanatory, like one of Walter Scott's prefaces, and would form a good appendix to the original work. We think Mr. Irving has consulted his self-respect in declining any formal reply to such attacks. We have reason to know that when his attention was called to them, he asked a literary friend to read them in his behalf, and inform him if they required any personal response. That friend assured him they did not, and in that opinion we doubt not the public will coincide.

THE AGE OF GOLD, and other Poems. By George Lunt. Boston: William D. Ticknor. 1843.

This little work is executed in the same chaste

and handsome style as the poems of Motherwell and Tennyson, issued by the same publisher. Mr. Lunt is a vigorous writer of verse. The spirit of his muse is always healthful and kindly. He does not excel in fancifulness or graphic details, but is rather distinguished for correct and often forcible thought and true sentiment. The subject of the principal poem in the volume before us is admirably suited to the times. It is a judicious and, in many respects, eloquent protest against the prevailing devotion to gain. It opens with the praise of the golden age, when

With equal flame each kindred bosom glowed,
Nor this one reaped what that with toil had sowed.

And it proceeds to unfold the absurdities and perversions incident to the exclusive pursuit of wealth. There are two themes upon which the poet is especially indignant, wherein he cannot but win the sympathy of every right-minded reader. We allude to the audacious insensibility of dishonest bankrupts, and the unchristian war waged by England in China. The main topic is happily introduced:

The Golden Age! alas, let truth be told,
The age we live in is the Age of Gold!
Slaves to the sordid and relentless dust,
Mammon our idol, gathered ore our trust,
Not on the crowded mart or busy quay,
Where Traffic's sons hold undisputed sway,—
Not there alone the mighty passion rules
The heads of wise men and the hearts of fools,
But spreading broadly through the general mind,
Infects the race and desecrates mankind.

A failure in old times is well contrasted with one of more recent occurrence, and the probity of our fathers commended,—when the debtor

—paid each coin of borrowed pelf,
And left no man a beggar but himself.

There is a warm allusion to the poet's "golden words"—

Coined in his fiery heart in silence deep,
Alone amid a weary world asleep:—

and a fine touch of description in the sketch of a hunter reposing by his fireside, after the chase,—who

His trusty friend, well tried, once more would try,
Down its brown barrel aims his curious eye.

The Miser is painted at full length, as

The school-boy's moral, marvel of the wise,
Jest of the world and riddle of the skies.

Avarice the poet represents as the besetting sin of our republic, and he appeals with earnestness to that sense of national honor which is the more to be cherished because, in this young country,—

—no proud castles frown along the land,
Nor feudal halls dispense the wide command;
No long-drawn galleries—graced by elder art,
Can touch the fancy or refine the heart;

No generous race to keep alive the flame
Of lofty honor and unspotted name;
With genial charms to wreath the muse's bower,
Give learning leisure and to genius power.

But the absence of artificial refinements is amply compensated by majestic scenery:

— Nature still surrounds us, ever true
To claim the soul's responses for her due;
Where the broad mountain lifts his hoary crown,
Or autumn suns the waving fields imbrown;
Where with one moan perpetual ocean swells,
Or moonlit fountains gush in fairy dells,
And heaven's rejoicing bridegroom downward dips,
To meet the kiss of twilight's dewy lips.

Like almost all elaborate didactic poems, the "Age of Gold" is unequal in point of interest and style. There are several illegitimate rhymes, and occasional carelessness of expression and mediocrity of thought; but, as a whole, it is very creditable to its author both in a literary and moral point of view. At the close, a most feeling tribute is paid by the poet to the memory of one whose early and irreparable loss woke to a melancholy and moving strain the harp whose most cheering melody she had so often inspired. We cannot forbear quoting the entire passage:

Thus runs the lay; and now the lyre is broke;
Fled the sweet spell that all its impulse woke;
No more I strive to string the shattered chords,
Or fling its music round my faltering words:
Thou, thou art dead! In vain, in vain I hear
Hope's whisper chide the unavailing tear;
Alas,—what voice that sorrow shall restrain
Which weeps forever since it weeps in vain!
Oh, what avails, though all the world approve
The verse, that only flowed to meet thy love,—
Thy love, that cheered each task my heart begun,
And well rewarded every labor done!
The living spirit and the soul of thought,
Whose heart corrected all that genius taught;
Whose generous mind, fresh with immortal youth,
Each thought a virtue, and each impulse truth,
With every goodness every charm could blend,
Till half forgot the lover in the friend;
By nature's dowry sweet with every grace,
Yet found content in life's sequestered place;
The guileless path of simple wisdom trod
Where flowers of heaven allure the way to God;
In modest worth shrank backward from the throng,
And lived the lowly doctrine of my song!
From thee each charm my inspiration caught,
Prompted by thee the lay: and I, that thought
To dedicate it to thy living heart,
Lay it upon thy bier! Henceforth apart
Scarce seem the portals of the earth and sky,
Since such as thou could live and love and die.

Of the miscellaneous poems in this volume, several are characterized by terseness and spirit, such as "The Departure of the Frigate," "The Brave Old World," and "The Skater." Mr. Lunt has evidently formed his taste on the old English models, a much more genial standard for the American mind than can be found either in German vagueness or the liquid softness of the muse of the "sweet south." We have been struck with the manly simplicity and pure Saxon diction which constitute the peculiar merit of many of these verses. The example is both good and seasonable, and when

such a commendable use of language is joined, as in the instance before us, with generous feeling and a clear mind, we cannot but welcome the bard and hope for his speedy re-appearance.

PLEASANT MEMORIES OF PLEASANT LANDS. By L. H. Sigourney. Boston: James Munroe & Company. 1942.

In the absence of the usual supply of elegant annuals, this beautifully executed book will doubtless prove acceptable to the public. Like all the writings of Mrs. Sigourney, it is conceived in a good spirit. It refers, however, to hackneyed themes, and we find little originality in the manner they are dealt with. The unpretending preface and fragmentary character of the book disarm criticism. Still, with all our consideration for the lady's motives and our reverence for the high principle which guides her pen, we must be permitted to suggest that she holds the art of poetry in too little veneration. She has published an amount of verse far greater than Bryant, Halleck, or any of our renowned bards,—far too much for any but an extraordinary mind to produce, of a quality at all commensurate with the quantity. In fact, Mrs. Sigourney is too mechanical and occasional to do either herself or the holy art she professes, anything like justice. It will never answer to make the moral tone of poetry an excuse for its essential inferiority. "Poor, but pious," is a phrase we once heard applied to a volume of poems, and it is one which true taste must accord, however reluctantly, to many of the effusions of this estimable lady. Many of the sentiments in this dainty volume are excellent, and occasionally the rhythmical portion rises to the dignity, or flows with the sweetness of poetic impulse; but, besides the use of such unpleasant abbreviations as "'neath," "'scape," and the like, there is a careless, prosaic, common-place strain often indulged, of which one enjoying the reputation of Mrs. Sigourney should feel herself unworthy. Sea-sickness is a damper, we all know, to the poetical vein as well as to the animal spirits; but in the calm healthfulness of the green earth, who, aspiring to the title of minstrel, would publish the following as poetry, however appropriate it may be to a friendly prose letter?

I would not wish to be
Fastidious, or too difficult to please;
Yet I've a fondness, now and then, to tread
On something firm, and not be always dashed
Against the wall when walking, nor in sleep
Tossed from the pillow to the state-room floor,
Aghast and ill at ease. p. 13.

In speaking of Kenilworth, a similar instance occurs:

And when once more I reach my pleasant home,
In Yankee land, should conversation flag
Among us ladies, though it seldom does,
When of our children and our house-keeping

And *help* we speak, yet should there be a pause,
I will bethink me, in that time of need,
To mention Kenilworth.

Lines are often introduced for the mere sake of the rhyme; as in the verses relative to Mrs. Fry:

The harsh key grated in its ward,
The massy bolts undrew,
And watchful men of aspect stern,
Gave us admittance through. p. 301.

We make these quotations in no captious spirit. We would fain be gentle and courteous to the fair and good, in the field of letters as well as on the arena of life. We have felt, however, that there was danger of public taste being perverted by the erroneous principle so much in vogue, of accepting as true poetry what are merely versified moral precepts. Mrs. Sigourney owes her popularity, in a great measure, to her identity with a large religious party. We would have her fully aware of this. We would kindly bid her exercise more discrimination and spontaneous sentiment in her devotion to the muses. Let her not write merely because a good neighbor dies, or a renowned scene is visited, but because some real inspiration warms her heart, because deep emotion is aroused, because there are stirring in her bosom thoughts that crave utterance, and feelings that thirst for expression. Thus, with rare exceptions, wrote Mrs. Hemans. It is not in events, but in the soul, that poetry is born. It is not by the number but by the genuineness of the offerings that the muses are propitiated. We have thus spoken, not without a due sense of the excellent service Mrs. Sigourney has rendered to the cause of education, nor in forgetfulness of her happier poetic efforts; but because we have looked in vain for some other admirer of her character and talents, to perform the ungrateful, but still friendly duty of reminding her (what indiscriminate applause may have caused her to forget) how much is due to herself, to her friends, and to "the divinest of all arts."

HISTORY OF EUROPE, from the commencement of the French Revolution, in 1799, to the Restoration of the Bourbons, in 1815. By Archibald Alison, F. R. S. E. Advocate. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1842. Nos. 1 and 2.

Time was when, to peruse a history which cost fourteen years of labor, was no light task. Long days were consumed over ponderous folios, and slowly toiled the reader through battles, intrigues and dynasties. The work mentioned above, has attracted an unusual share of attention in England. The period comprised in the annals it records is one familiar and deeply interesting to the present age. Mr. Alison is commended, by numerous judicious critics, for his faithful research, his copious reference to authorities, and, in many respects, for the style and general execution of his extensive undertaking. On the other hand, politi-

cal journals have called in question his impartiality. That he has produced a full, clear and attractive history of the most extraordinary epoch of modern times, is allowed on all hands. The Messrs. Harper have commenced the republication of this valuable work in monthly numbers of about one hundred and fifty pages each. They are enclosed in neat paper covers, with a very appropriate wood-cut decoration. The print and paper are good, and the shape and arrangement very convenient. The low price of twenty-five cents each will place the sixteen numbers within the means of thousands; and we cannot doubt that an enterprise so judiciously adapted to the times, and so rich in useful entertainment, and authentic as well as important information, will be most liberally sustained by an intelligent public.

HISTORY OF CHARLES VIII., KING OF FRANCE.
Philadelphia: Herman Hooker.

"The reign of Charles VIII. is distinguished as one of the most remarkable periods in French history. It was the age of the centralization of power, and of the triumph of royalty." Count Segur, well known for his vivid and elaborate sketch of Napoleon's Russian campaign, has illustrated this epoch in the memoirs of the King. They contain a variety of valuable information, and the student of history will find them useful for reference and agreeable in perusal. The work has been carefully translated by Richard R. Montgomery, and is neatly printed in two convenient volumes. The same publisher has recently issued, in handsome style, several theological works, and among them "Bickersteth's Family Prayers," and a pamphlet referring to the late charge of the Bishop of Oxford—both from the last London editions.

NATURAL HISTORY OF NEW YORK. By Authority. D. Appleton & Co. and Wiley & Putnam. 1842.

This is a noble evidence of official enterprise tastefully directed. Governor Seward deserves great credit for the pains he has taken thus to illustrate the natural resources of New York. It seems to us, however, that the distinctive value and interest of the work is, in no small degree, lessened by the palpable want of attention to the local features to which it should be limited. We allude particularly to the introduction, which, we presume was drawn up by the Governor himself. It contains a fund of valuable and authentic information, and we know of no other work that presents so complete and succinct a view of the scientific, political and educational facts relative to the Empire State. We only regret that these details were not strictly confined to the State itself and what belongs to it. It appears to us that the essential

value of works of this class depends upon a faithful observance of this rule. That it has been disregarded in the present instance, is obvious from a glance at that part of the introduction devoted to literature. Bryant, a native of Massachusetts, is claimed as a New York poet. The same is the case with Halleck, who is well known to have first seen the light in Connecticut. Orville Dewey, a Berkshire man, is ranged, with Stephens and Mackenzie, among the Knickerbocker travellers; and Lucy Hooper, whose young fame is the pride of the pretty village of Newburyport, is chronicled beside the Davidsons. There is no necessity for New York thus to look abroad for jewels to adorn her diadem. While in the departments of Satire and History, she can boast of an Irving; in Jurisprudence of a Verplanck; in Romance and Poetry, of Drake, Sands, Hoffman, Street, Fay, Mrs. Embury and others,—with so many more illustrious names both in Science and Literature,—why mar the distinctness of her glorious annals, by enrolling those whom other states justly can appropriate and will hardly be disposed to relinquish? We make these remarks in no illiberal spirit. On broad American ground, we believe it desirable to encourage an honest and manly local pride. It identifies genius with scenes that hallow and perpetuate its creations. The generous rivalry in letters as well as arms of the Italian republics, was one great secret of their rapid growth and transcendent renown. Let every state and, if possible, every town, boast its gifted children. So shall a noble emulation be inspired and a wholesome ambition excited. Such publications as the Boston Book, the Rhode Island Book, &c., tend to throw a moral interest around the regions whose intellectual fruits they exhibit. There is a lamentable deficiency of ancestral feeling and local attachment in this country. Its encouragement would give more character to different sections of the land; and the physical resources, history and heritage of mind, would gradually be portrayed and illustrated in each state, until the several *tableaux* formed a grand national gallery, in which every American would linger with pride and delight. We hope the inadvertencies so obvious in this work will be corrected in future editions.

SELF-CULTURE. By William F. Channing, D. D. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1842.

Few tracts have exerted a more wide and salutary influence than Dr. Channing's lecture on Self-Culture. It is a powerful statement of encouraging truths set forth in that clear, harmonious and impressive style for which its lamented author was distinguished. We are happy to see it republished in so neat a manner, now that death has consecrated the eloquent lessons it conveys. The humblest votary of improvement will derive consolation and guidance from its pages.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE, with special reference to Moral Tendency. Philadelphia: E. C. Biddle. 1843.

A winsome book for the young, clearly printed and containing many fine wood-cuts, but not the Robinson Crusoe we once read with delight four or five times a year. If a ghost could protest, surely that of De Foe would be eloquently indignant at the liberties taken with his popular fiction. The world is certainly becoming too good for honest people to live in. This removing of ancient landmarks by re-modelling favorite books, to suit the excessive moral refinement of the age, is a kind of sacrilege. What right, we should like to know, have the boys and girls of to-day, or their guardians, to demur at the mental entertainment upon which their fathers and mothers grew strong and happy? We cannot feel a particle of reverence for the complacent worthies who are forever striving to make a good thing better. "Family Shakespeares" are our aversion. We have no opinion of the philosophy that would teach swimming without recourse to the watery element. Let the legacies of genius remain as they are left. If their influence is evil, banish them altogether. "Unfortunate Robinson Crusoe!" says the song, and so say we; not because of thy lonely island, and sad anniversaries, and warfare with cannibals, but because the wise of this generation, in the excess of their morality, will persist in modifying the delectable history of thy adventures, until all the fresh and bold features of the original are lost. How could any man, boasting a true heart, thus meddle with a time-hallowed story? Because he is "virtuous, are we to have no more cakes and ale?" For the babes of the age, this revised "Robinson" will prove an agreeable gift, but we advise all "children of a larger growth," who lovingly remember the original, to eschew the modernized and moralized edition.

THE SALEM BELLE: A Tale of 1692. Boston: Tappan & Dennet. 1842.

This little story possesses some local interest. It is from an anonymous source. The object of the author is to illustrate the extraordinary delusion which resulted in the sacrifice of so many victims of popular superstition, under the name of witches. The period to which the tale refers, abounds in materials for the novelist, and, in judicious and gifted hands, might be rendered fearfully interesting. The present attempt is of a more humble order, and contains some evidences of want of practice or ability in the author. To those, however, who find amusement in such fictions, it will afford entertainment. In the preface it is justly observed that "the elements of delusion always exist in the human mind." The simple narrative of "Salem Witchcraft," however, (as related, for instance, by [?],) appears to us, far more impressive, than

any but a truly powerful delineation of the subject, in the form of a drama, romance or tale.

THE GOLDEN VASE: a Gift for the Young. By Hannah F. Gould. Boston: B. B. Massey.

"The scent of the roses" hangs round this vase. It is, without exception, the best juvenile keepsake of the season. Leaving out of view the elegant exterior, there is a healthful fancy and attractive style, both in the prose and verse, which cannot fail to win the attention and benefit the minds of the young. Miss Gould's playful vein is one of her best, and when she undertakes to entertain and instruct children, she is not less successful than with those mature auditors who ever welcome her lively and truthful effusions.

POETRY: a Satire. By Park Benjamin.

Some needful truths are ably told in this poem. We never heard a production of the kind more agreeably delivered. It won the interest of a large assembly at once. As an occasional poem, it possesses uncommon merit, although more time and study would have enabled its author to do better justice to his fine imaginative powers. The diction is worthy of high praise, with one or two exceptions, on account of its simplicity and clearness. We cordially echo Mr. Benjamin's spirited eulogium of our much-abused vernacular, the capacities of which many passages of his poem admirably illustrate.

FABLES OF LA FONTAINE. Translated from the French, by Elizur Wright, Jr. In two volumes. Boston: Tappan & Dennet. 1842.

The first octavo edition of this charming work was one of the most beautiful specimens of book-making ever executed in this country. Its price, however, rendered it unavailable as a popular work. The third edition, now published, is in two small and very neat volumes, and will undoubtedly meet with an extensive sale. We have had an opportunity of witnessing the indefatigable manner in which Mr. Wright pursued his long-cherished object of translating and publishing the fables of La Fontaine. The world have long acknowledged the peculiar merits of the original. Heretofore, English versions have been spiritless, from their prose diction. A large number of scholars certify to the accuracy of the present translation, and it is praised universally for the happy style in which the pleasant inventions of its author are set forth in English rhyme. The preface, index and illustrations are very appropriate, and the work cannot fail to find its way into all juvenile libraries and frequently to the hands of grave elders, who will delight

in renewing their acquaintance with La Fontaine, in so novel and pleasing a form.

COTTAGE RESIDENCES. By A. J. Downing. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 1842.

A peep into this book is enough to induce any imaginative man, with a competence, to set immediately about constructing a rural residence. The author's views are founded on experience and good taste. Indeed, his own cottage, at Newburgh, is the best possible evidence of his fitness to discuss the interesting subject so pleasingly unfolded in the volume before us. Most architectural works are devoted to buildings designed on a grand and expensive scale, and would be of little comparative value in a country like our own. Mr. Downing's descriptions and models refer to residences within the means of those whose pecuniary resources are limited. His arguments in favor of consulting principles of taste in the erection of country dwellings, are admirable, and whoever calls to mind the uncouth and inconvenient houses which disfigure so many fine American landscapes, will welcome this excellent guide to improvement where it is so much needed. At a period like the present, when so many individuals, from motives of economy, are removing from our principal cities to neighboring villages, or turning their attention to agricultural life, this delightful work will be particularly useful. It is handsomely printed, and the designs finely executed.

STEPHENS' CENTRAL AMERICA.

We have examined, with interest, the illustrations of this work, which will be issued in the course of a month. They are very numerous, and the details are executed with remarkable precision. Mr. Stephens is certainly the most fortunate of travellers. We do not allude merely to his rare good luck in escaping from fevers, banditti and the other dangers incident to wandering. The fickle goddess smiles upon him at home as well as abroad. From his first publication, an unparalleled degree of success has attended his labors. His last work has passed through eleven editions in England, and continues to sell at eight dollars a copy. This is better, even, than in the case of Dickens' *American Notes*, ten thousand copies of which were sold in London, on the day of publication, at a guinea each. Mr. Stephens well deserves both the praise and dollars he has won. He has had the rare wisdom to confine himself to his appropriate sphere. He does not describe foreign scenes with the exceeding minuteness of Mackenzie or the imaginative glow of Lamartine, because they do not strike his mental eye under such aspects. He gives us facts and pictures as they are distinctly reflected in a clear mind, where urbanity and good

sense blend with an agreeable relish for the humorous. One secret of the charm of his writings is, that he is content to give us the material, the outline, and let us furnish the coloring and often the light and shade. He does not, like your conceited traveller, forever thrust his idiosyncrasies between the reader and the scene. The Messrs. Harper have spared no expense in the preparation of these elegant volumes; and the combined labors of author and artist render them quite unique specimens of the art of book-making.

THE TRUE LOVER'S FORTUNE, or the Beggar of the Pont des Arts. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1843.

We cannot find much to admire in the majority of continental romances, and doubt if the cause of good literature would suffer if they were less frequently translated. The story mentioned above is from the German, and is not without a certain kind of interest. It will afford amusement to those who are fond of somewhat exaggerated fictions, with enough truth to nature in them to awaken occasional sympathy.

THE SNOW DROP.

We hope the late appearance of this pretty little juvenile keepsake will not lessen its sale. It is written by Mrs. Osgood, whose excellent taste in providing useful and pleasant reading for the young is, we are happy to learn, about to find scope in a periodical exclusively devoted to children.

HARPER & BROTHERS, in addition to the valuable historical series already noticed, continue their popular "Family Library," "Brande's Dictionary" and "Library of Select Novels." To the former an important addition has recently been made—"Smith's History of Education," which we commend to the attention of teachers and school committees; the latter places the standard popular fictions within the reach of that large class of readers who desire to consult, at the same time, economy and convenience.

Our best acknowledgments are due to Mr. Herwig for the fine musical composition he has kindly contributed to the present number of the *Miscellany*. In common with his numerous admirers, we heartily wish him every success in his efforts to elevate the popular taste in regard to the art of which he is so distinguished a professor.

A variety of articles and literary notices are unavoidably deferred.

WALTZ.

ARRANGED AND COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE BOSTON MISCELLANY," BY LEOPOLD HERWIG.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes various musical notations such as trills (tr), slurs, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a treble staff featuring a trill on the first measure. The second system continues the melody with a trill on the final measure. The third system introduces a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The fourth system features a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes first and second endings marked "1. mo." and "2. do.". The fifth system contains a trill, a solo section marked "Sol.", and a legato section marked "Legato.". The sixth system concludes the piece with a trill. The score is framed by decorative floral ornaments at the top and bottom corners.

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2. The second part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were absent from the meeting.

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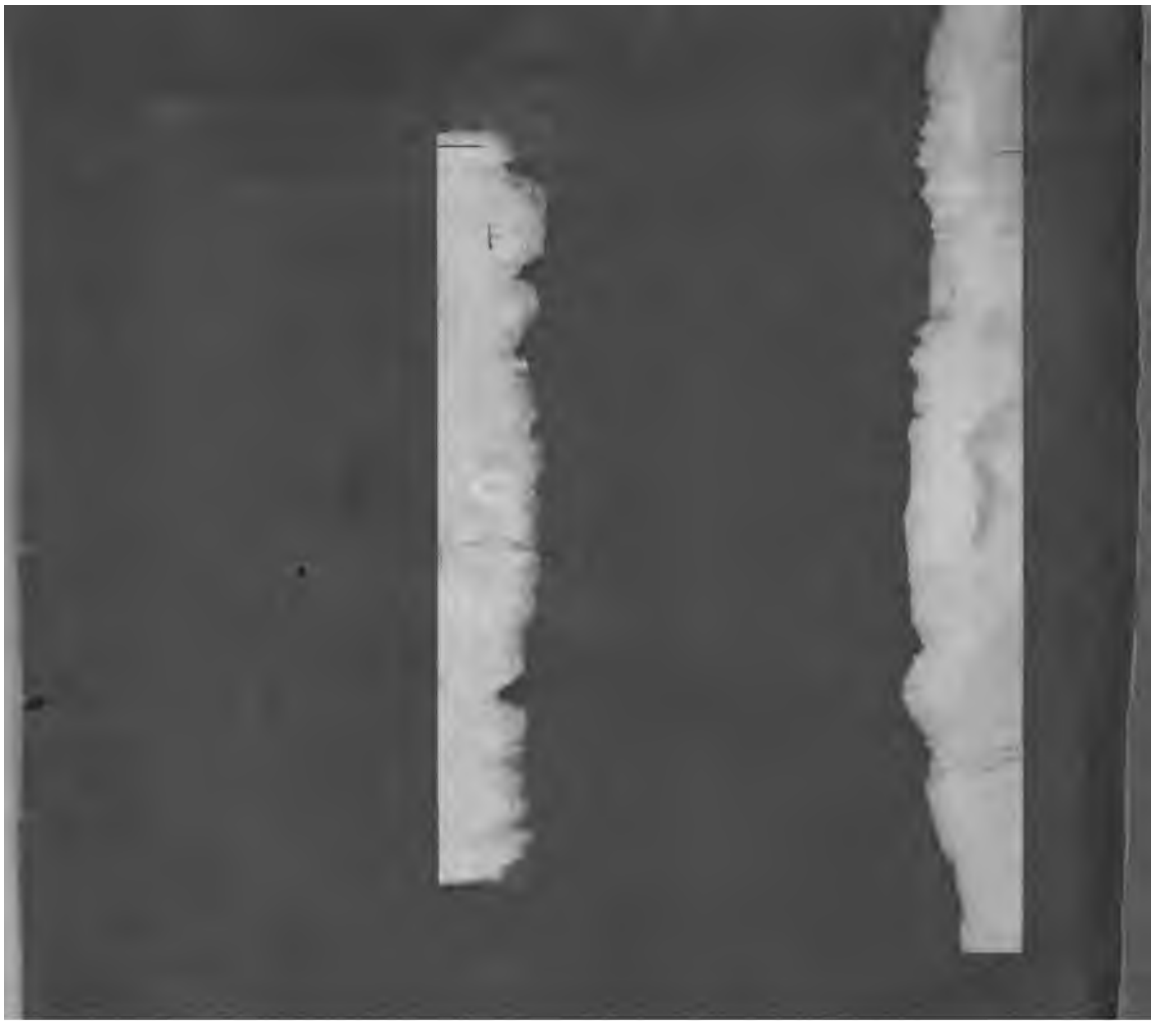
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